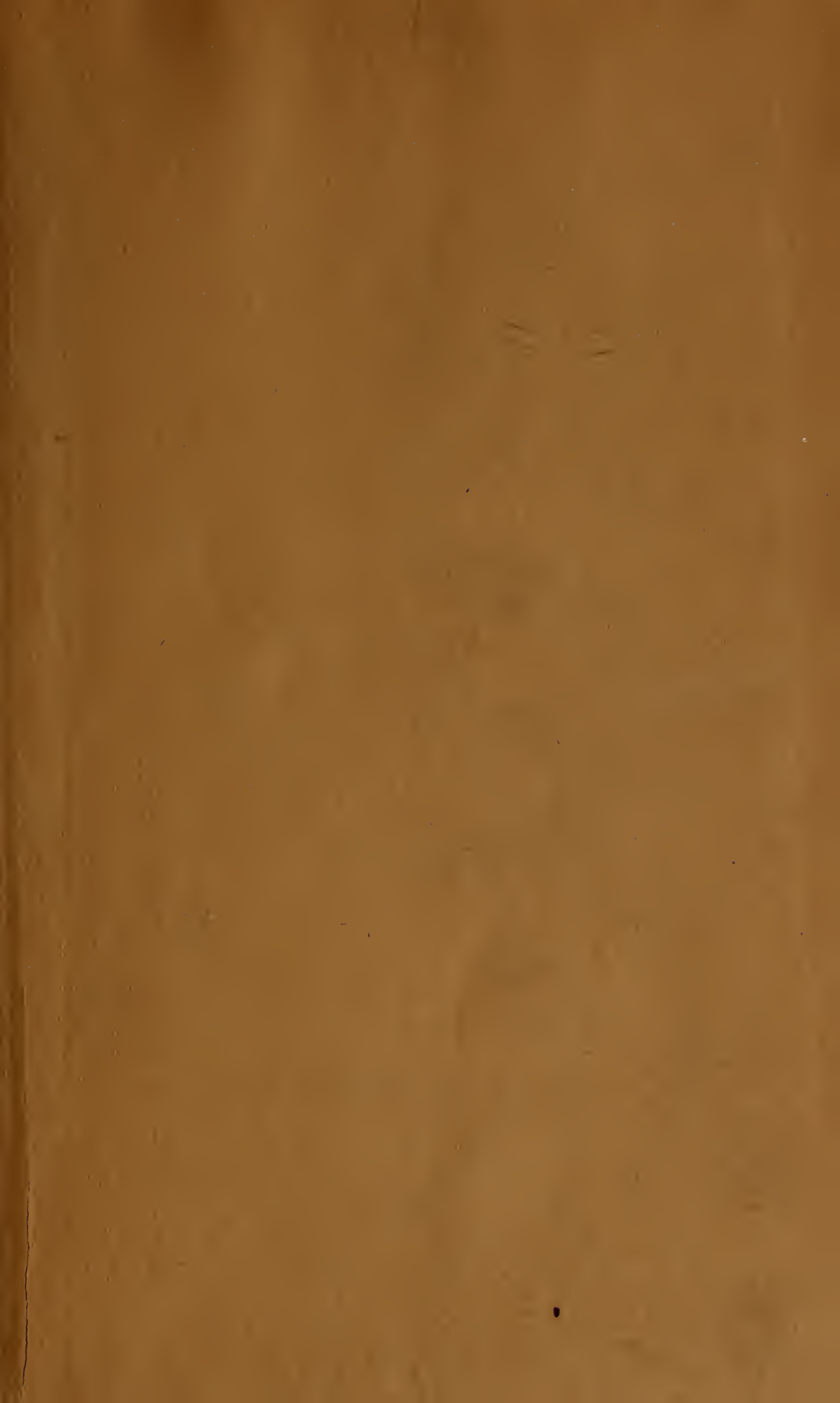
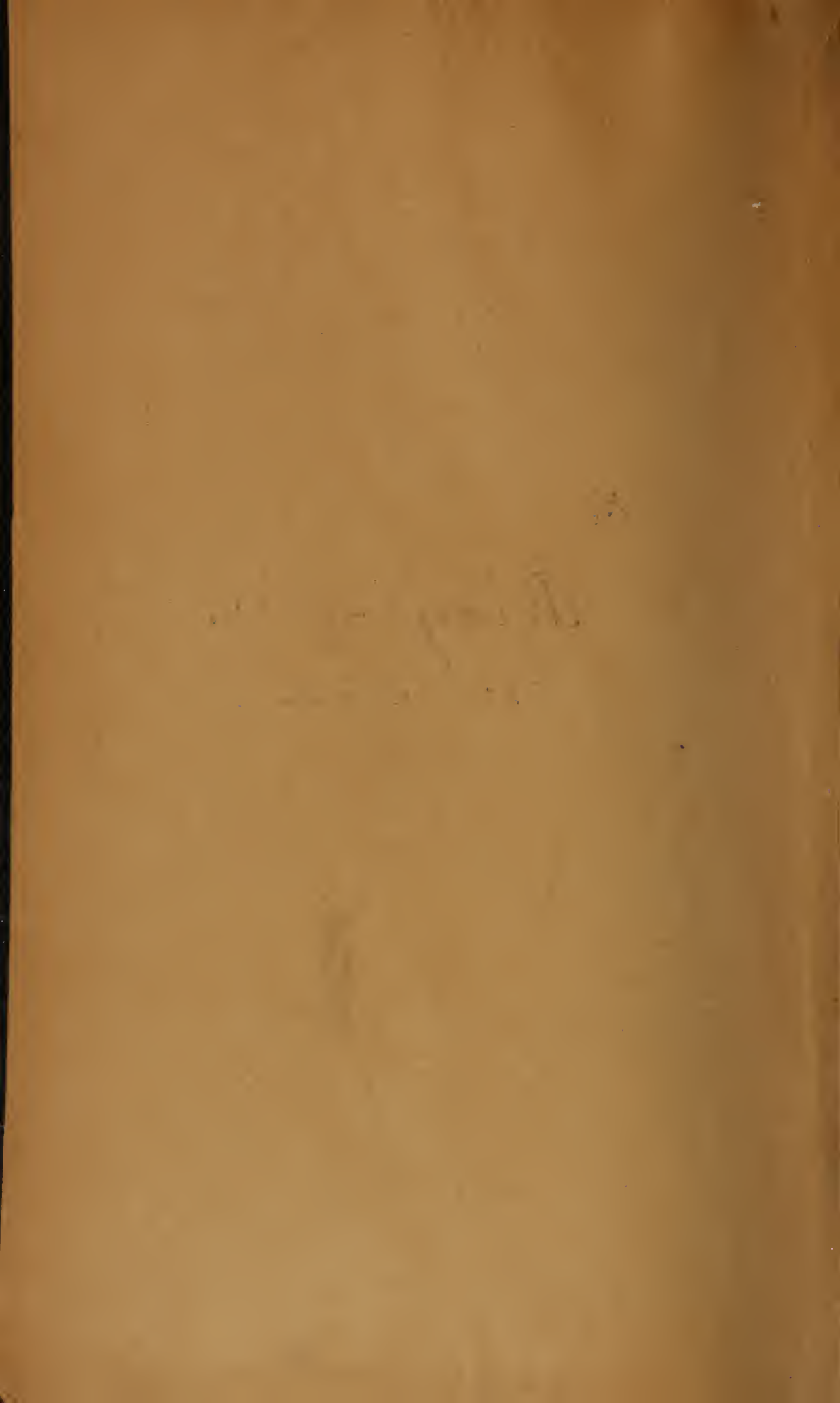


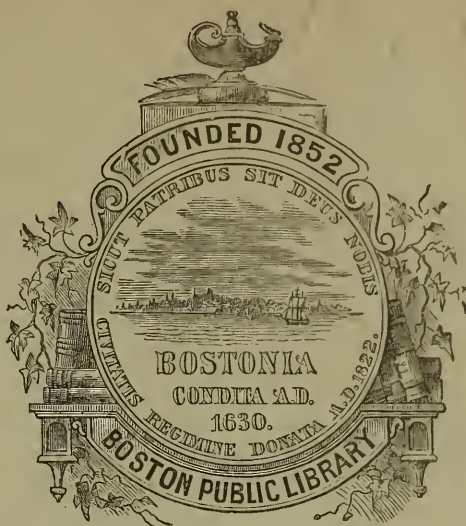
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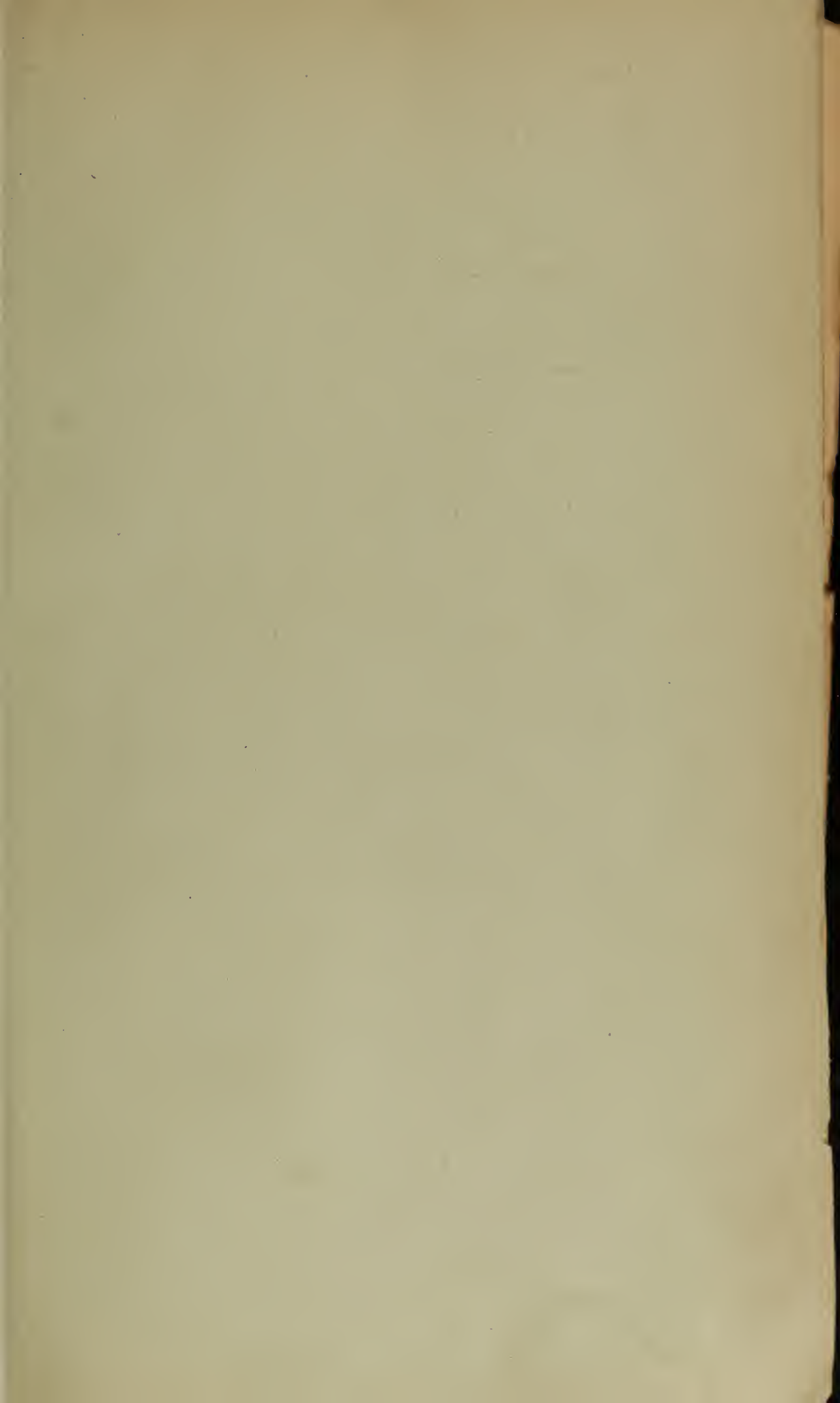
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# EDWARD ST. LOE LIVERMORE.

BY

C. L. A.

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"The Old Residents' Historical Society of Lowell."

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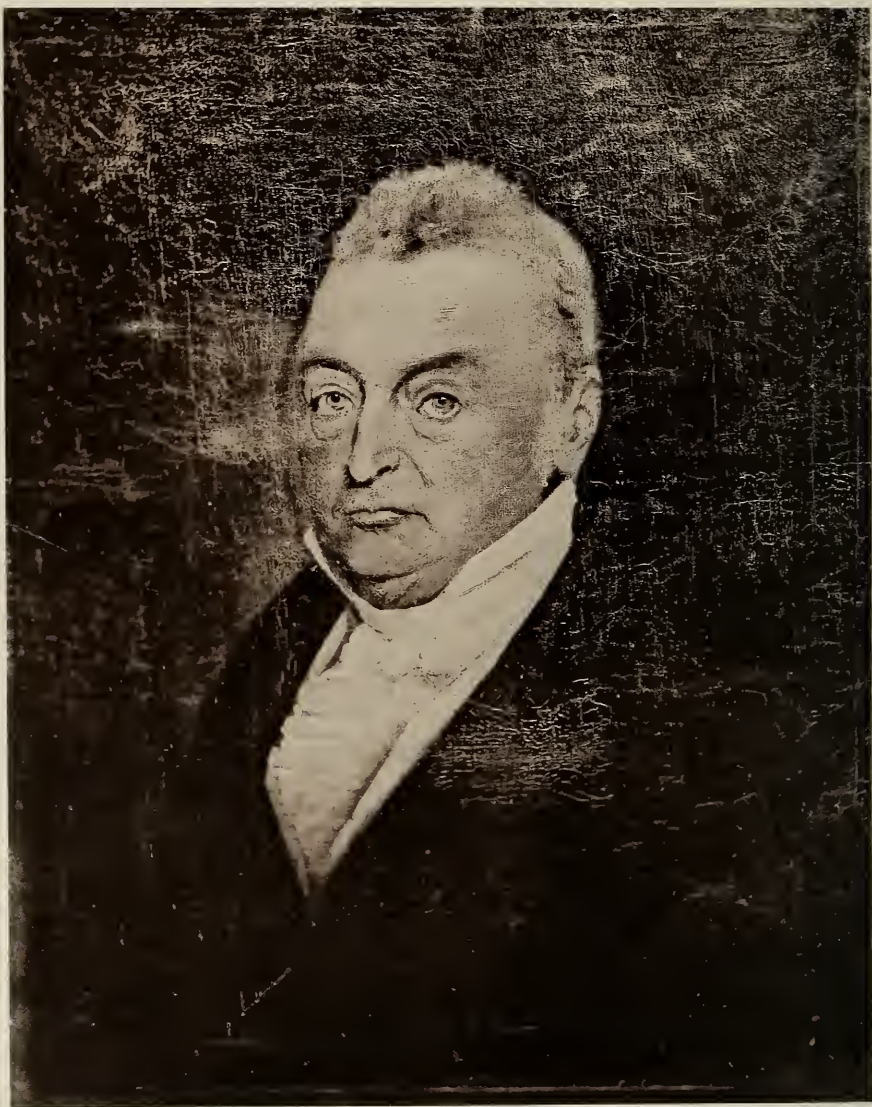
BOSTON.

PRIVATELY PRINTED.

1880.







*Edu Geo Livermore*



# EDWARD ST. LOE LIVERMORE.

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NOTE.—The writer of the following sketch is indebted for many dates and facts to Bond's "History of Watertown," "The Collections of the Historical Society of New Hampshire," Sprague's "American Ministers," Hildreth's "History of the United States," and other publications; but it has not been considered necessary, in so short a paper, to indicate in each case the source from which the information was derived.

The portrait which serves as the frontispiece of this pamphlet was copied from a picture of Judge Livermore, which was painted about 1820, and which is now in the possession of his daughter, Miss Elizabeth Browne Livermore, of Lowell.

The vignette upon the title-page was copied from a miniature of Judge Livermore which is now owned by his daughter, Mrs. John Tatterson, of Southbridge, and which was executed in Washington about the beginning of this century.

## EDWARD ST. LOE LIVERMORE.

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EDWARD ST. LOE LIVERMORE, the subject of this sketch, was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, April 5, 1762. He was the son of Samuel Livermore, a former chief justice of New Hampshire, and his wife, Jane, the daughter of the Rev. Arthur Browne, and was of the sixth generation in lineal descent from John Livermore, who emigrated to America in the bark "Frances," which sailed from Ipswich, England, during the year 1634.

John Livermore settled first in Watertown, Massachusetts, where he lived until 1665, when he removed to Wethersfield, Connecticut. From Wethersfield he went to New Haven, where his name appears in the town records as one of the signers of the fundamental agreement of the Colony of New Haven. In 1670 he returned to Watertown, where, after having filled many

offices of trust, he died in 1685. His wife, Grace, died and was buried, in 1686, at Chelmsford, where visitors to the old rural graveyard may still see an ancient, moss-covered stone, "erected to her memory by her dutiful children."

Samuel Livermore, the great-grandson of John Livermore, inherited from his uncle, Nathaniel, the homestead in Watertown, now known as the "Lyman Farm" in Waltham. His wife was a daughter of Deacon Brown, of Boston. He was "much trusted in municipal and church affairs," and died at the age of seventy-one years, in 1773, leaving four sons, all of whom became distinguished men.

Samuel Livermore was born in 1732. At the age of twenty he was graduated at Nassau Hall in New Jersey, and afterwards read law with Judge Trowbridge, at Beverly, Massachusetts. Soon after being admitted to the bar he settled in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where, in 1759, he married Jane, the daughter of the Rev. Arthur Browne.

Arthur Browne was the first Episcopal min-



ister settled in New Hampshire. He was born in 1699, in Drogheda, Ireland, and was a son of the Rev. John Browne, archdeacon of Elphin, a descendant of the Scottish family of Brownes of Coulstone. He was educated for the ministry at Trinity College, Dublin, and was ordained by the Bishop of London. In 1729, under the auspices of the "British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," he was sent as missionary to Providence, Rhode Island. On his way thither he landed at Newport, where he remained about a year in charge of Trinity Church. He then went to Providence, where he was settled for several years as rector of King's — now St. John's — Church. In 1737 he was called to St. John's Church of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, of which he remained rector until a short time before his death, which occurred at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1773, while he was on a visit to his daughter, the wife of the Rev. Winwood Sargent. He was a man of great learning, and of a genial and benevolent disposition. Upon one occasion, as

he was dining at the house of Governor Wentworth, where he was a frequent and welcome guest, he was ordered by the governor to perform the ceremony by which the maid-servant, Patty, became the governor's wife, Lady Wentworth,—an incident which has since been celebrated in verse by Longfellow. The silver tankard which the governor took from the table at the conclusion of the ceremony, and gave to Arthur Browne, is still in the possession of his descendants.

Samuel Livermore soon became a successful lawyer, and was appointed attorney-general for the province, and king's advocate in the courts of admiralty. In 1765 he removed to Londonderry, New Hampshire, and in this town was born his son Arthur, who became a justice of the Supreme Court, chief justice of the Court of Common Pleas of New Hampshire, and member of Congress. About the year 1765 Samuel Livermore began the settlement of Holderness, in Grafton County. Of this place he was one of the original grantees, and he eventually

became by purchase the owner of about one half of the township. There, on the banks of the Pemigewasset River, in 1769, he fixed his permanent residence, and lived in almost feudal state until his death. It is said that "he possessed but little less than absolute power over the inhabitants, his superiority of character adding to the influence he could naturally command from the extent of his possessions." The huge house which he built there is still known as the "Old Livermore Mansion," and is now used for the Episcopal Seminary for the diocese of New Hampshire. After the breaking out of the war of the Revolution, he was made State's attorney-general, and was several times a delegate to the Continental Congress. In 1782 he was appointed chief justice of the State. He was a member of the convocation for the adoption of the Federal Constitution, under which he was a representative in the first Congress, and, later, a senator for nine years. He was for several years president *pro tempore* of the United States Senate. In 1803

he died, and was buried at Holderness, in the shadow of the church which he built, and which he had for many years supported. He and his wife were noted for their loving charities.

Edward St. Loe Livermore received his early education at Londonderry and Holderness, where his father's chaplain, the Rev. Robert Fowle, was his tutor. He studied law at Newburyport in the office of that distinguished jurist, Chief Justice Parsons. Upon being admitted to the bar he began the practice of law at Concord, New Hampshire, where he soon attained to a high position in his profession. Here, while still very young, he married his first wife, Mehitable, the daughter of Robert Harris, Esq. She died at the age of twenty-eight years, in 1793, leaving five children, all of whom are now dead. She was a highly educated, refined, and agreeable woman.

Judge Livermore's eldest son by his first marriage, Samuel, was educated at Harvard College. He was a friend of Captain Lawrence of the "Chesapeake," under whom he served as a vol-



unteer chaplain in the celebrated sea-fight with the British frigate "Shannon," in which he was wounded and taken prisoner. He afterwards practised law in New Orleans, where he amassed a considerable fortune. He was the author of several treatises upon different branches of the law, which are still referred to as authorities. At his death he left to Harvard College his library of some thousand volumes, which was then the richest in America in works relating to the civil law. His sister, Harriet, was widely known and respected as a traveller in the Holy Land.

Soon after the death of his first wife, Mr. Livermore removed to Portsmouth, where, in a short time, he became distinguished in professional and political life. He was appointed by President Washington, United States district attorney, an office which he held until 1798, when he was made justice of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire. In 1799 he married Sarah Crease, the daughter of William Stackpole, a distinguished merchant of Boston.

She has been well described as "a woman of sweet and amiable temper, with an entire absence from her character of envy, hatred, and uncharitableness." Her consistently Christian life and deportment warmly attached to her all who knew her or came within the sphere of her gentle, winning influence. Well might be said of her,

"None knew thee but to love thee,  
None named thee but to praise."

She survived her husband many years, and died at Lowell, Oct. 5, 1859.

In politics, Judge Livermore was a zealous Federalist, and took an active part in public affairs; but although he lived at a period when party feeling was intensely bitter, his gentlemanly and courteous bearing, and the urbanity of his manners gave him much personal influence even with his political opponents. After a faithful discharge for a few years of his duties as judge, he resigned his position upon the bench and resumed the practice of his profession.

In 1802 he took up his residence in Newburyport, where he soon became a leading citizen, and was chosen to represent the town in the General Court of the State. "His course there was so wise and judicious that he was chosen to represent the North Essex District, then so called, in Congress." On the 22d of December, 1807, Congress, upon recommendation of President Jefferson, passed the famous Embargo Act, which was intended "to countervail Napoleon's Berlin and Milan decrees, and the British orders in council." Judge Livermore took an active part in the debates of the House upon the passage of this act, and, later, used all his endeavors to have it repealed. Upon this subject he made in particular one very forcible and eloquent speech, which won for him many laurels.

In 1811, after having served for three terms in Congress, he declined a re-election, and soon after removed from Newburyport to Boston, where he lived for some years a quiet life, taking no active part in public affairs. In 1813,

at the request of the town authorities of Boston, he delivered the annual oration upon the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. This oration was delivered at the height of the war of 1812, and about a month after the sanguinary combat off Boston Light between the "Chesapeake" and "Shannon" frigates, in which his son Samuel was engaged. The details of this combat being as yet unknown in Boston, there was naturally among the townspeople a feeling of great anxiety to learn the fate of their friends and relatives on board the "Chesapeake," and this feeling was probably not unmingled with bitterness toward those who had involved the country in what many believed a causeless war. It was, therefore, with the apparent sympathy of his hearers that Judge Livermore criticized most severely the action of the American government which led to the war,—which he believed unnecessary, and which had brought so much misery and suffering upon the whole country, but especially upon the New England States, — while he

paid a deserved tribute of praise to the gallantry and patriotism of the navy whose exploits reflected so much lustre upon the American arms.

Soon after the close of the war of 1812, Judge Livermore caught the so-called "Western fever," and took his large family to Zanesville, Ohio, which was, at that time, looked upon as the "far West," with the intention of settling there. The comforts of civilization had not yet spread through that part of the new world. It was before the days of railways, and the long and tedious journey from the East had to be performed in carriages suited to the rough roads of the country. Judge Livermore and his family could not bring themselves to submit to the many deprivations and hardships necessarily attending a residence in the West at that time, and they therefore soon returned to Boston.

About 1816 Judge Livermore, desirous of passing the rest of his days removed from the bustle of city and political life, bought, far out in the country, in the town of Tewksbury, a



quiet home farm of about two hundred acres, called the "Gedney Estate." The mansion house upon this estate was beautifully situated at the confluence of the Merrimack and Concord Rivers. Standing at an elevation of from forty to fifty feet above the water, it commanded a distant and lovely view of both the streams. Back of the house, upon the opposite side of the Merrimack, rose Dracut Heights, looming up as if to shield the spot from the north-wind. The house itself was a large, old, rambling building, and the tradition is that all its beams and woodwork were prepared in England, and brought to this country for a Mr. Brown, who bought the estate about the middle of the last century. However this might be, it was certainly a lovely old mansion, a fit residence for its new owners, who brought to it high culture and breeding. Some of the older residents of the goodly city which has since sprung up about it may still remember the house as it then stood, with the lawn in front bordered on one side by a long avenue of Lombardy pop-

lars,—and may also remember the hospitality which made it so well known in the country about.

For many years Judge Livermore had associated with men prominent in letters and in politics, in this and other countries, and had taken an active part in the political transactions of the times, so that, being endowed with a comprehensive memory, he had at his command a large fund of anecdotes, and his conversation was agreeable and instructive to all with whom he came in contact. When he bought the Gedney estate in Tewksbury, he called it “Belvidere,”—a most appropriate name for so beautiful a place. Until 1826 the nearest place of public worship was about two miles from “Belvidere,” at Pawtucket Falls, where the Rev. Mr. Sears, a Presbyterian minister, preached for many years, and here the Livermore family became constant attendants.

When the Merrimack Manufacturing Company was organized, a church was built for the ben-

efit of Mr. Kirk Boot, his family, and other Episcopalians connected with the manufacturing establishment. At the first church meeting of the new parish, a pew was kindly placed at the disposal of Judge Livermore. He, with his family, continued to occupy this pew until his death, and it is still occupied by his eldest daughter, the only member of the family who now lives in Lowell. The first clergyman installed in this church was the Rev. Theodore Edson, the beloved pastor who still fulfils his duties with unwearied zeal, not unmindful of the exhortation of St. Paul to "rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep."

Judge Livermore lived to see a large and flourishing city grow up around the lonely spot he had selected for a quiet home, and to gather round his fireside neighbors who would have graced society in any city in the world. He died at "Belvidere" on the 15th of September, 1832, at the age of seventy years, and was buried in the old Granary Burying-Ground in

Boston. He left seven children by his second marriage, four of whom are still living, viz., Elizabeth Browne Livermore, who lives at Lowell and is unmarried; Caroline, the wife of Hon. J. G. Abbott, of Boston; Sarah Stackpole, wife of John Tatterson, Esq., of Southbridge, Mass.; and Mary Jane, wife of Hon. Daniel Saunders, of Lawrence.

Judge Livermore, although of a quick and hot temper, was a just, hospitable, upright man, with

“a tear for pity, and a hand  
Open as day for melting charity.”

The poor man never turned from his door empty-handed, or the afflicted without sympathy. He died in the sure hope of the resurrection of the dead and a life to come. “The memory of the just lives with the just.”

BOSTON, Sept. 14, 1879.





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SELECTIONS

FROM THE

LETTERS OF THE HON. E. H. MILLS.

[REPRINTED FROM THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY.]

CAMBRIDGE:

UNIVERSITY PRESS: JOHN WILSON AND SON.

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## SELECTIONS

FROM THE

### LETTERS OF THE HON. ELIJAH H. MILLS.

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AT the regular monthly meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Sept. 8, 1881, Mr. H. C. LODGE presented and read extracts from the familiar correspondence of the Hon. Elijah H. Mills, prefacing them with the following introduction:—

The writer of the following letters, Elijah Hunt Mills, sprang from a good Puritan family whose founder came from England about 1630, and settled near Boston. Thence he, or some of his descendants, removed to Connecticut, where they seem to have prospered. Several of the line in direct descent were clergymen, and the father of Mr. Mills, the Rev. Benjamin Mills, a graduate of Yale College, was the first minister of Chesterfield, where the writer of these letters was born, Dec. 3, 1776. Benjamin Mills and his wife both died young, and within six years of each other, while their son Elijah was a mere child. The orphan was adopted by his maternal uncle, Elijah Hunt, of Northampton, and there the boy grew up and was educated, graduating afterward in due course at Williams College. After leaving college he studied law, was admitted to the bar, and married his cousin, Miss Sarah Hunt, who died within a year after her marriage. In 1804 he married, for his second wife, Miss Harriette Blake, youngest daughter of Joseph Blake, of Boston. Mr. Mills rose rapidly at the bar and soon became the leader in his county, and in the western part of the State, together with



his partner, John H. Ashmun, who was subsequently Royall Professor at the Harvard Law School. Mr. Mills was an able and successful lawyer and advocate. The late Professor Washburn, of Cambridge, who was a student in the office of Mills & Ashmun, said of him: "The brief (prepared usually by Mr. Ashmun) was submitted to Mr. Mills, who appeared to apprehend it instinctively, and, with a slight conversation, went forth equipped for the contest. He was in person of full size, well formed, erect and graceful in his carriage, with an eye which, when lighted up with excitement, was as powerful as the eye of the Caliph Vathek upon the heart of a dishonest witness. He was connected with Judge Howe in the management of the law school at Northampton, but his health was then in a decline, and he gradually withdrew from the school, and at last from the duties of the law office. When I first saw him he appeared to my boyish imagination a most wonderful lawyer. At the courts in Hampshire he was the adversary of Hon. Lewis Strong and Hon. Isaac C. Bates. The contests between them used to call together large audiences. The people seemed delighted to witness the intellectual struggles of these eminent advocates."

While Mr. Mills was winning his way to eminence at the bar, he also took an active part in politics, and was elected to the Senate of Massachusetts in 1811, as a Federalist. In 1815 he was chosen to represent his district in Congress, where he served two terms. On his withdrawal he was elected to the Massachusetts House of Representatives, of which he was chosen Speaker, May 31, 1820, receiving on the first ballot one hundred and forty-three out of one hundred and fifty-one votes. A few weeks later he was chosen to the Senate of the United States for the short term caused by the resignation of the Hon. Prentiss Mellen, and at the same time for the full term which began in the following year. Mr. Mills was elected senator by a party vote, receiving twenty-eight votes in the Senate and seventy-eight in the House, against seven and twenty-seven respectively, cast for the Democratic candidate, Mr. Crowninshield.

Mr. Mills's political career was hampered by constant ill

health, which finally caused him to withdraw from public life at the end of his term in 1827, when he was succeeded in the Senate by Mr. Webster. After this his health rapidly failed, and he died at Northampton, May 5, 1829.

It is not easy to see why Mr. Mills remained in public life so long as he did, for he seems to have cared but little for official honors, and was utterly careless of his opportunities of advancement and seemingly devoid of ambition. He was always painstaking and conscientious, a good debater, although not indulging often in speaking, and his speeches show wide and sound information and solid, if not brilliant, abilities. The letters which follow were all written from Washington during his political life, and are, with one exception, addressed to his wife. I am indebted to Mrs. Peirce widow of Professor Benjamin Peirce, and to Mrs. Davis, widow of Rear Admiral C. H. Davis, daughters of Mr. Mills, for the opportunity of publishing these extracts from the correspondence of their father.

"WASHINGTON, *Tuesday*, Dec. 12, 1815.

"I have just arrived in this great city, and although worn out with fatigue, and somewhat afflicted with a cold, I cannot go to bed without letting you know I am safely landed in my destined port. I wrote you from New York just before I left the city, since which I have not been out of the stage long enough to write so much as there is now on this paper. I left New York with Mr. Byers on Saturday afternoon, came in a steamboat as far as Elizabeth-Town (about eighteen miles), and on Sunday morning took the stage for Philadelphia, where we arrived about eight in the evening. Finding Mr. Byers too much of an invalid to travel with such rapidity, and falling in with a Mr. Kent, a member of Congress from the State of New York, I left Philadelphia with him at two o'clock on Monday morning, and arrived at Baltimore about twelve at night. This morning at seven we left Baltimore, and arrived here about four this afternoon. You will perceive, of course, that I allowed myself no time to view either Philadelphia or Baltimore as I could have wished. But I will not tire you with a minute account of my travels, nor a description of the places through which I passed. It is impossible for me to describe to you my feelings on entering this miserable desert, this scene of desolation and horror. I had heard much of it, my impressions in regard to its appearance were all unfavorable. But I had formed no adequate conceptions upon the subject. My anticipations were almost infinitely short of the reality, and I can truly say that the first appearance of this seat of the national government has produced in me nothing but absolute loathing and disgust. But I reserve for a future commu-

nication a description which may partake less of prejudice, and for which I may be better prepared. On my arrival, I drove to the most respectable public house, where I found my friend Hulbert,\* and a number of respectable members. Mr. H. and myself have a very comfortable and convenient chamber by ourselves, with a fire, where we shall remain for a few days, until we can secure other lodgings. Many of the most distinguished members have not arrived, and very little business of any importance has been transacted. Present appearances indicate a peaceful and harmonious session."

"*Sunday Evening*, Dec. 24, 1815.

"If I had known the course of business here, I should not have left home so soon. Nothing of public importance has yet been done in Congress, and will not be for several days to come. The session will then become interesting and busy, though I think appearances indicate a quiet and peaceable winter. I agree with you in your remarks on the President's message, and should his friends adopt the measures therein recommended. I am sure they will have all the aid which most of the Federalists can give them. There are very few among us who feel so much party animosity as to oppose a good measure merely because it is recommended by a man who has heretofore adopted only bad measures."

"*Saturday*, Dec. 30, 1815.

"It has not been for the want of inclination that I have not written you for the last three or four days, for although there has been very little business in Congress to occupy my attention, yet I have been constantly engaged in attending to some private business for my *constituents* and friends, who think they have a right to call on me for that purpose. I have to-day, for the first time, paid my respects to the President.† I went in company with Mr. Hulbert, who had visited him last winter. I was agreeably disappointed in his appearance and manners, — not that I thought there could be nothing pleasant or agreeable about a man of his political principles, but you know we generally form an opinion of the deportment and address of a great man from what little we may have heard respecting him, and that opinion is very often erroneous. We found him alone, and he was not only very gentlemanly and polite, but exceedingly affable and pleasant. He is a small man (*about my height*, but not so *portly* as I am), with a mixture of ease and dignity in his manners and conversation, — altogether very pleasant. He has much more the appearance of what I have imagined a Roman Catholic Cardinal to be, than the civil and military head of a *great* and *enlightened* nation, as you know this is. I have not yet made my appearance in the drawing-room, and think it doubtful whether I shall during the winter. If I do, I shall endeavor to give you some imperfect description of its manners and beauties."

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\* John W. Hulbert, Representative in Congress from Massachusetts from 1815 to 1817.

† Mr. Madison.



"Sunday, Jan. 7, 1816.

"On New Year's Day the whole city and most of the members of Congress went to the President's levee to pay him the felicitations of the season, and gaze unmeaningly at each other. But as no one felt inclined to go from our house, I remained at home. Mr. Hanson\* has just arrived with his wife and Miss Pickering of Salem, and has taken a house within a few doors of ours, and I promise myself some visiting there in a free and friendly manner. He is a charming man, open, frank, honest, and intelligent, and destitute of that mean and selfish jealousy of others which is too apparent in some of our great men here. Randolph† has not yet arrived, but is expected every hour. He is to be one of our mess, but I confess I have my doubts whether his manners and deportment will be such as to make him a very interesting companion. You inquire about our speakers in Congress. We have had but one or two subjects before us which have excited much interest, or called forth the talents of the house. Some of the new members have, I think wisely, embraced the opportunity which the minor topics have presented, to make their *maiden* speeches. But this course has appeared to me so much like talking merely to make a speech, that I have hitherto avoided *coming out*. There is now a subject of somewhat greater interest before us, and had I not devoted myself this evening to the more pleasant task of writing to you, my dear wife, I should have set myself about preparing for my *début*. But opportunities enough will present when I cannot avoid it, and I believe I shall make no attempt until I am obliged to. The weather during the first ten days or fortnight after my arrival was delightfully pleasant and mild, but for the last week it has been more severe, and the ground is covered with snow three or four inches deep. We do not walk to the Capitol, our landlord sends us in a carriage, — that being a part of his contract, — so that we are less exposed in bad weather than those who live nearer to the place of meeting."

"Thursday, Jan. 11, 1816.

"Since I last wrote you, three important incidents have befallen me. I have made a speech, drunk tea at Mrs. Barlow's,‡ and been to the drawing-room. Of these in their order. My speech was altogether accidental, and from the spur of the moment. It was, however, well received by the House; and though I was not satisfied with myself, it seemed not to disappoint the expectation of my friends. It was not a set speech, but a few incidental remarks. The sketch contained in the paper which I enclose you is a very, very imperfect one. But the

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\* Alexander Contee Hanson, Representative in Congress from 1813 to 1816, and Senator from Maryland from 1816 to his death in 1819. At the outbreak of the war of 1812, as he was an ardent Federalist, his newspaper office in Baltimore was mobbed, and he was himself desperately wounded and some of his friends killed.

† John Randolph, of Roanoke.

‡ Mrs. Joel Barlow, who lived at Kalorama, which still retains much of its beauty.

editor of the 'National Intelligencer' (a Democratic paper) says he shall do me better justice. I beg, therefore, you will pronounce no judgment at present. The subject was not a party one, but a mere question of constitutional right. Upon the same subject we have the speeches of all the first men in the House, — from Gaston, Hopkinson, Pinkney, Hanson, and Calhoun on the same side with myself, and from Forsyth, Cuthbert, Randolph, King,\* &c., in opposition to us. I intended to give you a particular account of the speeches of Pinkney and Randolph, who were the respective champions; but Mr. Hanson has just come into my room, and I am obliged to wind up as soon as possible. He insists on my finishing; I will therefore write you more particularly at another time about them. I must also postpone the account I meant to give of the mixed and motley crew I met at the drawing-room. I went with Mr. Jere. Mason,† and found there as full a crowd as ever was in a bar-room. But I must stop, or be very uncivil."

"Saturday Evening, Jan. 13, 1816.

"You may wish to be informed how my time is occupied. I will inform you, for the history of one day will answer, without the slightest variation, for every other. We are called to breakfast about nine or half after nine in the morning; as soon as that is through, we prepare for the House. At about ten or half after we start, and arrive at the Hall in season for business, which commences at eleven. Here we are occupied till half-past three or four o'clock; we then ride home, and sit down to dinner generally a little before sunset, and finish, of course, after candle-light. Our dinners, however, though *profuse*, are temperate, and we do not indulge even in a glass of wine more than every other day. About eight we have a cup of tea sent round; and thus the fore part of the evening is destroyed. I then retire to my chamber with the letters and papers I may have received from abroad, and have generally more than I can do to return the regular answers. Sometimes we have an evening call from some members of Congress, but this happens so seldom, it is an exception to the general rule; and as to going out, it is entirely out of the question with me. You remark that I 'say nothing of the females I meet.' The simple and plain reason is I have met none, except in the instances I am about to mention, — excepting those who occasionally appear in the gallery to hear the debates, and those, of course, I can only see at a distance, without knowing who they are. Having repeatedly received letters from William Sullivan,‡ enclosing others to Mrs. Sargent, I thought I could not avoid calling on her, which I did a few mornings before I understood she was to leave town. I found her and her mother — a Mrs.

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\* William Gaston, of North Carolina; Joseph Hopkinson, of Pennsylvania; William Pinkney and Alexander Hanson, of Maryland; John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina; John Forsyth and Alfred Cuthbert, of Georgia; John Randolph, of Virginia; and Cyrus King, of Massachusetts.

† At this time Senator from New Hampshire.

‡ Son of Governor James Sullivan, of Massachusetts.



Baldwin, and a daughter of Alexander Wolcott — at Mrs. Barlow's. Mrs. Barlow is herself a very ladylike and well-bred woman, of about fifty-five or sixty years old, with an extensive knowledge of the world and acquaintance with society. Mrs. Baldwin, I believe, is a niece of hers, who resides in the family. A few days after this call I received a very polite invitation to take tea with them, entirely in a family way, which I did, and found there none but their family, excepting Colonel Bumford, a very gentlemanly, and, what is more extraordinary, unassuming and modest, officer in the army, who is also a connection of the family. In the evening we had music on the piano from Mrs. Sargent and Mrs. Baldwin alternately, accompanied by Miss Wolcott's voice and the colonel, who plays delightfully on the violin. On the whole, I passed a pleasant evening; the more so as Mrs. Sargent took frequent occasions of speaking of your voice and manner of singing as the finest she ever heard. Finding they were all going to the drawing-room the next evening, I thought it would be a better opportunity for me than to go among total and entire strangers, without a single acquaintance to recognize or keep me in countenance. I went with Mr. Mason, the Senator from New Hampshire, who presented me to Mrs. Madison. The crowd was so great, however, before we arrived, that I could barely approach so as to make my bow, and then mingled with the throng. Two large rooms were full to overflowing, so that a very small proportion even of the ladies could sit down, and one could not move about without literally forcing others out of the way. Coffee and wine and punch were handed about, and whips to the ladies; and after being crowded and jammed here for about an hour, Mr. Mason and myself took our departure. Of the company there I cannot say much. Mrs. Madison seemed affable and courteous to all, and seemed to distribute her attentions and smiles with an equal and impartial hand. She is very tall and corpulent, nearly as much so as Mrs. Dwight. Her manners are easy rather than graceful, and pleasant rather than refined. Here were to be found all classes and conditions of society, from the minister plenipotentiary of the Emperor of Russia to the under-clerks of the post-office and the *printer* of a paper. Ambassadors and consuls, members of Congress and officers of the army and navy, greasy boots and silk stockings, Virginia buckskins and Yankee cowhides, all mingled in ill-assorted and fantastic groups. The ladies had a more uniform appearance. They were all *well dressed*, though many of them had very much the manners and appearance of 'high life below stairs;' and I can truly say no one would have been exposed to any danger from the grace of their manners or the charms of their beauty. I spoke to none, excepting only the party with Mrs. Barlow. This, my dear Harriette, is the history of my *migrations*; and I assure you I did not derive from the drawing-room sufficient pleasure to induce me to repeat the visit very soon."

"WASHINGTON, Saturday, Jan. 19, 1816.

"Our business in Congress becomes more interesting, and occupies much more of our time and attention than when I first arrived. I see

nobody except those I meet at Congress Hall or in our own mess Mr. Randolph is not at our house, as I expected ; but we see a good deal of him, both here and in Congress. He speaks upon every occasion, and abuses almost everybody. He is really a most singular and interesting man, — regardless entirely of form and ceremony in some things, and punctilious to an extreme in others. He yesterday dined with us. He was dressed in a rough, coarse, short hunting-coat, with small-clothes and boots, and over his boots a pair of coarse coating *leggens*, tied with strings round his legs. He engrossed almost the whole conversation, and was exceedingly amusing, as well as eloquent and instructive. I think his talents as an orator and a statesman have been much overrated by his admirers, and that he will not meet with so much celebrity in future as he once did.”

“ Wednesday, Jan. 24, 1816.

“ There is much perturbation among the Democrats about the next President, and we entertain stronger hopes than we have heretofore that we shall, at least, be able to prevent their taking Mr. Munroe.”

“ BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY, Friday, March 8, 1816.

“ I am thus far on my way home, and have been obliged to stop here, on account of the extreme badness of the road, until to-morrow, when I hope to get a passage to New York in the steamboat from this place. I left Washington on Monday, as I told you I should, and have been very busily employed for five days to get so far on my way. Mr. Rice\* of Augusta is with me, which makes the journey less irksome than it would be if I were alone. From Washington to Baltimore we went in the first day. There we took passage in a packet for French-Town in the Chesapeake Bay, and were delayed by a dead calm, so that we were twenty-four hours performing a passage usually completed in six. On Wednesday we left our packet and went overland to Newcastle. There we again took a packet, and arrived in Philadelphia late in the evening. On Thursday we remained in that city, the stage being too full to receive us that day. We spent the day, of course, in running about and examining the beauties and the curiosities of this interesting and extensive city. I had letters of introduction to some gentlemen there, given me by Mr. Sergeant,† a member of Congress from that city ; but as Mr. Rice was with me, who had been there before, and as I felt more anxious to see the *place* than the *people*, I did not avail myself of his civility by delivering the letters. Mr. Rice and myself went to the museum, the theatre, the hospital, almshouse, and all the places worth seeing ; and I assure you we enjoyed, at least, the contrast between the dreary and miserable city we had left, destitute of every thing which can render it

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\* Thomas Rice, Representative from Massachusetts, 1815–1819.

† John Sergeant, Representative in Congress from Pennsylvania, 1815–1823, 1827–1829, 1837–1842, leader in debate on Missouri Compromise, and Whig candidate for Vice-President in 1832.

interesting, and this residence of every thing which can adorn and embellish society. This morning we left it at two o'clock, and ought to have arrived in New York this evening. But the excessive badness of the roads has arrested our progress at a distance of about forty miles from it. I shall make no stay in New York, but shall press my journey with all the rapidity in my power, and shall be with you, my dear Harriette, I hope, by the Friday stage."\*

"Wednesday, Dec. 25, 1816.

"In my last I promised to give you some account of the party at Monsieur de Neuville's,† the French Minister; but in truth it was so much like the great and splendid parties you have seen in Boston that it could afford you very little entertainment. The house was filled to overflowing with foreign ministers and their train, members of Congress, strangers of all descriptions, and the fashionables of the metropolis and vicinity. Cotillon parties in one room, cards in another, those who neither played nor danced in a third, and a supper-table in the fourth. Indeed there was all the crowd, bustle, confusion, and inconvenience which render such parties so *exceedingly pleasant* to the gay world. Mr. Madison (a thing very unusual) was there. The dress of some of the ladies was splendid and elegant, particularly that of Mrs. Bagot, the wife of the British Minister, who is niece of the Duke of Wellington, and a very handsome as well as pleasing woman. Madame de Neuville is a plain, unaffected, pleasant Frenchwoman, whose gayety is chastened by misfortunes and poverty during the Revolution; and she seems, as well as her husband, to have very little of the frivolity of manners for which *some French men* as well as women are peculiar.

"For a few days to come, very little business will probably be attended to, as the Christmas holidays are here generally devoted to amusement. I was strongly urged by my friend Goldsborough‡ to accompany him to Alexandria; but having engaged to dine to-day with Mr. Webster§ and Mason, who have their wives with them, I very readily excused myself. To-morrow all the gentlemen of our mess have engaged to dine with the President. Among the great and important objects to which our attention is called, a project is lately started for settling, with the free blacks which abound in the South and West, a colony, either on the coast of Africa, or in some remote region of our own country. It has excited great interest, and I am inclined to think that in the course of a few years it will be carried into effect. I enclose you an address which is in circulation here upon the subject. Agents are attending from different parts of the United States, soliciting Congress to take the subject up immediately,

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\* This letter gives a good idea of the difficulties of travelling little more than half a century ago.

† Hyde de Neuville, for many years Minister of France at Washington.

‡ Charles W. Goldsborough, sometime Governor of Maryland, and member of Congress from that State from 1805 to 1817.

§ Daniel Webster, at this time member of Congress from New Hampshire.



and I was this morning called upon by a Mr. Mills (a young clergyman who was at New Orleans with Smith), who is very zealously engaged in the work. He is an intelligent young man, and appears completely devoted to the great work of diffusing the blessings of Christianity to those who are now ignorant of it."

" *Wednesday*, Feb. 5, 1817.

"As the session draws to a close, our business becomes more and more pressing, and our time is more constantly occupied. You have heard so much about the inconsiderable speech I made upon the Compensation Bill that I shall really be ashamed to send it to you. It has not yet been published at length; for, as I did not speak until the debate had continued nearly a week, the speeches of all who preceded me must first be given. Whether therefore you will be presented with a fair specimen of what I said or not, I cannot say. But I know from the unpremeditated manner in which I addressed the House that the report of the remarks, made by an indifferent stenographer, will not and cannot possess the only quality which my remarks had to recommend them; to wit, that of being an off-hand answer, resulting from impulse, to a speech of Mr. Williams of North Carolina made the same morning.]

"Our life is the most shabby and miserable in the world for comfort or health. We breakfast at about ten, then are detained at the House till nearly sundown, and our dinner is always protracted into candle-light, and of course during the fore part of the evening we are kept in the dining-room. I hope, however, this mode of living, so irregular and uncomfortable, will have no bad effect upon my habits. I have too melancholy an instance every day presented by a man of good talents and excellent heart who within three months has fallen into habits of intemperance which are rapidly leading him to ruin. Mr. Webster has just returned from Boston, where he has been to perform the melancholy duty of attending the funeral of a deceased child. He is at present in my room, and will probably remain with us through the session. He is a man of excellent mind and fine talents, and I shall be much gratified by this arrangement.

"Excuse this incoherent trash. It has been thrown together, with Webster at my table, and with the pressure of 'The mail will close' a half a dozen times repeated by him while writing it."

" *Wednesday Evening*, Feb. 12, 1817.

"Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, it being now past eleven, and notwithstanding the gay society I have just left, having this moment returned from Mrs. Madison's drawing-room, I cannot permit myself to lay my head upon my pillow without telling you how much I love you, and how infinitely I should prefer a rational evening with you to all the noise, and all the ceremony, and all the slander, and all the intrigue, political and moral, of a presidential levee. This is only the second time I have been to the levee, and I should not have gone to-night, if it had not been for the circum-

stance of our having gone through the idle ceremony of counting the presidential votes to-day, and proclaiming Mr. Monroe as president-elect for the ensuing four years. Most of the gentlemen of our mess attended, and it was much the most gay and pleasant evening I have seen there. The crowd was very great, and there were more decent and well-behaved, as well as well-dressed, people there than usual. Two weeks more, and poor Mrs. Madison's drawing-room (as a place of public resort) will be forever deserted. Her sun is just descending below the horizon, and another rising in an opposite quarter of the heavens, around which all the secondary planets and satellites are to revolve in more or less eccentric orbits. *Her* retirement is, however, with the inhabitants of this place, and her acquaintance in general, viewed with emotions of regret and sorrow; and, from all I can hear of her character, I believe they have good reason for these emotions. Indeed, I think her charitable, benevolent, and affable; and it is said her liberality to the indigent and unfortunate is unprecedented in this part of the country. In the midst of the crowd to-night, I found myself thrown into a coterie of ladies, none of whom I knew, who were lamenting, and as I thought sincerely, her approaching retirement; and recounting to each other instances that had come within their own knowledge of her kindness and munificence. From her successor, I believe, neither the fashionable world nor the suffering poor have much to expect. But enough of this."

"Friday, Feb. 28, 1817.

"I am writing this in the midst of the noise and eloquence and logic and wit which so much distinguish our debates, and, of course, have neither silence nor privacy to aid me. Our business is exceedingly pressing, and our time wholly occupied in the House. With the gayety and amusements of the city I have very little to do. I attended, on Wednesday evening, the farewell levee of Mrs. Madison. Her rooms were exceedingly crowded, and with *better-dressed* and more genteel people than usual,—furnishing no small evidence of approbation for her past conduct, and regret at her retirement. Indeed, she has rendered herself, by her affability and her benevolence, much beloved by those by whom she is more immediately surrounded. God only knows the heart; and it is not for weak and fallible mortals to pry into motives, or scrutinize with severity, or condemn with censure, the principles and views of those whose external conduct is correct. But the noise with which I am surrounded prevents my continuing to weary you further."

(No date.) Winter of 1817-18.

"On Saturday last commenced my appearance in the gay world here. I dined at Mr. Adams's, in company with the Vice-President, the judges of the Supreme Court, and a few gentlemen of the bar: Mr. Otis, Mr. Harper, Mr. Hopkinson, Sergeant, and George,\*—a

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\* George Blake, the brother of Mrs. Mills. He was a prominent Boston lawyer and politician, for many years United States District Attorney, and an intimate friend of Mr. Webster.



very select and a very pleasant party. I had no opportunity, however, of saying a single word to Mrs. Adams. Indeed, the habit which prevails here, of never introducing any one, has such an effect upon a man of my *modesty* as to preclude all attempts at acquaintance. I regretted not being able to speak to Mrs. A., as it is probable, from the manner of my life, and the style in which they live, I shall not have another opportunity of seeing her during my stay here. In the evening I went to Madame de Neuville's. A vast concourse of people, assembled without any definite object, attempting to make themselves agreeable, and making great efforts to be happy. This being the season of Lent, and Madame de N. being a strict Catholic, she remained in her drawing-room, surrounded by the most staid and sedate portion of her visitors. In another room, cards were introduced; and in a third, the young and the gay were tripping it lightly to the 'pipe and the tabor,' while groups of belles and beaux were crowded in every corner, and occupied every inch of the floor in the three apartments. As Webster, George, and myself went together, we were disconnected from every party, and had nothing to do but to gaze upon the scene before us. Heartless and unsatisfactory indeed did I find it, and I can safely say that I should derive more solid and sincere happiness from a single moment in the bosom of my family, than whole ages spent in this unfeeling and vapid intercourse. You inquire what I think of Mr. Wirt. I have only seen him in public, and can give you no information, except what is derived from information and a very slight observation. His habits are now, and for several years have been, perfectly correct. He is, indeed, one of the first men in the nation as a lawyer and an orator; as an author, his 'British Spy' does him great credit; but his recent 'Life of Patrick Henry' has not served to advance his reputation. He is now Attorney-General of the United States, and gives universal satisfaction, I believe, in that office. From his physiognomy and manners, I should think him a man of an amiable temper and kind affections; but of this I know nothing.

"The business of Congress begins to press heavily upon us, and I begin to find myself involuntarily engaged in its management. If I had only a little more impudence, industry, and ambition, I have no doubt I could make no inconsiderable figure among the great men with whom I am associated. But I love home and *you* too well to make the necessary sacrifice for public distinction."

"Feb. 20, 1818.

"I intend, by and by, to make an effort to see some of the fashionable people here, so that I may have it in my power, on my return, to talk about them with some *appearance* of acquaintance. To-morrow I am engaged to dine with Mr. Adams. The severe cold I have been afflicted with has almost left me, and I think I can venture out with safety. I yesterday made my first effort at a speech,\* and found I had

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\* On February 19, in committee of the whole, Mr. Mills made a long and able speech, which occupies several pages of the Annals of Congress (15th Congr., vol. i., p. 954), on the establishment of a National Bankrupt Law.

a tolerable use of my voice. I gave better satisfaction *to myself* than I ever have done, and I am assured by my friends that *they* were much gratified. George was in the gallery, and I found, to say the least of it, that he was neither mortified nor disappointed. Do not mistake me, my dear Harriette, it is not vanity that prompts me to say these things to *you*, but because I know that you are interested in every thing that relates to your husband, and feel a sincere pleasure in any successful effort he may make in a good cause. The speech was upon the Bankrupt Bill, and, of course, was more argumentative than declamatory. I will send you the paper when it comes out. I promised some time ago to give you some account of the great men of the present Congress, but I begin to despair of finding them. There are a good many men of handsome talents enough, but none, among the new members, of a high and commanding character. The places of Gaston and Grosvenor and Webster and Hulbert and Calhoun are not supplied by those who have succeeded them; and the debates of the present session are, of course, less interesting and animated, though not less protracted."

" *Wednesday, Dec. 30, 1818.*

"I returned from a visit to Mr. Hanson this morning, and had the pleasure of finding your kind and affectionate letter of the 22d waiting my arrival. We had a most delightful and pleasant excursion to Mr. H.'s. He lives about twenty-eight miles from this, and nine miles from the road leading to Baltimore. We left here on Thursday at twelve o'clock; the party consisted of Mr. Mercer and Colston of Virginia, Johnson of Louisiana, and myself. On Friday, Mr. H. had a number of the gentlemen, planters in his vicinity, to dine with us, — living from three to fourteen miles distance from his house. Before dinner, however, we all went about eight miles to church, Hanson, Mercer, and Colston all being members of the Church of England. We had a very excellent and impressive sermon from a Mr. Wheaton, their stated minister; preached, however, to a congregation consisting of not more than thirty people, exclusive of our party. The subject was the birth of our Saviour, the change which this great event had wrought in a moral state of the world, the cause of joy and gratitude which it furnished to his followers, and the manner in which it should be commemorated by them. What this little flock wanted in numbers, they seemed to make up in devotion, for I have seldom seen a more attentive and, apparently, a more devout audience. On Saturday, we dined with Judge Hanson, a brother of our excellent host, where we met the same party. They live about four miles apart, being almost the nearest neighbors either of them has. The country around them is pleasant and fertile, laid off into large plantations, owned by men of wealth, and cultivated by slaves. The prospect from Mr. H.'s is beautiful, presenting an extent of neither hill nor plain, in our sense of the words, but of gentle swells, or what they call rolling lands, terminated on one side by the Chesapeake Bay, and on the other by the highlands of Virginia. It is now in a state of rapidly progressing improvement, occasioned by a change, produced within a very few



years, of its former inhabitants for a much more moral and correct class who have succeeded them. This change is visible in the face of nature, as well as in the habits, manners, and pursuits of the inhabitants. On Sunday we were to have gone to Baltimore, a distance of ten miles, to church, and to dine with Dr. Alexander, a connection of Mr. H. Owing, however, to the state of the weather, and the health of Mr. H., we remained with him; and the church service was performed at his house by a young gentleman, who is preparing for the ministry, who resides in his family. On Monday we rode to Baltimore, dined at Dr. Alexander's with a large party invited to meet us, and returned in the evening to Mr. H.'s. We passed a delightful day with an intelligent, well-educated family, living in fine style, without any *fashionable airs* or display of extravagance. On Tuesday we were again over-persuaded to remain till after dinner, and did not arrive here until one o'clock to-day. As nothing of much consequence was transacted in our absence, I am heartily glad to have exchanged the solitary, selfish sort of life we lead here for a few days of rational enjoyment and friendly society. We shall probably do nothing till after New Year, as it is just announced that one of our body, a Mr. Mumford from North Carolina, died this evening. He was seized, five or six days ago, with a violent attack of the pleurisy, and it has terminated, as almost every such attack does here, fatally. I did not know him personally; but some anecdotes are in circulation respecting his conduct and conversation in his last illness, showing a total disregard for his future state, as well as a want of preparation to meet it. His funeral will be attended on Friday with all that idle pageantry and heartless ceremony which always occur here upon such an occasion. Heaven grant that my last sigh may be breathed in the atmosphere of friendship, and that the tear of affection and the sincerity of grief may be substituted for the solemn mockery which presides over the funeral obsequies of a man, ever so eminent, who is doomed to breathe his last at a distance from all those objects which the words of affection have bound around his heart. To-morrow evening I am engaged to Mrs. Adams, where I suppose I shall meet a large party, after which I will write you again."

"Feb. 16, 1819.

"For several days past I have been very much engaged in the business of the House, and have taken a more active part than I am accustomed to. We have had a most interesting and agitating debate upon the subject of prohibiting slavery in the territory west of the Mississippi, in which the slave-holding States have been arrayed against the States where slavery is not tolerated. It is not necessary for me to state that I advocated the prohibition with all my force, and, I assure you it gives me great satisfaction to say, with success. The excitement, however, produced by this discussion is much greater than I have ever witnessed upon any occasion since I have been in Congress. The Southern and Western people here are so little accustomed to be in a minority that they cannot bear defeat with the same patience as those of us who almost every day experience it."

January or February, 1819.

"Yesterday I dined with the French Minister in a party consisting of about twenty or twenty-five, mostly members of Congress. The dinner was in true French style, every thing so disguised and transformed that no one knew what to ask for, or what was before him, — whether ham or jelly, mutton chop or pudding, no one could tell until he had put his knife into the dish. The first course consisted almost entirely of cold meats, in various forms, pickled, hashed, and minced, as well as whole. Turkeys without bones, and puddings in the form of fowls, fresh cod disguised like a salad, and celery like oysters, all served to excite the wonder and amazement of the guests. It reminded me of an anecdote told by Horace Walpole when giving an account of a dinner of a great man at which he was present; he said, 'Every thing was cold but the water, and every thing was sour but the vinegar.' Excepting, however, the perplexity of finding out what was upon the table, I had a very pleasant time. Mr. and Mrs. de Neuville are decidedly the most pleasant and the most popular of the foreigners residing here. Pleasant and affable in their deportment, they take great pains to please, and to avoid the ceremony and cold politeness which distinguish almost all the intercourse which takes place here. Although of a frivolous nation, they both seem very considerate and sufficiently grave, and have much less of frivolity than the other ministers resident here. Their kindness seems unaffected, and their piety, it is said, is equally so. In the evening there was an immense crowd of ladies and gentlemen, their house being open for that purpose every Saturday evening. The usual insipid interchange of idle questions and needless replies, gazing, lounging, card-playing, and dancing occupied the various groups, as fancy or caprice might dictate, and the evening closed with a waltz by the daughters of the Spanish Minister, and a few others, mostly foreigners. The death of the Queen of England has kept Mr. and Mrs. Bagot\* out of society for the last fortnight, and thrown all the foreign ministers and families into a mourning dress. The *intensity of their grief* has, however, almost worn off, when amends will be made, I presume, for this temporary seclusion. I dined too, the other day, at the President's; had a much more pleasant and less reserved intercourse than I had ever witnessed when Madison was President. Mrs. Hull, the wife of the Commodore, who is now in the city, is said to be the reigning beauty here. If you have seen her, therefore, you may be able to form some idea of the others. She is not a beauty; to my taste too insipid and too much like wax-work. But I did not intend to fill this whole letter with nonsense, and will stop."

" March, 1819.

" Last evening a very brilliant ball was given by members of Congress and others to Mr. and Mrs. Bagot, who expect soon to return

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\* Hon. Charles Bagot, brother of Lord Bagot. Mrs. Bagot was the daughter of William Wellesley Pole, brother of the Duke of Wellington. See "Diary of J. Q. Adams," vol. iv. p. 339.



to England. There were about one hundred and seventy subscribers, and nearly or quite as many ladies, besides invited guests. You know I have no talent at description; you cannot, therefore, expect of me to describe the appearance of the room, the dress of the ladies, the elegance of the supper-tables, nor any of those thousand minutiae which the nice discrimination of a more accurate observer would so easily discern. In truth, I seldom attempt to analyze my feelings; and if I am pleased or displeased with the society or scenery around me, I do not attempt to account for it by examining too much in detail the individual objects or circumstances which produce such emotions. I can only, therefore, tell you, that the party was very large and brilliant, that everybody appeared in spirits, and genuine gayety for a moment seemed to predominate over the formality which usually prevails in their parties here. The ball was opened by Mrs. Bagot with *Yankee Doodle* in a country-dance, and, after a variety of cotillons, ended in a Scotch reel. I did not venture to sport my figure upon the floor excepting in a country-dance with the Mrs. Schuyler whom I have formerly mentioned to you, and who, I assure you, is an excellent and very correct woman. The room was hung with festoons and semicircles of flowers and variegated lights, and emblematical figures and inscriptions in honor of the occasion. The supper-table was elegant, and superbly decorated. After supper Mr. Bagot, in a short but very neat and appropriate address, expressed his gratitude for all the kind civilities he had received in this country, and particularly for this last expression of good will; and concluded by the best wishes of himself and wife for the future happiness of each individual present. To this very appropriate address *no response* was made, excepting drinking the health of Mr. and Mrs. Bagot, and *God save the King* by the band. But I am fatiguing you with nonsense."

"PHILADELPHIA, March 5, 1819.

"I have just arrived thus far on my way home, with the utmost anxiety to continue my journey without delay; but I find it is impossible to get a conveyance from here until to-morrow at two o'clock, the early stages being engaged. I left Washington yesterday morning, and, by travelling all night, arrived here at eleven o'clock to-day. We had a most dreadful ride through the night, the roads for a part of the way being in a most horrid state. Our stage was crowded with twelve passengers, and three times in the course of the night we were obliged to unload for fear of turning over. One of our passengers, Mr. Hall, of Delaware, finding, as he supposed, the stage upsetting, leaped from the carriage, and in his fall dislocated his shoulder, and was obliged to stop at the first miserable inn, where he will probably be detained for some time. The stage man, however, succeeded in stopping his horses so as to prevent the catastrophe which was apprehended, and the rest of us were providentially preserved from injury. On my way to Baltimore I met my friend Hanson's carriage, which he had sent for the express purpose of bringing me to his house. I had determined upon going to see him, under a full conviction that it would be the only



opportunity I should ever have of meeting him on this side the grave. I found, however, at the inn, *Miss Sarah Whitney*, whom Mr. Calvert had brought there for the purpose of putting her under my protection to return to her friends, so that I was obliged to give up this visit which I had so much at heart. I now hope to have a passage by steamboat most of the way to New Haven, and shall probably be with you as early as Thursday next. Mr. Webster and Mr. Allen are with me here; the latter will accompany me through my journey, and the former probably as far as New Haven. Our last days were very busy ones; and I assure you, notwithstanding my great anxiety to devote myself in future to my family and profession, it gave me no little pain to part with a few friends in Washington, probably forever. Mr. Goldsborough and Colston\* are men whom you would be delighted to know; and as to Hanson, his situation as well as his worth is sufficient to interest any one in his behalf."

"BOSTON, June 5, 1820.

"You have probably learned by the papers the honor conferred on me by the House.† I do not believe (though I dare say you will) that I feel unduly elated by this mark of distinction, though I confess the unanimity of the choice was highly gratifying to my feelings. We have not yet done much public business, the time having been principally occupied in organizing the government, and in those ceremonies and exhibitions which are so dear to Boston people. This part of my duty is, I assure you, extremely irksome to me, as I prefer very much (and am much better calculated for) the labors of my new station to the show and display, ceremonies and etiquette, attending it."

"WASHINGTON, Tuesday, Dec. 12, 1820.

"I have been so occupied for the last four or five days that I have scarcely had a moment's leisure. The question on the admission of Missouri has occupied the Senate‡ for the last week, and so much interest has been excited that our whole time, day and night, has been devoted to it. The question, however, is now settled in our House, and it is determined by a majority of eight that Missouri, with all her sins upon her, shall be admitted into the Union as a sister State. We have still strong hopes that this resolution will be rejected in the House of Representatives. This, however, is by no means certain. The debate in the Senate has been managed with great moderation, though, I confess, with much less ability than I had expected. In respect to talents in debate, I think our body, *as a body*, is very inferior to the other House. This remark, though somewhat treasonable, has been forced upon me by the experience of a week only, and I may find cause to change my opinion upon further observation. However, we make up in *dignity* what we want in talent. I beg you to consider these remarks as applicable to the *body* only. There are individuals

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\* Edward Colston, Representative from Virginia from 1817 to 1819.

† His election as Speaker of House of Representatives.

‡ Mr. Mills was now a Senator.

in the Senate who are second to no men in the nation, but they seldom engage in debate. Upon this great question I have, somewhat reluctantly, I confess, given a silent vote; but I concluded, upon the whole, I would in the outset have the appearance, at least, of some humility."

"Sunday, Dec. 24, 1820.

"On Tuesday evening I went to Mrs. Adams's, where I found forty or fifty people of different sexes collected from all parts of the Union, and crammed into a little room just large enough to contain them when standing up in groups. I went about half-past eight, made a bow to Mrs. Adams, had a few minutes' conversation with her husband, drank a cup of tea, conversed an hour with whomsoever I could find in the crowd, took some ice-cream, and returned home about ten o'clock; and a more unsocial and dissonant party I have seldom been in, even in this wilderness of a city. On Thursday I dined at the same house, and as the party consisted mostly of people with whom I am well acquainted, I passed the time very pleasantly. I went with Mr. King\* in his own carriage. We dined about half-past six, and came away at nine. Mrs. Adams is, on the whole, a very pleasant and agreeable woman; but the Secretary has no talent to entertain a mixed company, either by conversation or manners. He is, however, growing more popular, and, if he conducts with ordinary prudence, may be our next president. I have not yet been to any other parties, nor do I feel any inclination so to do."

"December, 1820.

"I have not yet been here long enough to give you any account, from *personal observation*, of the society and amusements of the metropolis; but as there is no great probability, let my stay be ever so long, of my mingling enough in them to enable me to gratify your curiosity by what I see myself, I fear your information upon these *all-important* subjects must remain, after all, somewhat limited. The drawing-room of Mrs. Monroe is open but once a fortnight. To make up in some degree for the *infrequency* of Mrs. Monroe's parties, Mrs. Bagot and Mrs. de Neuville have open rooms each one evening in the week, the former on Monday and the latter on Saturday. At the British Minister's the amusements are such as you usually find in such parties, — conversation, music, and cards. At the French Minister's dancing is almost always superadded. These are spoken of as much more pleasant, though not more elegant, than Mrs. Bagot's, and are very constantly and *crowdedly* attended. Even our staid and sober New England ladies, it is said, almost always show themselves at these Saturday evening parties, and readily 'join the jocund dance' on what they have been educated to consider as holy time. These public meetings, together with select parties more or less every week, enable the fashionable visitors here to kill time as effectually as they can wish.

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\* Rufus King, at this time Senator from New York.

I have been nowhere, not even to call on the President ; this I shall do, however, on Monday. But although I have neglected this mark of respect, I have received to-day an invitation to dine with him on Friday next."

"*Saturday Evening*, Jan. 6, 1821.

"Yesterday I had the *honor* of dining with the President, if honor it may be called. I am sure it had very little else to recommend it. He gives a dinner once a week, on Friday, to members of Congress and others. His parties are selected without taste or judgment or any reference to the associations or friendships which exist among his guests. Indeed, the only object seems to be to get through what is evidently a severe task, of giving all a dinner in their proper turn. Mrs. Monroe does not appear at the dinner parties this year at all, to the no little mortification and disappointment of the few ladies who are here with their husbands, and who are thus deprived of the honor of sitting at her table. In the evening, there was a very large and brilliant party at Mr. Gales's, the editor of the '*Intelligencer*,' consisting of at least five hundred persons, filling five rooms above and below stairs. In two there was dancing, and in one a supper table, where most of the guests resorted in the course of the evening. I went with Mr. Otis,\* and stayed about an hour, merely to see the exhibition, which, after all, was neither more nor less than a genteel mob. I feel no more inclination for such parties than you do, and I never go excepting when I think I am required to do so by the rules of civility. They are as heartless as they are fatiguing."

"*Tuesday*, Jan. 16, 1821.

"My time is every moment employed. I have risen by sunrise almost every morning. It takes me about an hour in my warm room to dress. I then breakfast, look over the papers upon which we are to be employed during the day, go to the Senate chamber, where we are kept till about half-past four, come home, and get through dinner so as to leave the table about seven. In the evening we resort to no amusement excepting that of conversation and discussing over again the proceedings of the day. Since I wrote you last, I have dined with Mr. Poletica, the Russian Envoy. He lives in great style, and gave us a most splendid dinner. One advantage, at least, is enjoyed by the Senators here, which is not extended to the Representatives. They are much more attended to, and take precedence in all parties. Of course they are brought more in immediate contact with all the grand dignitaries here. There were no ladies at table, and it is somewhat extraordinary that of all the foreign ministers resident here not one of them has a wife, or any females but servants in their families. Mrs. Adams keeps up her weekly parties every Tuesday evening, but although I have a *general* invitation for every evening I have been there but once. The fatigue and toil and ceremony of these parties quite

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\* Harrison Gray Otis, Mr. Mills's colleague in the Senate.



outbalance all the allurements they have for so old and cynical a fellow as I am."

"Sunday, Jan. 21, 1821.

"I intended to have devoted this day to writing letters to you and all the children, but the arrival of my old friend Colston from Virginia last evening has prevented. Not that I have been the whole time engaged with him, but he persuaded me to go to church all day, which deprived me of the only time I could have had for that purpose, and he has been in my room most of the time we were out of church. We had a very fine sermon in the morning from Bishop Brownell, of Connecticut, upon the vanity of all worldly honors, distinctions, and pursuits, — very chaste, neat, and impressive, but his manner, though I think very fine, was not sufficiently impassioned for the Virginia taste. The most popular preachers here are those whose manner I dislike most, — your violent declaimers and extemporaneous exhorters, — those who appeal to the passions without any thing like system or method in the management of their subject. Colston, who is a very zealous and orthodox Christian, has recently returned from Kentucky, and gives a most terrible picture of the moral state of society in most of their great towns. As to the Transylvania University, over which Mr. Holley\* presides, he speaks of it as destitute of all restraint and discipline, and a nursery of vice and profligacy. Some allowances are undoubtedly to be made for his prejudices, but aside from the peculiar tenets of Holley, I have no doubt the institution is in a most deplorable state, and is losing reputation as fast as it acquired it upon his accession to the presidency. I went last night to a large party, — a wedding visit to Dr. Worthington's. His only daughter, a younger sister of the late Mrs. Gaston, is married to a Mr. Pierson, formerly a member of Congress from North Carolina, a widower of about forty-five, and a man of good talents and immense wealth. The house was crowded as full as it could be, and the party was very gay."

"Saturday, Dec. 29, 1821.

"We had, however, a very pleasant time at dinner on Christmas. Mr. Randolph was peculiarly pleasant. Mr. Sparks, you know, is chaplain of the House of Representatives. I asked Randolph how he liked his sermon on Sunday. 'Miserable, miserable stuff,' said he. 'Works, works are to save us! He might as well discard a Saviour altogether, for by his doctrine we needed none. Sir, it is as bad as the old doctrine of the Catholics, who believed that a man could by works more than earn salvation (supererogation), and that the balance of his goodness should be carried to the account of some other poor devil, who fell short of the requisite quantity,' &c."

"Tuesday, Jan. 15, 1822.

"On Saturday last our family all dined at the French Minister's, where we had a very pleasant as well as splendid party. I, however, forbore offering my services to help any one, for in the French fashion

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\* Rev. Horace Holley, who went there from Massachusetts.

of dishing up a dinner, it is impossible to know whether the dish before you is *ham* or *sponge cake*, *pudding*, *fish*, or *salad*. In the evening her rooms were crowded, and there were as usual dancing and other amusements in all parts of the house. Here for the first time I became acquainted with Mrs. Jonathan Russell. She seems to me to be fantastical in nothing but her dress and appearance. I sat by her for some time, and I really found that she conversed with great good sense and propriety. There was also there a Miss Randolph from Virginia, daughter of the Governor of that State, and granddaughter of Mr. Jefferson. She is a great favorite with the Southern gentlemen, but not at all with the ladies from any quarter. She affects a great superiority of intellect and information, and really possesses both, but is arrogant in her manners, declamatory in her style of conversation, and *claims*, as of right, admiration from all around her. On Thursday evening there is to be a party and ball at Mrs. Brown's, where I have engaged to go, so that you see I am endeavoring to avoid, what you think to be so injurious to me, the stupidity of solitude. On Saturday next I go by invitation with my friend Mr. Mercer\* to Mount Vernon to spend Sunday with Judge Washington. I confess I do not anticipate much pleasure from the visit, for his domestic situation is said to be peculiar and most unpleasant; of this, however, I will give you some account on my return.

"As to the gossip of this great metropolis, Heaven forgive me, I know little of it, and should not be able to describe it if I did. I have no talent for that species of detail, and as I know it would not afford you any gratification, Mrs. Ashmun must excuse me for not attempting it for her amusement. In one respect the intercourse of society here has much improved; I mean so far as relates to members of Congress. Formerly they saw little of each other except in Congress Hall, or casually at great routs. It is now very common to have small dinner parties at each other's *messes*, in which they become more intimately acquainted, by the free and unrestrained interchange of opinions and sentiments. This, as you will easily perceive, increases the expense of living, but adds both to the respectability and pleasure of our establishments. Our Massachusetts people, and I among the number, have grown great favorites with Mr. Randolph. He has invited me to dine with him twice, and he has dined with us as often. He is now what he used to be in his best days, — in good spirits, with fine manners and the most fascinating conversation. I would give more to have you see *him* than any man now living on the earth; not because I think more highly of him than of most of my acquaintances here, but from his peculiarities and the entire originality of his character. For the last two years he has been in a state of great perturbation, and has indulged himself in the ebullitions of littleness and acerbity, in which he exceeds almost any man living. He is now in better humor, and is capable of making himself exceedingly interesting and agreeable. How

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\* Charles Fenton Mercer, member of Congress from Virginia from 1817 to 1840.



long this state of feelings may continue, may depend upon accident or caprice. He is, therefore, not a desirable inmate or a safe friend, but under proper restrictions a most entertaining and instructive companion. As to business in our *august* body, I can say but little. I am tired, heartily tired of hearing every day premeditated orations from men of ordinary capacity and less acquirements, made for the mere purpose of showing their constituents that they can *make a speech*. I have been busy in carrying into effect measures which I deemed useful, without mingling much in the debates. Next week we shall have some constitutional questions before us, in which I suppose I shall be obliged to take a part. Having been so constantly engaged for several months before I left home in discussions of one kind and another, I have been glad, to tell the truth, to hold my peace for a short time."

" *Tuesday, Jan. 22, 1822.*

"In my last I informed you of some of my engagements and arrangements for the week. On Tuesday evening last I went with our family to Mrs. Brown's, where we had a party of about three hundred people. A suite of apartments, consisting of five rooms all connected together, was thrown open, where there were dancing, whist, conversation, and supper. The rooms were all crowded, and the party was very brilliant, and said to be very pleasant. Now, I do no more than the honest truth, to tell you that I do not enjoy such parties, notwithstanding the assemblage of beauty and fashion they contain. Mr. Brown is a member of the Senate from Louisiana; a man of overgrown fortune, and disposed to spend it liberally. Mrs. B. is a woman of fashion, vain, superficial, and far from beautiful, but disposed to make her parties as agreeable as possible, which she can only do by making a great display. She is about forty-five years old, without children, and having no pursuit but the pleasures of society. On Saturday morning early I started with Mr. Mercer, Mr. Van Buren, and Mr. Garnett\* for Mount Vernon, and arrived at Judge Washington's before dinner. Here we found a number of gentlemen from Alexandria, who, in the true old Virginia style, stayed till the next day. We remained till Monday, and I was much gratified with my visit. They live so retired from the world that a visit of this kind affords to *him*, who is very fond of society, much gratification. Mrs. Washington we did not see. She is, or pretends to be, an invalid, and sees nobody, not even the ladies who occasionally visit there, nor her most intimate, or rather nearest, relations. She confines herself entirely to her chamber, has an excellent appetite, is in high flesh, and employs herself in reading novels and works of taste and imagination. It is said she is a woman of strong feelings, great *passion*, and correct moral sentiments, but that she has taken a strong disgust to society, and hates the face of everybody but her husband. He is a most mild, amiable, and pleasant man, of the utmost simplicity and purity of manners and morals, of good talents, and considerable industry. His

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\* Robert S. Garnett, member of Congress from Virginia, from 1817 to 1827.

form and appearance are very diminutive and effeminate. His face, like Randolph's, is that of an old woman, and he has neither *beard* nor *children*. The situation of the place is the most delightful that can be conceived; but the buildings, grounds, and every thing around them seem to be in a state of dilapidation and ruin. There are fine gardens laid out by General Washington, two noble greenhouses filled with shrubs and plants, into which Mrs. W. never enters, and where the Judge says he does not go more than once a month. Still, they are kept in pretty good order, and his table is furnished from them with a great profusion of as fine oranges as any I have ever seen. On the whole, the visit was to me very pleasant and delightful. This evening there is a drawing-room at Mrs. Monroe's; but although I have not been this year, and although our ladies and some of our gentlemen are going, I cannot make myself up for the occasion. To-morrow I am to dine with the British Minister, Mr. Canning.\* He is a plain, honest John Bull, without show or pretensions, and I am in hopes of a pleasant party."

"Saturday, Feb. 9, 1822.

"Since I left home I have not spent a day with so little satisfaction to myself as I have the greatest part of the present; and although I have no more reason to reproach myself than thousands who were engaged in the same manner, I can nevertheless assure you that I am not conscious of being guilty of any thing since I left you more reprehensible. Be not alarmed: there is not positive sin, excepting the waste of precious time. But although the scene has been unsatisfactory, to say the least of it, in the exhibition, it may be somewhat interesting in the description. For five or six weeks past there have been in the city about a dozen Indians, chiefs and warriors of the Pawnee and other tribes, from the utmost regions of the North-west. They had visited the President as their Great Father, taken a view of the Senate and House of Representatives, and been shown every thing which was calculated to impress them with an idea of our power, our wealth, and the arts of civilized life. Yesterday they took their formal leave of the President in set speeches, at the close of which they made him a present of skins, moccasins, wampum, &c., and received in return each a full suit of uniform clothing; and by way of gratifying the curiosity of those who had treated them with so much hospitality, they have to-day exhibited themselves in their war dance. The exhibition commenced at twelve and continued till near four o'clock, in front of the President's house; and a more ridiculous piece of savage mummery was never witnessed by a Christian assembly. Three thousand people were congregated upon this occasion, of all sorts and degrees. The palace was filled from garret to cellar, and the immense crowd in front of the house prevented the possibility of seeing by those within. I was mounted on a table at one of the windows, so pressed and crowded that it was only by standing tiptoe that I could occasionally get a

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\* Stratford Canning, first cousin of George Canning, and afterward first Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe.



glimpse of the feats of the savage band. They were almost naked, — their faces, arms, and bodies painted in the most fantastic and capricious manner, according to their respective tastes, — and ornamented with feathers, belts, and trinkets. The music consisted of the rude thumping of an instrument like a drum, which was performed by the squaw of one of the chiefs, who was the only female of the party. Their movements were very regular, though rude and ungraceful, and their attitudes hideous and beastly, varying, however, with the character of the dance. In one of their dances they came round individually in front of the President, who was in the circle with them, and each recounted his exploits, and the deeds of death which he had committed, and which were translated by the interpreter. In this part of the exhibition I was more disappointed than in any other. There was none of the rude eloquence for which the savages have been celebrated, but a dull, monotonous, cold rehearsal of their savage murders. For instance, one said ‘he met his enemy in the forest, caught him like a tiger in the face, threw him upon the earth, and despatched him with his tomahawk;’ and in commemoration of that event he had painted on his face the figure of a hand. The principal chief boasted that he had killed eight of his foes with his war-club, and accompanied his declaration with eight separate strokes with his club upon the ground, making a savage yell at each blow. This chieftain was decorated with a curious head-dress composed of feathers and quills, which he could open and spread by some motion of his head, like the tail of a peacock. He had also appended in their proper place three tails of some animals, which he could also move at pleasure. And so they went through; one only acknowledging that he had never shed the blood of his fellow-man, and his rank, of course, was low among his brother savages. But I shall fatigue you with this recital as much as I feel myself fatigued by witnessing the ridiculous spectacle. Here, however, were assembled the great dignitaries of a Christian and civilized nation, and all the fashion and all the beauty of the metropolis, commingled with all that is low and vulgar and mobbish, in one confused and irregular mass. I escaped as soon as I could, and am thankful that I have got away in safety.”

“ *Thursday, Feb. 28, 1822.*

“You will see by the papers that death has again entered our body, and selected from it one of its brightest ornaments. Mr. William Pinkney has been this day consigned to the house appointed for all the living. His sickness has been but short, and his death as unexpected as it is distressing to his family and friends. He was sick but a week. On Saturday he attended the Supreme Court, made a most splendid and able argument in a highly important cause, was seized on Sunday morning with an attack, somewhat apoplectic, in the head, loss of reason, and an inflammatory fever which terminated his life. I have often spoken of Mr. P., and believe I have formerly given you in writing a description of his style of eloquence. He was one of the most extraordinary men of this or any other country, and united more

of the seeming inconsistencies and contrarieties of character than any man I ever knew. He was perhaps the greatest lawyer south of Philadelphia, — studious, indefatigable, and immensely laborious, and quite as ambitious of ornament as of profoundness. His style of speaking was more artificial than that of any man I ever saw off of the stage, and yet interesting in the highest degree. His arguments upon the most abstruse subjects were decorated with all the flowers of rhetoric which the most exuberant imagination could supply, and his speeches always attracted the attention and enchained the feelings of all who came within reach of his voice. In the Senate he has seldom taken a very active part, having confined himself of late principally to his profession. With all his greatness of mind and energy of intellect, he was in appearance the most consummate fop you ever saw, and with the experience, information, and varied knowledge of a studious man of sixty (which was about his age), he united all the dandyism of a young Bond Street loungee of eighteen. But he has gone to his great account, and has furnished another striking instance of the variety, the transient and evanescent nature of all human greatness, teaching us all what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue.”

“Dec. 26, 1822.

“Since I last wrote you, I have been to a very brilliant evening party at Mr. Canning’s, and am invited to dine there a week from to-day. The evening party was as pleasant as such crowded rooms can be, but the diplomatic dinners are, in general, too formal and ceremonious for much comfort. To-day I shall dine with the Secretary of the Navy;\* Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd† and the Dickinsons‡ are to be of the party and, I presume, a numerous host besides. But I have filled my letter with a great deal of frivolous matter, which, I fear, will be wholly uninteresting to you.”

“Thursday, Jan. 2, 1823.

“Yesterday being New Year, there was no business done in Congress; and, notwithstanding it rained a torrent, the whole city, male and female, secretaries, ambassadors, members of Congress, public agents, and private citizens paid their devoirs at the palace, to present the inhabitants the ‘compliments of the season,’ — an unmeaning ceremony, but as sensible as many other ceremonious observances. As I was engaged to dine at five o’clock at Mr. Adams’s, I went in the crowd to the President’s to see the show. But I have so often described these scenes to you, and as a description of one conveys a very good idea of all the rest, I will not again undertake it. At Mr. Adams’s I found a pleasant party and an excellent dinner, and returned home about eight o’clock, which was as soon as the dinner was over. Do not suppose that we spent the evening in the old-fashioned

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\* Samuel L. Southard, of New Jersey.

† James Lloyd, of Boston, at this time Mr. Mills’s colleague in the Senate.

‡ John D. Dickinson, member of Congress from Connecticut.



style of drinking and smoking. The latter is entirely banished from all genteel society, and the former conducted with great moderation. The French fashion, certainly much more rational, generally prevails. A few glasses of wine after the cloth is removed, and almost immediately upon the ladies retiring, the gentlemen follow to the drawing-room, where coffee is served."

(No date.) 1823 (?).

"I dined yesterday with Mr. Adams, in a large party of gentlemen only. He is scarcely talked of now as president, although last year his chance seemed to be better than any other candidate. A few days ago I dined, too, with Mr. Crawford, now, I think, the most prominent candidate. He is a hardy, bold, resolute man, with the *appearance* of great frankness and openness of character, unpolished and somewhat rude in his manners, and very far inferior to Mr. Adams in learning and attainments. He has, however, a strong, vigorous mind, and has made himself what he is by his own active efforts. His political course has been uniformly Democratic, and he is now considered at the head of those who are here termed radicals. Of Mr. Calhoun, another candidate, I will also give you some account. I know him well, and have always been upon terms of personal friendship with him. He was a member of Congress when I first came here, and is now Secretary of War. He is about the age of Mr. Bates, and was a classmate of his and Lyman. He came into Congress very young, and took a decided part in favor of the late war, and of all the measures connected with it. He is ardent, persevering, industrious, and temperate, of great activity and quickness of perception, and rapidity of utterance; as a politician, too theorizing, speculative, and metaphysical, — magnificent in his views of the powers and capacities of the government, and of the virtue, intelligence, and wisdom of the *people*. He is in favor of elevating, cherishing, and increasing all the institutions of the government, and of a vigorous and energetic administration of it. From his rapidity of thought, he is often wrong in his conclusions, and his theories are sometimes wild, extravagant, and impractical. He has always claimed to be, and is, of the Democratic party, but of a very different class from that of Crawford; more like Adams, and his schemes are sometimes denounced by his party as ultra-fanatical. His private character is estimable and exemplary, and his devotion to his official duties is regular and severe. But he is formidably opposed on the ground of his youth, his inexperience, his heterodoxy in politics, and his ambition. I have thus given you some account of those whose pretensions to the presidency are most prominent; enough, at least, to satisfy your neighbors that you are not altogether uninformed upon the subject. Of Mr. Lowndes I will say but a word. He is of the same school with Calhoun; an older man, of more general information, but of much less energy and activity. He is a man of fortune and of taste, but far from a great man in the powers of his intellect or attainments. After all, I doubt whether either of these early aspirants will succeed in their views, and I con-



fess I should be glad to see a better man than either at the head of the government under which I live, and for which I entertain so much respect. Who he will be, or whether the fortunate individual will be better or worse than those I have named, is at present entirely uncertain. I have just run over what I have written on this sheet, and if it is not in the true style of a *politician* I am mistaken; for I think I may challenge even you to decide which I should vote for if obliged to choose from among them. This, however, is not intentional, for I intended to give you a just representation of their respective qualifications."

"Saturday, Jan. 25, 1823.

"The question who shall be the candidate for governor and lieutenant-governor of Massachusetts, it seems, is settled in caucus. I confess I should have been quite as well pleased if they had agreed upon our neighbor, the sheriff, for the highest seat in the synagogue, as to place him where they have; and, I dare say, in this opinion I shall have the hearty concurrence of my friend, the sheriff,\* and the *sheriff's wife*. Will she be willing to play a second fiddle to Mrs. Otis, or does she think she ought to be at the head of the orchestra? The election, I think, will be a warm one, and its result is somewhat doubtful. Mr. O. and Mr. L. were both members of the Hartford Convention, which, in the minds of some, is a deadly political sin. They are both open, avowed, and decided Unitarians, which, in the minds of others, is a fatal and dangerous religious heresy. But I assure you, though I think the candidates have much opposition to encounter, I most sincerely wish them success, and shall most cordially unite in their support. It is near five o'clock, and I am engaged to dine with my colleague, Mr. Lloyd, who, by the way, is much respected here, and not the less so, perhaps, for mingling so little in society. They live in a very snug and quiet manner within a few doors of me, and I have an opportunity of seeing them frequently. Mrs. Lloyd is much esteemed here. She is certainly a very ladylike and amiable woman, more prudent and discreet, but less talent and smartness, than Mrs. Otis. My situation is much more pleasant in Senate with Mr. L. than it was with Mr. O. We more frequently agree in our opinions and votes; and if we disagree, which seldom happens, it produces no unpleasant feelings or remarks."

"Saturday, Feb. 15, 1823.

"To-day the Senate have not been in session, and I thought this morning I should get time to write not only to you, but to the children also. But so difficult is it here to accomplish any thing, that I found that a few calls of business at the public offices had consumed the whole day. No one who has not visited here can have an idea of the inconveniences of this place for either business or pleasure; and there

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\* Joseph S. Lyman of Northampton. The ticket was Otis and Lyman, and was defeated by the Democrats under William Eustis, the first governor for many years, and one of the few ever chosen by that party in the State.

is much practical truth in the seeming paradox of your brother George, who, in his emphatic style, said the other day: 'I hold it to be a well-established fact that there is no one place in Washington which is not at least two miles distant *from any other place*.'

"I am sorry, my dear Harriette, that the very incorrect and garbled report of my speech upon abolishing imprisonment for debt has fallen into your hands. It is in many respects exceedingly imperfect, and in some parts unintelligible. I can only say it did me no discredit in Senate, and I am in hopes you will soon see a more correct report of it in the 'National Intelligencer.' Most of the gentlemen here write out their speeches for publication; but I have strong objections to that practice, aside from the labor which it imposes. It looks too much like taking pains to make one popular, and I am not conscious of ever doing that, your occasional accusations to the contrary notwithstanding. Indeed, I think I am quite too careless about it; for the great efforts made by some very small men around me have produced a disgust to that course of proceeding which very often prevents me from taking any part in the discussions of the day. I am, however, well satisfied with my standing in Senate; and if my name does not appear so often in the papers as some, and I make less noise at a distance, it affords me no mortification whatever."

"Jan. 9, 1824.

"You seem to fear that I am not well situated for the winter. I can assure you I was never better situated here. I have not, it is true, the social enjoyment resulting from a pleasant mess, but I have more time to attend to the business of Congress, and to the thousand other concerns which daily distract my attention. I shall probably live much more secluded from society than I did last year; but I assure you I do not much regret the change. Advancing age, sober reflections, and the necessity of studying economy in my expenses, all contribute to reconcile me to a more recluse mode of life. I have, however, very good society near me, and such as would befriend me in any emergency. Henshaw is within a stone's-throw; my friend Eaton\* and General Jackson are very near; and several other members of Congress at the next door. I went last night, for the first time this season, to an evening party at Mr. Adams's. It was a party given, as you know, in honor of General Jackson. He was kind enough to insist on my going in a carriage with him. We arrived about eight o'clock, and such a crowd you never witnessed. Eight large rooms were open, and literally filled to overflowing. There must have been at least a thousand people there; and so far as Mrs. Adams was concerned, it certainly evinced a great deal of taste, elegance, and good sense. I wandered, or rather pushed my way, through all the rooms, gazed on the crowd, came round to the supper-room about half-past nine, and left there about ten. Many stayed till twelve and one. I am good for nothing to describe such a scene in detail; but it is the universal

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\* John Henry Eaton, at this time Senator from Tennessee.

opinion that nothing has ever equalled this party here, either in brilliancy of preparation or elegance of the company."

"Jan. 22, 1824.

"And so then, my dear Harriette, you are tired of my dull epistles about myself, and my oft-repeated assurances of attachment and devotion, and my tedious details about our children, and really wish me, if not to *confine* myself to politics, at least to give you some information of the great questions that occupy us here. Well, be it so. I know I have neglected these things in my communications, but it has been because I thought you would take no interest in them. As to the approaching election of president, then. It is impossible to foretell the result, and we are all so much influenced by our feelings and wishes as to be very doubtful prophets. The character of Mr. Adams you know very well. He is unquestionably more learned, better educated, has a more thorough knowledge of our Constitution, our foreign relations, the history, theory, and practice of our government, than either of the other candidates. His supporters are principally in New England, some in New York, and some at the South and South-west. He has not, however, at present a majority in his favor, nor indeed has any other candidate. Mr. Crawford, perhaps, has more friends in Congress than any of them, though of all men he is the last I wish to see elected. He is coarse, rough, uneducated, of a pretty strong mind, a great intriguer, and determined to make himself president. He is at the head of what is called the *Radical* party,—a race of economists who are for curtailing all expenses, and belittling, if not destroying, all the important institutions of the country. His friends are endeavoring to get up a caucus of members of Congress for his nomination. In this I think they will succeed, though the caucus I do not believe will be attended by a majority of the members. According to present appearances, he has not a majority in his favor, either in Congress or among the people. General Jackson, in point of numbers, stands next. His great military services during the late war rendered him very popular at the West, and extended his fame through the country. But he was considered extremely rash and inconsiderate, tyrannical and despotic, in his principles. A personal acquaintance with him has convinced many who held these opinions that they were unfounded. He is very mild and amiable in his disposition, of great benevolence, and his manners, though formed in the wilds of the West, exceedingly polished and polite. Everybody that knows him loves him, and he is exactly the man with whom *you* would be delighted. With a frame worn down, and a constitution almost destroyed by hardships, and a head gray with service rather than age, he has all the ardor and enthusiasm of youth, and is as free from guile as an infant. I had very strong prejudices against him, and opposed him most vehemently in Congress five years ago. Indeed, I considered him but little advanced in civilization above the savages with whom he was at war. But a personal acquaintance with him has dissipated all my prejudices; and although I still think he sometimes lost sight of the restraints of law



and constitution, his motives were always pure and his object patriotic. One anecdote very creditable to him I had heard from Mr. Eaton, and a few days ago I made inquiry of the General, and had it confirmed from his own mouth. In 1813, when at war with the Creek Indians, after a battle in which the American arms had been successful, and there had been a great destruction of the poor Creeks, there was found upon the field of battle a little infant, a boy but a few weeks old. It seems his father had fallen in the conflict, and his mother too had been slain. The friendly Indians who were fighting on our side were for terminating at once the miseries of the little innocent, under the conviction that it would be impossible to preserve its life without more care than it was worth, and were actually upon the point of putting it to death when the General discovered their design, and immediately interfered for its preservation. With much difficulty he extricated the child from its cruel captors, took it into his own arms, and carried it to his tent. He took the personal charge of it for months, nourished and cherished it in the wilderness, and at the end of the campaign brought it home to his own house, took it into his family, and with great care and assiduity sustained it and reared it up in health. The little fellow is now ten years old. He yesterday showed me a letter from him, written very well, and the style as well as the chirography would do credit to either of our boys. He is determined to give him a good education, and if possible make him a useful man. But with all General Jackson's good and great qualities, I should be sorry to see him President of the United States. His early education was very deficient, and his modes of thinking and habits of life partake too much of war and military glory.

"Mr. Calhoun stands next on the list. He is a man about forty years old, regular and correct in all his habits, of good talents, well educated, but ardent and somewhat extravagant in some of his political sentiments, of great integrity, but I think stands at present no chance of success. Adams, Jackson, and Calhoun all think well of each other, and are united at least in one thing, — to wit, a most thorough dread and abhorrence of Crawford. Mr. Clay stands by himself, and, with many excellent qualities, would be more dangerous at the head of the government than either of the others. Ardent, bold, and adventurous in all his theories, he would be, as is feared, rash in enterprise, and inconsiderate and regardless of consequences. His early education was exceedingly defective, and his morals have been not the most pure and correct. On the whole, judging from present appearances, I think there will be no choice of president by the electors, — in which case the election falls upon the House of Representatives, — and that Adams, Crawford, and Jackson will be the three highest candidates, out of which the choice will finally be made.\* These speculations, however, are founded upon present appearances. What changes may happen before the election takes place it is not easy to foresee. I have thus given you my crude notions; but, in the genuine spirit of a politician,

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\* This prediction was, as every one knows, exactly verified.



as you will say, I have not told *even you* who is my favorite candidate. That is of no consequence ; nor do I (*entre nous*) feel any very strong convictions in favor of either. If you wish to turn politician, or even to converse intelligibly upon the presidential question, you must read at least the Constitution of the United States, and ascertain the mode of his election.

“The Greek question, so called, is now under discussion in the House of Representatives. Mr. Webster made a *great* though not a very *eloquent* speech upon the subject. Colonel Dwight\* and a thousand others are following in the train. Whether it will find its way into the Senate is not yet determined. We are much more grave and dignified in our body than in the House, and declamation is hardly tolerated with us.”

“WASHINGTON, Feb. 28, 1824.

“You must have misapprehended, my dear Harriette, some part of my letter in relation to Mr. Lathrop. I most heartily wish him success, and think him deserving of it. Still, I know full well the motives which induced his nomination, and the objects of those who promote it with us. First, Mr. Lathrop at present fills a place which our good brother Bates is very desirous of filling, and which he is certainly very well qualified to fill with advantage to the country and credit to himself. Secondly, Mr. Bates has a great deal of professional business, which, if he was sent to Congress, the young aspirants at the bar — Forbes, Ashmun, Clark, &c. — think they should share among them ; and thus Lathrop, Bates, and myself being disposed of, they could cut and carve business and profits for themselves. But I have no idea of being disposed of in this way. Hence I say that if their plans in the election of Lathrop for governor, and Bates as his successor in Congress, should be successful, I should return home with a prospect of taking at least my share of professional labor and profit. This was all I meant, my dear wife, by my short hints in a former letter. I beg you not for a moment to think me so ungrateful as to repine at my own situation. My ambition, if I ever had any, has been more than gratified. I neither expect nor wish for any thing further. I have not sought the honors which have been so often undeservedly bestowed upon me ; and Heaven knows I have never envied those who have been more fortunate in the attainment of wealth or honors.”

“WASHINGTON, March 26, 1824.

“Enclosed I forward you a communication which I have just received, signed by all the Representatives of our State in Congress. In what manner precisely I shall answer it, I have not as yet determined. I must, however, get away, although I have no doubt my going will produce great complaint, both here and at home. I am not vain enough, I would not have you suppose, to believe that this request

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\* Henry W. Dwight, of Massachusetts, member of Congress from 1821 to 1831.

proceeds from an expectation of any great personal influence I may possess in the Senate. But there are some questions to be decided before the close of the session, and among them particularly the tariff, in which a single vote may of itself be of great consequence; and should it eventually happen that the great question so interesting to Massachusetts should be decided by a single vote in the Senate, I should expect never to be forgiven."

*"Saturday Evening, April 3, 1824.*

"Never in my life did I address you with more unmingled emotions of grief and regret. Notwithstanding my assurances to you in my letter of yesterday, that I should start for home to-day, I have been prevailed upon to remain, and how long, Heaven only knows. I had resisted the repeated importunities of my friends, and determined to go at all hazards, when last evening, after having got into a state of preparation, I was waited upon by our whole delegation from Massachusetts, who expressed to me their undivided opinion that I could not go without an inexcusable dereliction of duty. After much conversation, I agreed to postpone starting this morning, to call on Mr. King and another friend or two, to state to them the urgent necessity of my going, and to abide by their decision. This has been done, and they have decided that I cannot consistently with my public duty go at present. The principal reason which requires my remaining is the Tariff Bill. This bill is now in the House of Representatives, and will probably pass that House in the course of a week. The whole delegation from Massachusetts are opposed to it. According to the best calculations that can be made in the Senate, there will not be a single vote to spare; and if, under these circumstances, I should be gone, and the bill should pass for want of my vote, I should never forgive myself, nor should I ever be forgiven. I need not, I cannot, tell you how painful this decision is. My business in court, I know, must greatly suffer by it, and many of my clients must experience great disappointment. But to me, the disappointment which I shall experience, and that which you also, I know, will feel, inflict the keenest pain."

*"WASHINGTON, April 10, 1824.*

"On this day, my dear wife, I had flattered myself and assured you that I should have the happiness of meeting and enjoying the society of those most dear to me. The causes which prevented, I have given you in my former letters. I do not now perceive that there is a prospect of getting away very soon. As soon, however, as the tariff is disposed of, I shall make my way home as speedily as possible. It still lags in the House of Representatives, and I am not without hope that it will meet its quietus there. The face of nature, as well as the calls of business and the solicitude of affection, admonishes me that it is time for me to be at home. The winter here has been exceedingly mild and open, but, the month of March having been cold and wet, the spring is more backward than usual. Peach-trees are just putting forth their blossoms, and those who have gardens are just getting in their seeds.

But, although there are plenty of lands lying waste and uncultivated all over the city, few of the inhabitants have either industry or taste enough to convert them into fruitful fields. It is now more than a week since I have received any communication from Northampton, nor can I expect to for nearly a week to come; and as you have been so kind and attentive in favoring me with your letters lately, I assure you I feel their loss with the greatest sincerity. Letters from other quarters, however, and especially from Boston, I have had in abundance upon business and politics. I am very anxious to learn the result of our election of governor, and hope, with all my soul, that Mr. Lathrop may be chosen. I am sorry to see, by a Boston paper received yesterday, that an extract is given from a letter written by me, in perfect confidence, to Mr. Otis. I have received a letter from him explaining how it came to be published, which, though far short of a justification, furnishes some apology for such a breach of confidence. I did not intend to appear as a partisan before the public at this time, and, although there is nothing in the publication but what is strictly true, I regret, on many accounts, that it has seen the light under my name."

"Tuesday, April 20, 1824.

"The great question which now keeps me here, to wit, the Tariff Bill, has just got into our House, and will not be finally decided for a fortnight or three weeks yet to come. I cannot express to you the regret I feel at not being able to attend our court, for I am sensible I am in all respects more *at home* there than here. If you are inquired of as to the prospect of the tariff passing the Senate, I authorize you to say that I think it will pass by a majority of one or two. I know that many of my friends, in our part of the State, wish it to pass. But I believe it is because they do not understand its operation upon the great and essential interests of our part of the country. As it now stands, I shall certainly vote against it, though it may be so modified as to gain my support. I do not mention these things to you, my dear wife, because I suppose you take any interest in the subject yourself, but because I think you may be inquired of as to the fate of the bill, and as to the opinion of your husband in relation to it."

"WASHINGTON, April 28, 1824.

"I have this moment returned from the Senate, where we have had a long and libored debate upon the tariff, for the first time in our body. The discussion was commenced by myself, on a motion to strike out the additional duty on iron. I made a speech in support of my motion of about an hour, which, you may rest assured, was a pretty good one, although I shall not take the trouble of writing it out for publication. I cannot seek popularity in that way. The debate was continued through the day, and the motion finally prevailed by a majority of one vote. I do not, however, consider the question as settled, for the Vice-President still has a casting vote, and may prevent its success. If this motion should, at last, be confirmed in Senate, I shall consider the tariff as put to rest, and should hope to get away in the course of a



week or ten days ; otherways I shall be detained, Heaven only knows how long. I will say to you, and to you only, that, at a large meeting of friends belonging to the Senate, I had the honor of being selected to make this first assault upon this important bill, which so nearly divides both Houses of Congress, and the whole country."

"*Sunday, Jan. 2, 1825.*

"I have only time to write a single line or two before the mail closes. I have been all day engaged in reading and collecting letters of recommendation and applications for the office of postmaster, so unexpectedly vacated by the sudden death of my old friend, Daniel Wright. I will mention to you a few of the candidates, by which you will perceive the embarrassments in which I am placed. Mr. Jon<sup>a</sup>. H. Lyman, Samuel Lyman, Mr. Forbes, Thos. Shepherd, Hunt Wright, Wm. Hutchens, Nathl. Fowle, Sim<sup>n</sup>. Butler, Dr. Stebbins, Saml. Wells, and Heman Pomeroy, — all of them my personal friends, and all well qualified for the office. I shall, however, present all their claims fairly before the Postmaster-General, and let him decide upon them to-morrow. Many of them must be disappointed, and some of them probably will be offended. I beg you not to mention the name of Mr. Wells, as he wished it to be kept secret. We had, yesterday, our great congressional dinner for General Lafayette, — and a splendid one I assure you it was, as you will see in a day or two by the papers. Upwards of two hundred at three tables. I had no small share of the labor to perform, as usual ; and if you see among the toasts, which we were obliged to guard with *politic* discretion, any that you think good, give me the credit, for I assure you I deserve it. Though the day was excessively stormy, every thing went off remarkably well."

"*Wednesday, Feb. 16, 1825.*

"You say my friends in Boston were anxious to learn my opinion upon the result of the presidential election. To tell the truth, I avoided writing upon that subject as much as possible. I knew how variable public opinion upon the subject was here. I knew, too, what the feelings, wishes, and anxieties that existed as to the success or defeat of Mr. Adams were. I knew the spirit of speculation that prevailed in Boston, and I was determined that no man should be able to say that he had hazarded his money upon the strength of my opinion, and had sustained a loss by its fallacy. There is quite as much speculation and excitement here now as before the election. Who is to come into the cabinet, go on foreign missions, or obtain other and more subordinate places under the new dynasty, are the daily topics of conjecture and conversation. Of one thing you may rest assured, that, although there is a perfectly good understanding between the president-elect and myself, I have nothing to expect, nor would I ask any thing at his hands. If the election had gone otherwise, I might have stood on different ground.

I mentioned in my last that there were a great many Massachusetts



people here. Since then I have seen Mr. and Mrs. Revere, and Mr. and Mrs. Derby. Indeed, the city is full of Yankees, come to witness the inauguration of our Yankee President. This same President of ours is a man that I can never court, nor be on very familiar terms with. There is a cold, repulsive atmosphere about him that is too chilling for my respiration, and I shall certainly keep at a distance from its influence. I wish him God speed in his administration, and am heartily disposed to lend him my feeble aid whenever he may need it in a correct course ; but he cannot expect me to become his warm and devoted partisan. He wants heart and all those qualities which attract and attach people strongly to him. An *interested* support he will get from many, but a warm and hearty one from none."

"Friday, Feb. 18, 1825.

"In this evening's paper we have the very great and very sincere pleasure to present our readers the very able and admirable speech of Mr. Mills, of Massachusetts, on one of the most interesting and important subjects that has ever been discussed within the walls of Congress. Every sentence of this lucid and eloquent speech should, at the present time, be carefully and most attentively perused, for its principles are all in strict conformity to the established laws of nature and nations, and should as widely as possible be circulated throughout the country, in order that the whole community may entertain the same sound and correct views in relation to it. . . . Since the Senate have been gravely engaged in discussing the precise rules of law, so as cautiously to avoid trespassing upon the rights of the abettors of piracy, every civilian in that honorable body was rationally expected to enlist his best talents on the interesting occasion, and to bring forward openly the best fruits of his enlightened mind, for the purpose of informing and directing that honorable body in the best course to be pursued. Whatever others may have done, or not done, Mr. Mills has entitled himself to the thanks and applause of his fellow-citizens throughout the United States for the able and distinguished part he has boldly taken."

"You will excuse me, I know, my dear Harriette, for copying this extract from a New York paper, of the remarks of the editor on my piracy speech. I have here no puffers, retainers, or hangers-on ; and as this is a voluntary comment of an enlightened editor, I feel a gratification in communicating it to *you*. Indeed, if I know myself, I feel more gratification on your account than any other. I took no pains to procure the publication of the speech, nor have I written to any one upon the subject. I know very well the efforts that other people make here ; but I desire to thank Heaven that I feel above the little arts so often practised to gain popularity. If I cannot command it by my *open* efforts to deserve it, I do not want it."

"WASHINGTON, Dec. 16, 1825.

"I enclose for your *information* (as we say when we send an important document to our constituents) a list of furniture in the Presi-

dent's house, taken in March, before Mr. Adams removed into it. You are not, however, to suppose that there is no more now, for, on account of the great deficiency, Congress appropriated, at the close of last session, fourteen thousand dollars more to furnish it decently. I was at the drawing-room last evening for about half an hour, and though well filled with fashionable and agreeable people, I was glad to retreat to my chamber and my business. Mrs. Adams is in very feeble health, and I think will fall a victim to the station she fills, or rather to the ambition of filling it *gracefully*."

"Friday, Dec. 23, 1825.

"I have been intending to write the girls, and some of my friends at home, but I really can find no time. I am on two standing, and two select, committees, all of which have a multiplicity of business before them; and, as I never shrink from my proportion, at least, of labor, I am kept very constantly occupied. I passed an hour to-day with the President, who, I found, was very gracious and friendly. He urged me, when coming away, to call often — spend an evening; and added that they dined every day at five o'clock, and that it would give him great pleasure if I would come any day, and as often as I could, *sans cérémonie*, and dine with him *en famille*. So much for my standing at court. Don't set this narration down to my vanity, for I tell it you only to afford you gratification, or to afford you an opportunity to laugh at me, as you please; but I tell it to no one else. With no strong personal attachment to Mr. Adams, I have found myself compelled, by a sense of duty, to support his measures in most instances, and I am not sorry to find that he appreciates my poor services as he ought. I had promised Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Eaton to go to Baltimore with them to-morrow, and keep Christmas, but I find it will be impossible, and have sent them word accordingly. Though much alone, I am not idle.

"A fire broke out in the library of the Capitol last night, and the whole building narrowly escaped destruction. It was subdued, however, after the destruction of a great number of books, — not, indeed, the most valuable, — and the ruin of the most beautiful and tasteful apartment in the Capitol. As I am two miles from the scene, fortunately, my slumbers were not broken by the alarm."

"WASHINGTON, Feb. 8, 1826.

"I am called here an Administration man, and am on the most intimate terms at the palace. I called on the President the other evening, and while alone with him in his cabinet, the servant announced supper. I went with him to the supper-room, where we found Mrs. A. and her two nieces, and had a supper of roast oysters in the shell, opening them ourselves, which of course was not a very pleasant or *cleanly* process; but with whiskey and water with supper, and a little hot punch after it, we had quite a frolic. He meets with a most formidable and virulent opposition, especially in Senate, and it is no small task, I assure you, to overcome it. The session is getting to be

more stormy and unpleasant than any I have known since I have been in Senate, and I fear will be growing more and more so. But I know you have no taste for accounts of political squabbles. I will not, therefore, *bore* you with them. I have been to no evening parties for some time. I am going to-night to the drawing-room with William Lee, to present him to the President. It is to me a very dull scene, and I usually pass my time there in political conversation with some few in a corner."

"WASHINGTON, Feb. 26, 1826.

"For the last week the Senate have been in secret session every day till five or six o'clock, and by the time we get home and dine, the evening is worn away. But I will not trouble you with my perplexities. I know you have enough of your own. Mr. Gaillard,\* of whose sickness I believe I have informed you, is probably by this time removed from his earthly sufferings. I heard, an hour or two ago, that they expected every moment he would breathe his last. He is two miles from me, and I have not since heard whether he is dead or alive. Mr. McIlvaine, a member of the Senate, from New Jersey, and Mr. Southard, the Secretary of the Navy, are also both very sick, the former dangerously."

"WASHINGTON, Feb. 27, 1826.

"We are now assembling in the Senate chamber to pay our last tribute of respect to Mr. Gaillard of South Carolina, late one of our members. He has been, without interruption, a member of this body for twenty-one years, and President of the Senate, *pro tem.*, for the last fourteen years. He was a man of great urbanity of manners, equanimity of temper, and moderation of feeling. In point of talents, undistinguished, and indeed almost insignificant; and furnishing a striking proof how much our success in life, and our posthumous fame, depend upon trivial circumstances. He was originally brought into public notice, and elevated to preside over the Senate, merely because he was obnoxious to no personal or party objection. His course has been smooth and unruffled; and while he has left no memorial of his usefulness or his talents, the *records* of the government will hold him up to all future ages as holding, for a long time, one of its highest and most distinguished offices. I believe he has left no family. His wife died many years ago. Of his private character I know but little, though, in some respects, it is said not to have been governed by the strictest morality. But he is gone; and peace to his ashes!"

"WASHINGTON, March 10, 1826.

"It is now a week since I have been able to attend to any serious occupation, having been during that time under the operation of what I suppose must be called the influenza, although it has with

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\* John Gaillard, Senator from South Carolina, from 1804 until his death in 1826.



me been attended with none of the ordinary symptoms of a cold. I have, however, been two or three times to the Senate; and am now, thank Heaven, convalescent. I was seized with a most excruciating pain in the head, a little stricture across the breast, attended with some fever, and a total prostration of strength, and an entire incapacity for thought or action. Mr. Randolph, who, among all his caprices and eccentricities, has lately taken a great liking to me, although we are opposed upon all public matters, perceiving the first symptoms of my attack, came to me and offered his services and his medical skill, — to which, you know, I make no pretensions. I was about sending for a physician, against which he most solemnly protested, unless I preferred being murdered to dying a natural death, — adding that as sure as I put myself under the care of a Washington doctor, I should be ‘food for worms’ in three weeks. He therefore undertook to prescribe for me. I have followed his directions and am nearly restored. He now lives within a few doors of me, and has called almost every evening and morning to see me. This has been very kind in him, but is no earnest of continued friendship. In his likings and dislikings, as in every thing else, he is the most eccentric being upon the face of the earth, and is as likely to abuse friend as foe. Hence, among all those with whom he has been associated during the last thirty years, there is scarcely an individual whom he can call his friend. At times he is the most entertaining and amusing man alive, with manners the most pleasant and agreeable; and at other times he is sour, morose, crabbed, ill-natured, and sarcastic, — rude in manners, and repulsive to everybody. Indeed, I think he is partially deranged, and seldom in the full possession of his reason.

Mr. Everett\* yesterday delivered a speech in the House of Representatives which perfectly sustained the high reputation which he has acquired at home, and is spoken of as one of the ablest and most profound, as well as most eloquent, speeches that has ever been made in that body. I did not hear it, but this is the account of it which I get from all quarters. The subject was McDuffie’s proposed amendment to the Constitution,† and he spoke in opposition to it. I am much gratified to find that Massachusetts is reviving, and by the talents and ability of her Representatives is regaining the high stand she occupied in the days of her Ames, her Dexter, and her Otis. In Senate, too, permit me to say, she is not despised, but has her full share of weight and influence, although there is there at present much more of party bitterness than prevails in the House. The Panama question is still pending before us, and when it will be disposed of Heaven only knows; I hope, however, in a few days. I impute my late attack in a great measure to my constant and unwearied attention to that subject, and my efforts, I hope successful, in its favor.”

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\* Edward Everett.

† George McDuffie, at this time member of Congress from South Carolina. His amendment was intended to secure uniformity in the manner of choosing congressmen and presidential electors.



“WASHINGTON, April 8, 1826.

“I am distressed beyond measure with the prospect of being detained here so long, though I still hope to be able to return in season for our Supreme Court. We have much yet to do, but with Randolph’s perpetual gabble about every thing *but the subject in debate*, there seems to be an impossibility of effecting any thing.”

“WASHINGTON, April 9, 1826.

“As Rumor with her hundred tongues is already busy in misrepresenting the affair of yesterday, I take the earliest opportunity to give you as correct an account as I have been able to get of it. Mr. Randolph, as you have seen, has been pursuing Mr. Clay in his speeches in Senate with every species of accusation, affecting his moral and political purity. Mr. Clay, writhing under this torture until it became insufferable, sent him a challenge, and yesterday at four o’clock they met. They exchanged shots without any injury to either, and their pistols were a second time loaded. At the word given by the seconds, Mr. Clay fired without effect, and Randolph, after a moment’s hesitation, fired his pistol into the air, advanced to Clay, and without any apology or explanation gave him his hand. Mr. Clay could not refuse, and there the affair ended. One of Mr. Clay’s balls passed through the skirts of Randolph’s flannel gown or long coat, which he wore upon the occasion, but no other injury happened. I was at home, very unconscious of all this, until evening, and have not seen any of the parties to-day. The rumor this moment brought me by Mr. Lee is that another similar affair has taken place to-day (Sunday) between Mr. McDuffie and Mr. Trimble of Kentucky, but I do not believe it. The excitement, however, runs high, and it requires all the prudence and coolness of New England habits and education to keep clear of the contest. Our friend, Major Hamilton, is among the most zealous, and it is said that he went out as a mere *amateur* to witness the rencontre between Mr. Clay and Mr. Randolph. I fear the controversy will not stop until some blood has been shed, but I hope good sense will prevail over the present state of irritation.”

“WASHINGTON, Feb. 16, 1827.

“MY DEAR MR. BLAKE, — “If I had not soon after my arrival promised to write you a long letter in a few days, I should, I doubt not, have written you a half dozen times before now. But every time I have felt disposed to fulfil my promise, the idea that I must write a *long* letter occurred, and my strength and my heart failed. Indeed, my dear sir, for the last four or five weeks my health has been such that I have had neither physical strength nor mental energy for any effort of mind or body. When I left Philadelphia I was obviously gaining every day, and continued so for two or three weeks after my arrival here. But the excessively cold weather, and the exposure of attending the Senate, produced a return of my complaints, and I have suffered not a little from them. I have been obliged to keep my room most of the time, going to the Senate only when a vote was necessary on some important question.

Since the weather has become more mild, however, I feel a little recruited, and were I not obliged occasionally to expose myself by going to the Senate and being kept there to a late hour, I might hope to reach the end of the session without another relapse. Situated as my health now is, the best news I could have from our legislature would be that they had postponed the election to the June session, — and, indeed, I have but very little objection to their choosing any respectable man for my successor. Under the circumstances of the case, I have felt that I could not withdraw, and I confess I should have been mortified for the character of the State if the choice had fallen upon another inefficient, taciturn gentleman, or one who had nothing but garrulity and self-sufficiency to recommend him. If they will send you here, my dear sir, no man in Massachusetts will more cordially acquiesce in the choice than myself, and I should feel that the State was honored by the exchange, and should hope that no feelings of delicacy towards me would prevent your friends from bringing you forward, or you from acceding to such a proposition. I presume, however, the question is settled in some way before this time. If I know my own heart I can truly say to you that a seat in the Senate for the next two years would not to me be a desirable situation, and that I *had rather* be *out* than *in*. For unless I am exceedingly deceived in the signs of the times, those two years will exhibit in our national legislature scenes of turbulence, of violence, of political rancor and personal abuse, such as have never been witnessed in our country. In addition to this, you know the talents of the members of our body, and the disproportion already in opposition. By the recent elections, the probability is that they will moreover have a numerical majority. Under these circumstances, I envy no man who comes into the Senate from Massachusetts with the expectation of giving efficient aid to the Administration. He will find his situation not only personally unpleasant, but laborious in the extreme.

“During the present session I have been unable to open my mouth in the way of debate, and I cannot describe to you the mortification and chagrin which I have endured, at the almost total want of talent, but above all of energy and political courage, on the part of Mr. Adams’s friends. They are actually run over dry-shod, without appearing to dare make any resistance. But these remarks are intended solely for you. I could be more particular. There is talent enough to do better, but there is neither energy, unity of action, nor mutual confidence. Your friend Robbins,\* for instance, is a man of information and respectable talents, and of political courage enough. But he has no *tact*. He times nothing well. He never secures attention, and his influence is rather of the negative kind. Governor Bell† is a good, true friend to the Administration, but he differs from them on some important measures, and is always anxious to avoid controversy. Sanford,‡ of New York, is also a *professed* friend of the Administra-

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\* Asher Robbins, Senator from Rhode Island.

† Samuel Bell, Senator from New Hampshire.

‡ Nathan Sanford.

tion, but like every other New York man is a mere *politician*, without rising to the dignity of a *statesman*, and is constantly considering how he can best subserve *his own* interests, without much reference either to the Administration or the country. General Harrison\* is obstinate, self-willed, garrulous, without sense, and perpetually injuring the cause he espouses. Johnston,† of Louisiana, is good and true, and would be a respectable auxiliary of an efficient leader, as would also Mr. Chambers,‡ of Maryland. General Smith,§ as you know, is scatter-brained and *uncertain*, and has the confidence of nobody. These men comprise the strength of the Administration in Senate, — and what are they in the hands of the phalanx in opposition? If I were ten years younger, and in perfect health, I should like well enough the *éclat* of placing myself at the head of the feeble band of Administration men, and stemming with sturdy sinews, and with what success I might, the hosts of the enemy. But I have neither youth nor health, and have lost something of that ardor that would be necessary to sustain me. Pray do not let a word of all this escape you as from me.

“Poor Amory has again returned without getting a decision on his bill. It was most unworthily and cruelly disposed of. There was, as you know, a favorable report in the very first days of the session. Immediately on my arrival I called it up, — its merits were explained, and the case opened by Mr. Robbins, and opposed by Kane,|| of Illinois. It was then postponed to a day certain, the next Monday. It was then taken up and a most able and satisfactory argument made in its favor by Mr. Berrien,¶ but Van Buren being absent, as *it was said* on account of sickness, it was, on motion of Mr. Holmes, laid on the table. This course was assented to, with the avowed determination on the part of its friends to call it up the moment Van Buren should attend in his place. Meanwhile, the Bankrupt Bill came on, and that occupied the Senate for two or three weeks, and my health became such that I could only go into Senate to give a vote. Amory had intrusted the care of the bill to Mr. Robbins, who made the report, and he was wheedled along by Van Buren under one pretence and another of *personal* convenience to postpone calling it up, from day to day and from week to week, assuring him that he had no wish to prevent the Senate coming to a final decision the present session. So it remained, notwithstanding all my assurances, whenever I saw Amory, that Van Buren would at last deceive him. The day before yesterday, however, Mr. Robbins ventured to call it up. The motion was acquiesced in by Van Buren, and sustained by the Senate, and Van Buren rose, as everybody supposed, to attempt to answer Berrien’s argument, and to make a speech in opposition to the bill. Amory, delighted that he was at last about to get a definite vote, and feeling, as he had a right to feel, a strong confidence of suc-

\* William Henry Harrison, at this time Senator from Ohio.

† Josiah S. Johnston.

‡ Ezekiel F. Chambers.

§ Samuel Smith, of Maryland.

|| Elias K. Kane.

¶ John McPherson Berrien, Senator from Georgia.



cess, immediately hastened to Coyle's to give me notice, that I might be there in season to vote. But before he could return to the Senate chamber, lo, Mr. Van Buren, the immaculate and fair-minded Mr. Van Buren, perceiving that I and two or three other friends of the bill were absent, suddenly turned his speech into a motion to lay on the table, — a motion that does not admit of debate, — alleging that the session had so nearly expired that there would not be time to act upon it deliberately, and that it ought to be postponed. This motion was at once put, and prevailed, and when Amory arrived it was thus disposed of. I never felt more indignant at any proceeding in my life. It was a shameful and miserable manœuvre, in violation of good faith and of an express promise, and altogether unworthy of a senator or a man of common honesty. I reckon this among the greatest misfortunes of my ill-health the present winter, — for I am very confident that if I had been able to take the management of the claim into my own hands, I should have had a decision weeks ago upon it, and I have very little doubt that the bill would have passed. I hope you will not understand me as imputing any blame to Mr. Amory. He was obliged to rely upon Mr. Robbins, and Robbins was deceived and imposed upon by Van Buren."





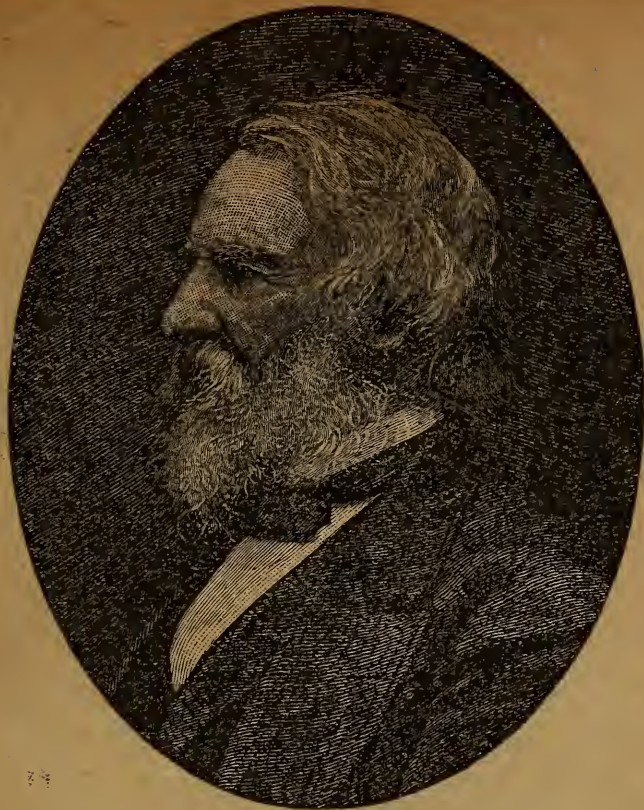




PAMPHLETS.

*Henry W. Longfellow.*





*Henry W. Longfellow*

## LONGFELLOW'S BIRTHDAY.

### Proceedings of the Maine Historical Society.

#### Purpose of the Meeting.

Hon. W. G. BARROWS, Brunswick.

*Brethren of the Historical Society, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

I bespeak your kind indulgence for my inexperience, and your prompt and zealous co-operation, in undertaking the performance of my duties on this occasion. To the members of the Society it is well known that the punctual attendance of our president has made the vice presidency practically a sinecure, and this, with my own enforced absence at most of the extraordinary meetings of the society, must be my apology for my deficiencies now, which I look to your kindness to supply.

I feel that it would not be quite proper for me to direct the crier to proclaim that all who have anything to do here to-night may draw near and give their attendance and they shall be heard, and then quietly await the result: but I have an impression that, in presiding at such a gathering, the best form is the nearest possible approach to a want of form, or at least of formality, and I have no fear that in this assembly the divine law of order would be greatly infringed even if the chair were altogether vacant.

But I believe it to be a part of my pleasant duty to state the object of our meeting.

The first notice of it which I saw in the newspapers spoke of it if I remember rightly as a meeting to do honor to the poet Longfellow on the occasion of his 75th birthday. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that it is a meeting to testify our sense of the honor

he has done to this, his birthplace. It is very little we can do to honor him whose own works have long ago crowned him a king in the hearts of men to bear sway wherever and so long as the English language is spoken or understood.

We meet to claim for this good city the honor which from time immemorial has always been conceded to the birthplaces of poets and seers—to do our part to link the name of “the dear old town” with his as he has linked it in the loving description which he has given in the idyll of “My Lost Youth.”

For a more potent reason than the chiselled inscription on the ancient mill which links the name of Oliver Basselin with the Valley of the Vine, in all coming time, “shall the poet’s memory here of the landscape make a part,” because we know that the lyrics of our poet are indeed,

“Songs of that high art  
Which, as winds do in the pine,  
Find an answer in each heart,”

and we want to bear witness to this.

More than this, we meet to testify our sense of personal obligation to him not merely for the exquisite pleasure afforded by the wonderful melody of his verse, but for the didactic force that has impressed it on us that

All common things, each day’s events,  
That with the hour begin and end  
Our pleasures and our discontents  
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

It is no mere gospel of idle contentment with pleasant trifles that he has preached to us. Even the dullest of us could not read him without being moved at least to strive to place ourselves on a higher plane—Excelsior. In ancient days poet and seer were convertible terms, and the best of our modern poets are prophets also.

What insight was it which made him in January, 1861, rouse us with

“Listen my children and you shall hear  
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,”



when all unconsciously we stood so near another and bloodier Lexington?

Philanthropy of the purest, patriotism of the most exalted kind have by turns inspired him; and whether he sings of the Slave's Dream, or the Warning dream from

"The poor blind Samson in this land  
Shorn of his strength and bound in bonds of steel."

or of the Cumberland sunk in Hampton Roads, or of the beautiful youth slain at the ford, the lesson was timely and it told the story well of the heroism and endurance which carried this nation through its last great struggle triumphant. We went to pass an hour in expressing our admiration for the bard, the scholar and the patriot, when every utterance from his youth up has been fine and noble and has tended to raise this nation in the scale of humanity. I am proud to say that when he lived with us he was an active member of this society, and the ripe and golden fruits of his historical studies we have in the story of Priscilla the Puritan Maiden—in the pensive loveliness of Evangeline, that tale of the "strength, submission and patience" of the Acadian refugees and in the musical song of Hiawatha, and many another gem evoked from the Chronicles of the Past and set in tuneful verse. But after all it seems to me that that which brings him nearer to our hearts, and has more to do with bringing us together here to-night than his wide spread renown or the fame that attaches to his more stately and elaborate poems is the light which he has thrown around home and hearth and heart in some of those lighter but unequalled lyrics which from time to time have "gone through us with a thrill"—which are haunting our memories still, and which are and will always be dear to us because dear to those whom we love. Who of us can think of home, now, and all that we hold dear in it, without somehow associating with it and them reminiscences of The Footsteps of Angels, The Golden Milestone, The Old Clock on the Stairs, The Children's Hour, The Fire of Driftwood, The Wind over the Chimney, and Day-break, and Twilight and the Curfew and the Psalm, and the Goblet of Life, and The Reaper and the Flowers? And where can I stop, having begun to enumerate?

For nearly 30 years I have occupied the house he lived in when in Brunswick—an old house whose first proprietors have long since passed away, and I sometimes wonder whether it is, in his thought, one of the Haunted Houses,

"Through whose open doors  
The harmless phantoms on their errands glide  
With feet that make no sound upon the floors."

Since the wonderful legend of Sandalphin first made a lodgment in my memory more than a score of years ago I cannot number the times I have been called upon to repeat it in the stillness of the evening hour, and in the weary night watches, because its melodious numbers had in them a spell "to quiet the fever and pain" of one who has now for years breathed the fragrance that is "wafted through the streets of the city immortal." And hence it is that "The legend I feel is a part of the hunger and thirst of the heart," and my warmest gratitude goes forth to him who ministered comfort to the invalid in the sweet strains that breathe unwavering faith and trust in the good All-Father. Hence I say that we meet here to express not simply our admiration of the poet, our sense of obligation to the teacher, the patriot and philanthropist, but also our reverent affection for the man who has done so much to brighten and cheer not only our own lives but the lives of them we love, in sickness and in health.

Not he the poet of despair or morbid melancholy or depressing doubt misbegotten by the wild self-conceit which assumes that the finite human intellect is capable of penetrating all

mysteries because it has mastered some, and madly argues that it is a proof of superior wisdom to reject everything it cannot understand. Not so he, but the part of a broad Christian faith and an unfading hope that "what we know not now we shall know hereafter" if we strive in earnest to rise above "that which is of the earth earthy."

I think his motto in all his productions must have been "*Nec satis est pulchra esse poemata—dulcra sunt.*"

"'Tis not enough a poem's finely writ  
It must affect and captivate the soul."

If success can be predicated of any mortal life surely his has been a success.

The Maine Historical Society and their guests assembled at his birthplace to celebrate the birthday of their former member, the renowned poet Longfellow, send him their fervent and united wishes for his health and happiness.

#### Laus Laureati.

JAMES P. BAXTER, ESQ., Portland.

I sing no common theme, but of a man,—  
One who, full-voiced, the highway of the King  
Gladdens with song; inspiring lives which span  
A fruitless field where little joy may spring,  
And which, from birth, may win no better thing  
Than paltry bread, and shelter from the blast,  
Till unto Death's low house they come at last.

It needs more fluent tongue than mine to sing,  
In fitting measure of a poet born,—  
Greater than crosiered priest or sceptered king,  
Since such are made, and may by chance be shorn  
Of all their glory by to-morrow morn;  
But born a poet, he shall surely be  
Ever a poet to eternity.

Of such I strive to sing: one who shall live  
In Fame's high house while stars make glad the  
sky,—  
That happy house which many hapless give  
Life's choicest pearls to gain, since none may die  
Who come within its halls so fair and high.  
Would I might win it, with no thought but this,  
That I might others bring soul-health and bliss.

But, Master, one who is about to die  
Brings thee a crown, which, though not one of bay,  
May haply mind thee of some things gone by  
Pleasant to think of—matters put away  
In rooms forgot, where truant memories play  
At hide and seek; for, beareth it, forsooth,  
Savor of things well loved by thee in youth.

Of Deering's woods, which whisper softly still,  
A boy's will is the wind's will, as of yore  
They lisped to thee, where sweet-voiced birds would  
trill,  
In haunts wherein thou soughtest tuneful lore.  
Of bluff and beach along our rugged shore,  
Girting the bay, whose isles enchanted drew  
Thy venturesome thoughts to havens ever new.

Dear Master, let me take thy hand a space  
And lead thee gently wheresoe'er I may;  
With the salt sea's cool breath upon thy face,  
And in thine ears the music of the spray,  
Which rapt in days ago thy soul away,  
Where hung full low the golden fruit of truth,  
Within the reach of thy aspiring youth.

Thou knowest well the place: here built George  
Cleaves  
Almost two centuries before thy birth;  
Here was his cornfield; here his lowly eaves  
Sheltered the swallows, and around his hearth  
The red men crouched—poor souls of little worth:  
Thou with clear vision seest them, I know,  
As they were in the flesh long years ago.

Surely the shrewd, persistent pioneer  
Built better than he knew; he thought to build  
A shelter for himself, his kith and gear;  
But felled the trees, and grubbed and plowed and  
tilled,  
That in the course of time might be fulfilled  
A wondrous purpose, being no less than this,  
That here a poet might be born to bliss.

Ah! could he but have tracked adown the dim,  
Long, weary path of years, and stood to-day



With thee and me, how would the eyes of him  
Have flashed with pride and joy to hear men say,  
Here Cleaves built the first house in Casco Bay;  
Here, too, was our Longfellow's place of birth,  
And sooth, God sent his singers upon earth.

Thou canst not find Clay Cove? 'Twas here, wilt  
say,  
When thou didst listen to the runnet's song,  
Leaping to meet the full lips of the bay.  
Well, let us climb Munjoy; lo! good and strong,  
In the same coat of red it hath so long  
Disported bravely, spite of flood and flame,  
The old Observatory, still the same.

And there, the forts, and farther seaward, yet,  
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day,  
The lighthouse standeth still, as firmly set  
Upon its flinty throne amidst the spray,  
As erst when thou didst dream thy soul away  
To the hoarse Hebrides, or bright Azore,  
Or flashing surges of San Salvador.

And, ere we leave, look, where still sleep the two  
Brave captains, who, in bloody shrouds were  
brought  
From the great sea fight, whilst the bugles blew,  
And drums rolled, and gaunt cannon terror  
wrought  
In childish hearts; the place thou oft has sought  
To dream the fight o'er, while the busy hum  
Of toil from wharf and street would strangely  
come.

But, now, along the teeming thoroughfare  
Thread we our way. Strange faces, sayest thou?  
Yet names well known to thee, some haply bear,  
And shouldst thou scan more closely face and brow  
Old looks would come well known to thee enow,  
Which shone on faces of the girls and boys,  
Who shared with thee the sweets of youthful joys.

And, now we come where rough with rent and scar,  
The ancient rope walk stood, low-roofed and gray,  
Embalmed with scent of oakum, flax and tar,  
Cobwebbed and dim, and crammed with strange  
array

Of things which lure the thoughts of youth away  
To wondrous climes, where never ship hath been,  
Nor foot hath trod, nor curious eye hath seen.

Gone, why I dreamt. A moment since 'twas there,  
Or seemed to be. Their lives' frail thread, 'tis true  
The spinners long since spun; the maidens fair,  
Swinging and laughing as their shadows flew  
Along the grass, have swung from earthly view  
And the gay mountebanks have vaulted quite  
Into oblivion's eternal night.

And they are gone. The woman at the well,  
The old man ringing in the noontide heat;  
The shameless convicts with their faces fell;  
The boy and kite, and steeds with flying feet,  
And sportsmen ambushed midst of leafage sweet;  
Aye, and the ships rejoicing in the breeze,  
Are rotting on the shores of unknown seas.

But, Master, let us fare to old Bramhall,  
Up Free and Main Streets—this is State, full well  
The house where Mellen lived you must recall,  
Seeing a poet once therein might dwell;  
Though short of Fame's fair house he hapless fell,  
Tracing his name half listless, in the reach  
Of every tide which sweeps Time's treacherous  
beach.

And here is cool Bramhall, and there still stands  
The Deering house, as thou hast known it long;  
Where Brackett's house stood, ere with murderous  
hands  
The Indians thronged around it—witched of  
wrong—  
One August day, with torch and savage song,  
And swept it from the earth. Ah! void of hope  
Might feeble Falmouth then midst ruin grope.

But time hath made all right now. Lo! a-west,  
Whither the redman gazed with fervid eyes,  
The mountains in eternal whiteness drest,  
He called the crystal hills, and, childishwise,  
Did fondly deem, that way lay Paradise;  
Whither each evening went the chief of day,  
Bedecked with painted robes and feathers gay.

'Twas not so far amiss, for type more grand  
Of the celestial hills, no eye may see:  
Towering in splendid majesty, they stand  
Like the fixed portals of eternity,  
Curtained with shining clouds tumultuously,

Which rise and fall, yet ever seem to nom  
A mystery bosomed in each shadowy fold.

Pile upon pile they rise and meet the sky,  
Blue, over-arching, like a mighty dome.  
Even such a temple doth my spirit's eye  
Limn for those souls who through achievement come  
To well-won fame. Lo! in this glorious home  
I see them sit august, and, crowned with bays,  
Across the silent centuries calmly gaze.

Pomer unkempt, with close, sagacious look;  
Plato, in whose calm face pale mysteries bide;  
Virgil, smooth-cheeked, with oaten pipe and crook;  
Grave Sophocles, with eyes unsatisfied,  
Where riddles all unread in ambush hide;  
Keen-eyed Euripides, whose books were men,  
And jovial Horace with satiric pen.

And dear old Chaucer, loved of gods and men,  
Benign, keen-witted, childlike, quaint and wise;  
Spenser, pure knight, whose lance was his good pen,  
The praise of ladyes fayre his loved emprise;  
Great Shakespear, with a seer's unhindered eyes;  
Blind Milton, listening for a seraph's wings,  
And Burns, in whose blithe face a sky-lark sings.

Wordsworth, so simple; and poor, fragile Keats,  
Who poured his heart out like a nightingale,  
Whose affluent verse half cloys with wealth of  
sweets;  
A master, spite of faulty work and frail,  
Whose luckless loss the world full long shall wail:  
And here, placed fairly in this hall of Fame,  
A glorious seat with newly-carven name.

'Tis plain, dear Master, 'tis thy name forsooth  
Deep graven in the everlasting stone,  
There shall it be untouched of Time's sharp tooth,  
While sunshine kisses bud to bloom, and zone  
Answers to zone with fruitage all its own;  
And quiring stars with universal song  
The boundless arch of heaven's majestic throng.

Here will I bid thee, Master, fond good bye,  
Wishing thee soul-health and full many a day  
Of blissful living, ere thou mayest try  
The scope of other joys. And now, I may,  
This wreath from Deering's woods, O Master, lay  
Upon thy brow. God speed thee while the sun  
Shines on the faithful work which thou hast done.

### Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and His Paternal Ancestry.

Rev. H. S. BURRAGE, Portland.

In Parson Smith's "Journal," the source of  
so much of what we know concerning the  
early history of Portland, occurs this entry  
under date of April 11, 1745: "Mr. Long-  
fellow came here to live." This was Stephen  
Longfellow, the great-grandfather of the poet  
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who was born  
in Portland, February 27, 1807, and in honor  
of whose seventy-fifth birthday we are now  
assembled.

Stephen Longfellow was a native of New-  
bury, Mass. His grandfather, William Long-  
fellow, was born in Hampshire county, Eng-  
land, about the year 1651. In early life he  
came to Newbury, where, November 10, 1678,  
he was married to Anne, daughter of Henry  
Sewall (who began the settlement of New-  
bury), and a sister of Samuel Scwall, after-  
wards Chief Justice of the Province of Mas-  
sachusetts Bay, and Judge of Probate for  
Suffolk county. Concerning his occupation,  
we only know that he was a merchant, and  
resided in that part of the town then known  
as the "Falls." In 1690, as Ensign of the  
Newbury company, he had a part in the ill-  
fated expedition to Quebec, under Sir William  
Phips. Earlier in the year, Sir William had  
captured the French stronghold, Port Royal.  
It was now his purpose to strike a more deci-  
sive blow at the French power in North  
America. A larger command was given to  
him. With a fleet consisting of thirty-two  
vessels, having on board 2200 soldiers, he



sailed from Boston harbor August 9. His progress was slow, and it was not until October 5, that he appeared before Quebec. The attempt to capture the place failed, and the expedition was abandoned. On the return a violent storm overtook the fleet in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, scattered the vessels, and one of them, containing the Newbury company, went ashore at Anticosti, a desolate island, and William Longfellow, with nine others, was drowned. This was on the night of the 31st of October. The sad tidings at length reached Newbury. Under date of November 21, Judge Sewall made this entry in his diary:

"Twas Tuesday, the 18th of November, that I heard of the death of Captain Stephen Greenleaf, Lieutenant James Smith, and Ensign William Longfellow, Sergeant Increase Pilsbury, who with Will Mitchell, Jabez Musgro, and four more, were drowned at Cape Britoon [an error,] on Friday night the last of October."

Of William Longfellow's six children, one, named Stephen Longfellow (for Stephen Dummer, Mrs. Longfellow's grandfather), had died in early childhood, and to another son, born September 22, 1685, the same name was given. This was the father of Stephen Longfellow who came to Portland in 1745. Concerning his quiet, uneventful life we know but little. He became a blacksmith, and we may picture him, like the poet's hero of the village smithy, with large and sinewy hands, brawny arms, his brow wet with honest sweat, as he swings his heavy sledge "with measured beat and slow."

Stephen Longfellow, the blacksmith, married, March 25, 1714, Abigail Thompson, daughter of Rev. Edward Thompson, of Marshfield, by whom he had ten children. In his son Stephen, born February 7, 1723, he seems early to have discovered signs of intellectual promise, and he sent him to Harvard college, where he was graduated in 1742. The father was permitted to follow the honorable career of his son for nineteen years after he came to Portland; and when he died Nov. 7, 1764, he left him a small legacy. It is an evidence of the son's affectionate regard for his father, that on receiving this legacy, he formed the purpose of converting it into a permanent memorial. Taking the silver coin he sent it by packet to Boston; but unfortunately the vessel was lost and the money with it. When the tidings reached Mr. Longfellow, he made up a like amount of silver coin, which reached Boston in safety, and was manufactured by John Butler, a well-known silversmith, into a tankard, a can, and two porringers. Each bore the initials S. L., and the added words of grateful remembrance, *ex dono patris*. The tankard has been preserved; and one of the porringers, after a somewhat eventful history, has found its way back into the family, and is one of the treasures of the poet's brother, Alexander W. Longfellow.

Before taking up his residence in Portland, Stephen Longfellow had been keeping school in York. He came to Portland on the following letter of invitation from Parson Smith:

Falmouth, Nov. 15, 1744.

Sir: We need a schoolmaster. Mr. Plaisted advises of your being at liberty. If you will undertake the service in this place, you may depend upon our being generous and your being satisfied. I wish you'd come as soon as possible, and doubt not but you'll find things much to your content.

Your humble ser't,

THOS. SMITH,

P. S. I write in the name and with the power of the selectmen of the town. If you can't serve us pray advise us of it per first opportunity.

The invitation was favorably considered, and in April following, as Parson Smith records, Mr. Longfellow came here to enter upon his work. An appropriation of fifty pounds had been voted by the town toward the salary of a grammar teacher; and the people on the Neck, as Portland was then called, were to have his exclusive services, proved they contributed the remainder of his salary. Mr. Longfellow opened his school April 17, 1745, in a building on the corner of Middle street and School, now Pearl street. The number of scholars is not known. In the following year it was fifty, and on the list which

has been preserved occur the names of the prominent families of that day, Smith, Moody Brackett, Waite, Bradbury, Jones, Cox, Gooding, Freeman, Bryant, Coffin, Stickney, Proctor, and Motley. For that year his salary was two hundred pounds. As the currency then was at a depreciation of seven to one, it will be seen that the office was not a very remunerative one even with the tuition, which for each scholar was eighteen shillings and eight pence per year, and eight shillings per quarter.

In a manuscript note, in his copy of Smith's "Journal," now in the public library, Mr. Willis says: "I think Mr. Longfellow boarded with Mr. Smith when he came here until his marriage." This occurred October 19, 1749. His wife was Tabitha Bragdon, a daughter of Samuel Bragdon of York. After he built his house on Fore street, on the lot now occupied by the Eagle Sugar Refinery, he transferred his school thither, and he continued to be the principal instructor in the town until 1760, when he was appointed clerk of the judicial court. When Mowatt destroyed the town, October 18, 1775, Mr. Longfellow's house was burned. The committee appointed to examine and liquidate the accounts of those who suffered in the burning of the town estimated his loss at 1,119 pounds. The house was not rebuilt, and the old cellar was visible on the unoccupied lot until the erection of the brick building by the sugar refinery a quarter of a century ago.

After the destruction of his house Mr. Longfellow removed to Gorham, where he resided until his death, May 1, 1790. In a brief sketch of his life Mr. Willis says: "Mr. Longfellow filled many important offices in the town to universal acceptance. He was about fifteen years grammar school master; parish clerk twenty-three years; town clerk twenty-two years; many years clerk of the proprietors of the common land; and from the establishment of the county in 1760, to the commencement of the Revolution in 1775, he was register of probate and clerk of the judicial courts. His handwriting, in beautiful characters, symbolical of the purity and excellence of his own moral character, is impressed on all the records of the town and county through many successive years."



Of his three sons, Stephen, Samuel, and William, the latter died in early life, while Samuel left no children. Stephen, the oldest son, was born August 3, 1750. December 13, 1773, he married Patience Young, of York. His home was in Gorham, and there he died, greatly respected, May 28, 1824. He was extensively employed as a surveyor, and received appointments to various town offices. He represented Gorham in the General Court of Massachusetts eight years. For several years he was Senator from Cumberland county. He was Judge of the Court of Common Pleas from 1797 to 1811, and there are those still among us who remember him as he drove into Portland in an old square top chaise, and dismounting made his way into the court house escorted by the sheriff. He was a fine looking gentleman, with the bearing of the old school, was erect, portly, rather taller than the average, had a strongly marked face, and his hair was tied behind in a club with black ribbon. To the close of his life he wore the old style dress—knee-breeches, a long waist-coat, and white top-boots. He was a man of sterling qualities of mind and heart, great integrity, and sound common sense.

Stephen, his second child, born in Gorham March 23, 1776, was the father of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. He entered Harvard college in 1794. A college friend, Daniel Appleton White, two years his senior, said of him in later life, "he was evidently a well-bred gentleman when he left the paternal mansion for the university. He seemed to breathe the atmosphere of purity, as his native element, while his bright intelligence, buoyant spirits, and social warmth, diffused a sunshine of joy that made his presence always glad-some." That he was a favorite in his class is the testimony of his associates. But he went to college for other purposes than good fellowship. He was an earnest, exemplary student. His scholarship entitled him to high rank, and having completed the course he left the university with a full share of its honors.

After his graduation in 1798, Mr. Longfellow entered the law office of Salmon Chase, an uncle of Salmon Portland Chase, late Chief Justice of the United States; and he was admitted to the bar in 1801. He at once entered upon an extensive and lucrative practice. Three years later, January 1, 1804, he married Zilpah, eldest daughter of Gen. Peleg Wadsworth, who built and then occupied the brick house which is still standing on Congress street adjoining the Preble House, and is known as the Longfellow house. In the same year he was selected by the citizens of the town to deliver an oration on the Fourth of July.

After his marriage Mr. Longfellow lived a year in the Wadsworth house. During the next year his home was in the small house on the corner of Temple street opposite the First Parish church. Samuel Stephenson, a rich merchant of Portland, then lived in the large square wooden house which is still standing at the corner of Fore and Hancock streets. His wife, Abigail Longfellow, was a sister of Stephen Longfellow, the lawyer, and as her husband had been suddenly called to the West Indies on business, she invited her brother with his family to spend the winter of 1806-7 with her. Thus it was that on the 27th of February, 1807, in this house,—which should be known as the

Stephenson and not the Longfellow house—and during this temporary residence, was born their second son, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, named for Mrs. Longfellow's brother, Lieutenant Henry Wadsworth of the United States Navy, who on the night of September 4, 1804, in the harbor of Tripoli, lost his life, a voluntary sacrifice, in a gallant endeavor to destroy the enemy's flotilla by a fire-ship. In the spring of 1807, General Wadsworth, Mrs. Longfellow's father, having removed to Hiram in order to occupy and improve a large tract of land which had been granted to him for his military services, Stephen Longfellow took up his residence in the brick house which General Wadsworth had vacated, and made it thenceforth his home.

In 1814, he was sent to the Legislature of Massachusetts, and while engaged in this service, he was chosen a member of the celebrated Hartford convention. In 1816, he was made a Presidential elector. In 1822, he was elected a member of the Eighteenth Congress. At the close of his Congressional term he retired from political life, and devoted his remaining years to his profession. In 1825, when Lafayette visited Portland, Mr. Longfellow was appointed to give the address of welcome. The service was fittingly performed. In his reply Lafayette made this graceful allusion to Mr. Longfellow: "While I offer to the people of Portland, and to you, gentlemen, my respectful thanks, I am happy to recognize in the kind organ of their kindness to me, the member of Congress who shared in the flattering invitation which has been to me a source of inexpressible honor and delight." In 1828 Mr. Longfellow received the degree of LL. D. from Bowdoin college of which he was a trustee from 1817 to 1836. He was recording secretary of the Maine Historical Society from 1828 to 1830, and in 1834 he was elected president of the society. He died August 3, 1849, aged 74 years. In his "Law, Courts and Lawyers of Maine" Mr. Willis says of him: "No man more surely gained the confidence of all who approached him or held it firmer; and those who knew him best loved him most. In the management of his causes, he went with zeal and directness of purpose to every point which could sustain it. There was no travelling out of the record with him, nor a wandering away from the line of his argument after figures of speech or fine rhetoric. but he was plain, straightforward, and effective in his appeals to the jury, and by his frank and cordial manner won them to his cause."

Such, in public life, was the father of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. In the domestic circle the noble traits of his character were no less apparent. His home was one of refinement, and the purest social virtues; and she who shared its direction with him not only adorned it with rare womanly grace, but gave to it many an added charm.

Here the poet passed his earliest years. How well he remembers the Portland of those years we are told in his delightful poem, "My Lost Youth:"

I remember the black wharves and the ships,  
And the sea-tides tossing free;  
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips  
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,  
And the magic of the sea,  
And the voice of that boyhood song,  
Is ringing and saying still;  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."



I remember the bulwarks by the shore,  
 And the fire upon the hill,  
 The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar  
 The drum beat repeated o'er and o'er,  
 And the bugle wild and shrill.  
 And the music of that old song  
 Throbs in my memory still;  
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the sea fight far away,  
 How it thundered o'er the tide!  
 And the dead captains, as they lay  
 In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay,  
 Where they in battle died.  
 And the sound of the mournful song  
 Goes through me with a thrill.  
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,  
 The shadows of Deering's Woods;  
 And the friendships old and the early loves  
 Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves  
 In quiet neighborhoods.  
 And the verse of that sweet old song,  
 It flutters and murmurs still;  
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart  
 Across the school-boy's brain;  
 The song and the silence in the heart,  
 That in part are prophecies, and in part  
 Are longings wild and vain.  
 And the voice of that fitful song  
 Sings on and is never still;  
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

The first school that Mr. Longfellow attended was kept by Ma'am Fellows in a small brick school house on Spring street, above High, and just below the house in which Dr. Bacon now lives. Later he went to the town school on Love Lane, now Centre street, where Judge Goddard's house stands. Here, however, he remained only a week or two, and he was then placed in the private school of Nathaniel H. Carter, which was kept in a little one story wooden house on the west side of Preble street, near Congress. Afterwards he attended the Portland academy under the same master, and also under the mastership of Mr. Bezaleel Cushman, a graduate of Dartmouth college, who took charge of the school in 1815, and continued in the position twenty-six years. One of his assistants, while Mr. Longfellow was connected with the school, was Jacob Abbott. Under such inspiring teachers his progress was rapid and in 1821, at the age of fourteen, he entered Bowdoin college, though for the most part during the first year of his college course, he pursued his studies at home.

The class which he entered was a brilliant one. In it were sons of some of the choicest families in northern New England; and among them were those who were to achieve a wide reputation in the field of letters—Nathaniel Hawthorne, George B. Cheever, John S. C. Abbott—and others at the bar and in political life, conspicuously the lamented Cilley, and our honored president, Hon. J. W. Bradbury, whose absence to-night we all so greatly regret. One of his classmates, Rev. David Shepley, D. D., referring to Longfellow as a scholar says: "He gave diligent heed to all departments of study in the prescribed course, and excelled in all; while his enthusiasm moved in the direction it has taken in subsequent life. His themes, felicitous translations of Horace and occasional contributions to the press, drew marked attention to him, and led to the expectation that his would be an honorable literary career."

When he entered college Mr. Longfellow had already occupied the poet's corner in the Portland newspapers. His first published

poem was on Lovell's Fight. In his complete poetical works as now issued are seven poems, which Mr. Longfellow tell us were written for the most part during his college life, and all of them before he was nineteen years of age. They were first published in the United States Literary Gazette, edited by Theophilus Parsons, and thence found their way into the columns of the daily and weekly press of the country.

Mr. Longfellow graduated second in a class of thirty-seven. His theme Commencement day was "Native writers." So full was his future of promise that when shortly after his graduation it was proposed to establish a chair of modern languages and literature he was elected to the professorship, being then only nineteen years of age. But he was not asked to take the position before he had qualified himself for its duties. He accordingly went abroad, and the next three years and a half were spent in the study of the more important languages of Europe on their native soil. These were years of earnest, faithful toil, and when he returned to Brunswick in 1829, he brought with him the rich treasures he had made his own during his residence in France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Scotland and England. His reputation as an instructor was soon established. President Hamlin of Middlebury college, who entered Bowdoin in 1830, says: "Longfellow had occupied the chair but one year. Our class numbered fifty-two, the largest freshman class that had up to that time entered college, and many of its members were attracted by Longfellow's reputation."

In September, 1831, Mr. Longfellow was married to Mary S. Potter, daughter of Judge Barrett Potter of Portland. His first published work, which appeared in 1833, was a translation of the "Coplas de Jorge Manrique," to which was prefixed an introductory essay on the moral and devotional poetry of Spain. In the same year he published the first two numbers of "Outre-Mer," and the whole work was published two years later. During his residence at Brunswick Mr. Longfellow became a member of the Maine Historical Society, a fact which to-night we recall with especial interest, and in 1834 he held the office of librarian and cabinet keeper.

In 1835, Mr. George Ticknor, the learned professor of modern languages in Harvard University, resigned, and the publication of "Outre-Mer" and Longfellow's rapidly growing reputation as a poet, led to his appointment as Mr. Ticknor's successor. Before entering upon his professorship at Cambridge, in order to study the languages of northern Europe, he again visited the old world. The summer was spent in Norway and Sweden, and the autumn and winter in Holland and Germany. But his studies were arrested by the death of his wife at Rotterdam, November 29, 1835, and in the shadow of this sorrow he completed his work abroad. In November 1836, he returned to the United States, and after a visit to the home of his childhood he repaired to Cambridge and entered upon his duties as "Smith Professor of Modern Literature."

Early in his Cambridge life Mr. Longfellow called one day at the Cragie House, which for a time during the Revolution was Washington's headquarters, and at a later date the residence of Edward Everett and Jared Sparks. "I lodge students no longer," said Mrs. Cragie in answer to the inquiry if she had a vacant room for a lodger. On learning that Mr. Longfellow was not a student, but a professor in



the University, she led the way to a room in the north-east corner on the second floor, once General Washington's chamber, and placed it at his disposal. In 1843, on the death of Mrs. Cragie, Mr. Longfellow bought the house, and it has since been his home. In this year he was married to Frances Elizabeth Appleton, daughter of Hon. Nathan Appleton of Boston. In this historic dwelling Mr. Longfellow's children, two sons and three daughters, were born, and here, too, occurred the sudden and sorrowful death of his wife, an affliction most keenly felt, and which has chastened all his subsequent years.

In the university, as one of his pupils, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, tells us, "his regular duty was the oversight of five or more instructors who were teaching French, German, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, to two or three hundred undergraduates. We never knew when he might look in on a recitation and virtually conduct it. We were delighted to have him come. Any slipshod work of some poor wretch from France, who was tormented by wild-cat sophomores, would be made straight and managed all right. We all knew he was a poet and were proud to have him in the college, but at the same time we respected him as a man of affairs."

Indeed not a little of his time must have been given to literary work. His study, as now, was on the lower floor under the north-east chamber which he occupied when he first made his home in the Cragie mansion. It was the room in which Washington transacted the business of his office as commander-in-chief, a fact which the poet himself has recorded in the lines,

Yes, within this very room  
Sat he in those hours of gloom,  
Weary both in heart and head.

Dr. Lyman Abbott in a description of Mr. Longfellow's study, published in the Christian Union a year ago, says: "The table is piled with pamphlets and papers in orderly confusion; a high desk in one corner suggests a practice of standing while writing, and gives a hint of one secret of the poet's unusually erect form at an age when the body generally begins to stoop and the shoulders to grow round; an orange tree stands in one window; near it a bronze stork keeps watch; by the side of the open fire is the children's chair; on the table is Coleridge's inkstand; upon the walls are crayon likenesses of Emerson, Hawthorne, Felton, and Sumner; and on one of the bookshelves, which fill all the spare wall-space and occupy even one of the windows, are, rarest treasure of all, the poet's own works in their original manuscript, carefully preserved in handsome and substantial bindings." Here, amid these pleasant surroundings, have been written in successive years so many of his poems,

Voices and melodies from beyond the gates,  
that have fallen so sweetly upon waiting  
hearts in many lands.

Mr. Longfellow retained his professorship at Cambridge seventeen years, and then resigned in order to give himself wholly to literary work. In 1859 he received from Harvard college the honorary degree of LL. D.; and on revisiting Europe in 1868-9 he received the degree of D. C. L. at both Cambridge and Oxford. This was a just recognition of his extended fame, an expression of the high

honor in which he was held by men of letters on both sides of the Atlantic.

Throughout his long career as a poet Mr. Longfellow has not been conspicuous upon public occasions. What he has written has been by an impulse from within, not from without. His *Morituri Salutamus*, read at Bowdoin college in 1875, was not an exception. It was the fiftieth anniversary of his college class, and though he was asked to honor the day by his verse, these words that breathe and thoughts that burn bear witness to the pure source from which they came. Of those who were present on that memorable day none will ever forget the scene in the church when the now venerable poet, surrounded by his classmates, saluted the well known places of his youth, beloved instructors, of whom all save one had passed into the land of shadows, the students who filled the seats he and his companions had once occupied, and finally his classmates,

Against whose familiar names not yet  
The fatal asterisk of death is set.

One of his classmates, the Rev. David Shepley, D. D., referring to the poet, says: "How did we exult in his pure character and his splendid reputation! with what delight gaze upon his intelligent and benignant countenance! with what moistening eyes listen to his words! and what limit was there to the blessing we desired for him from the Infinite Author of mind!" And he adds: "Just before leaving for our respective homes, we gathered in a retired college room for the last time, talked together a half hour as of old, agreed to exchange photographs and prayed together; then going forth and standing for a moment once more under the branches of the old tree, in silence we took each other by the hand and separated, knowing well that Brunswick will not again witness a gathering of the class of 1825."

But the poet had not indulged in any vain regrets. Manifestly he revealed somewhat of his own purpose when in closing his poem on that occasion he said,

Something remains for us to do or dare;  
Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear.

\* \* \* \* \*  
For age is opportunity no less  
Than youth itself, though in another dress,  
And as the evening twilight fades away  
The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.

That opportunity Mr. Longfellow has faithfully used, and long may it be ere we shall receive the latest fruit of his noble powers.

The poet does not forget the place of his birth. It is still to him,

—the beautiful town  
That is seated by the sea,

And hither he comes each season in order that  
again he may

—go up and down  
The pleasant streets,

and bring back his lost youth. He was here during the past summer. Strange forms doubtless, he met, but he himself was not unknown. Indeed he never walks these streets unrecognized. The recent action of the City Council of Portland in tendering him a public reception on this day, with the hospitalities of the city, was but the expression of a hearty desire on the part of the citizens of Portland to do honor to one who has conferred so much honor upon this



"dear old town." To use his own words in the "Golden Legend"

Ah, yes! we all  
Love him, from the bottom of our hearts;  
and we send him a birthday greeting, and add,

Be that sad year, O poet, very far  
That proves thee mortal, by the little star.  
Yet since thy thoughts live daily in our own,  
And have no heart to weep or smile alone,  
Since they are rooted in our souls, and so  
Will live forever, whither thou shall go,  
Though some late asterisk may mark thy name,  
It never will be set against thy fame!  
For the world's fervent love and praise of thee  
Have starred it firm with immortality.

#### Memoir of General Peleg Wadsworth.

HON. WILLIAM GOOLD, Windham,

The pleasant duty assigned to me for this occasion, is to trace the origin and history of General Wadsworth, the maternal grandfather of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow,—him who had the military oversight of our frontier district of Maine, immediately after it was found that the British lodgment at Bagaduce in 1779, was intended to be permanent.

Peleg Wadsworth was the son of Deacon Peleg Wadsworth of Duxbury, Massachusetts, and the fifth in descent from Christopher Wadsworth, who came from England, and settled in that town, previous to 1632, and whose known descendants in the United States are now numbered by thousands.

Peleg Wadsworth, Jr., was born at Duxbury, May 6, 1748. He graduated at Harvard College in the class of 1769, which numbered thirty-nine and included several honorable names, which added lustre to the class, one of which was Theophilus Parsons, who came to Falmouth as a school teacher in 1770, and studied law with Theophilus Bradbury, but the Revolutionary troubles drove him away, and he became chief justice of the Massachusetts supreme court. Another member of the class was Alexander Scammell also of Duxbury, who after a brilliant military career in the American army received an inhuman wound after being taken prisoner at the siege of Yorktown, of which he died a month after. Both Wadsworth and Scammell after graduation taught school at Plymouth. In 1772 Wadsworth married Elizabeth Bartlett of that town. Their children through their mother, and grand mother Wadsworth, who was Susanna Sampson, inherited the blood of five of the Mayflower pilgrims, including Elder Brewster, and Captain John Alden.

Immediately after the outrage at Lexington, Peleg Wadsworth raised a company of minute men in the old colony, of which the Continental Congress commissioned him captain in September, 1775. He was engineer under General Thomas in laying out the defences of Roxbury in 1776. He was in Colonel Catton's regiment which formed a part of a detachment which was ordered to throw up entrenchments on Dorchester heights, and was appointed aid to General Ward, when the heights were occupied in March. These works compelled Howe's fleet to leave Boston in haste. In 1778, Wadsworth was appointed adjutant general of his State.

In 1779, the British naval and army officers at Halifax became sensible that they were suffering from American privateers, which frequented the Penobscot waters, owing to their perfect knowledge of the numerous coves and harbors which they could run into at any time to avoid the British cruisers.

The Admiral in command foresaw the advantage that would be gained by establishing a naval and military post in this quarter for a harbor of refuge for ships and fugitive loyalists and to command the near coast and harbors, and from whence they could obtain a supply of some kinds of ship timber for the Royal dockyard at Halifax. This was the year after the French King had assumed our quarrel with the mother country, and had sent a large fleet and army to our assistance which gave the colonies confidence and made them more aggressive.

In June, 1779, it was decided at Halifax to send General McLane with a fleet to occupy Bagaduce, as the harbor best situated for their purpose. He arrived on the 12th of June with 900 troops and 8 or 9 vessels, all less than a frigate, under the command of Capt. Henry Mowatt who had become detestable to all Americans by his cruel burning of old Falmouth four years previous. The people of Maine appealed to the general court of Massachusetts for protection, and to have the invaders driven off by an immediate expedition before they could have time to complete their works of defence. The Massachusetts Board of War were instructed by the legislature to collect a fleet, State and national, and if necessary to impress any private armed vessels in the harbors of the State into their service, under the promise of fair compensation for all losses and detention. The executive department of the Province was then composed of the Council—there was no state Governor until the next year. The Council ordered Brigadier Generals Thompson of Cumberland, and Cushing of Lincoln, to detach severally, 600 men from each of their brigades, and form them into two regiments. Gen. Frost of York was directed to detail 300 men from his brigade for a reinforcement if needed.

The fleet consisted of 19 armed vessels carrying 344 guns, and convoying 24 transports. The flag ship was the new continental frigate Warren. Of the others, nine were ships, six brigs and three sloops. The command of the fleet was entrusted to Richard Saltonstall of Connecticut, an officer of some naval experience. One hundred Massachusetts artillerists were embarked at Boston under their former commander, Lieutenant Colonel Paul Revere—he who carried the news to Hancock and Adams at Lexington that the British troops were on the road from Boston in 1775. The command of the land forces was given to Solomon Lovell of Weymouth, Mass., the brigadier general of the militia of Suffolk, which then included Norfolk county. He was a man of courage but no war experience. Peleg Wadsworth, then adjutant general of Massachusetts, was the second in command. He had seen some service on Dorchester heights during the siege of Boston and in other places. The ordnance was entrusted to the command of Colonel Revere.

The Cumberland county regiment was under the command of Colonel Mitchell of North Yarmouth. The expedition was popular and the people engaged with alacrity and zeal in it. Falmouth and Cape Elizabeth contributed a company each, consisting of volunteers from the most respectable families.

Under date June 20, Parson Smith of Falmouth records, "People are everywhere in this State spiritedly appearing in the intended expedition to Penobscot in pursuit of the British fleet and army there." This was a State expedition for which Massachusetts ad-



vanced 50,000 pounds.

When the fleet was ready to sail from Townshend, now Boothbay, the place of rendezvous, General Lovell's land forces numbered less than 1000 men, who had been paraded together only once—then at Boothbay. They were raw militia who had seen no former service, except perhaps some individuals, who had been in the Continental army for a short time. It was a spirited body of men. Their fathers had been at the siege of Louisburg 30 years before. In one month from the commencement to organize the expedition, it made its appearance in Penobscot bay.

The British commander heard of the American fleet four days before its arrival, and worked night and day to render his fortification defensible, yet it was far from being completed. He at once despatched a vessel to Halifax, asking for assistance. On the 28th of July, after waiting two days for a calm, our vessels were drawn up in line of battle, and 200 militiamen and 200 marines were landed. The best landing places were exposed to Mowatt's guns, and no landing could be effected except on the western side, which was a precipice 150 feet high and very steep. This was guarded by a line of the enemy posted on the summit, who opened a brisk fire as soon as the boats came within gunshot but the shot from the vessels went over their heads. As soon as the men landed, the boats returned to the fleet, cutting off all means of retreat. No force could reach the summit in the face of such a fire of musketry, so the American troops were divided into three parties. One sought a practicable ascent at the right, one at the left, and the centre kept up a brisk fire to attract the attention of the enemy on the heights. Both the right and left parties gained the summit, followed by the centre in the face of a galling fire, which they were powerless to return. Captain Warren's company of volunteers from Falmouth were the first to form on the heights, when all closed on the enemy who after a sharp skirmish made their escape leaving 30 men killed and wounded. Of the attacking party of 400, one hundred were killed or wounded. The engagement was short but great pluck and courage were shown by the Americans. It has been said that no more brilliant exploit than this was accomplished by our forces during the war, but this is the only bright spot in the record of the expedition. After the retreat of the enemy, some slight entrenchments were thrown up by the sadly weakened little detachment, within 700 yards of the enemy's main works. These entrenchments were held by our men and thus was made a good beginning.

The same morning a council of war was called of the land and naval officers. The former were for summoning the garrison to surrender, but the commodore and the most of his officers were opposed to the measure. It was next proposed to storm the fort, but the commodore refused to land any more of his marines as those at the first landing suffered severely. The land force alone was deemed insufficient for a successful attack on the works, and a whale boat express was despatched to Boston for a reinforcement. General Lovell now commenced a regular investment of works by zigzag trenches for Revere's insufficient cannon, and approached to musket

shot distance of the fort, so that not one of the garrison dared to show his head above the embankments.

It was afterwards ascertained that if a surrender had been demanded, when first proposed, the commanding general was prepared to capitulate, so imperfect were his defences. Commodore Saltonstall was self-willed, and disagreed with Generals Lovell and Wadsworth. During the two weeks delay the British strengthened their defences, and enclosed their works with a chevaux-de-frize with an abattis outside of all, which rendered the storming project impracticable, if the expected reinforcement had arrived. The American commodore kept up a daily cannonade with a show of an attempt to enter the harbor, but it was only a show. A deserter from the Americans informed the British commander of an intended attack the next day, which prevented any success.

On the 13th of August a lookout vessel brought General Lovell news that a British squadron of seven sails was entering Penobscot bay, in answer to General McLane's application to Halifax on the first discovery of the American fleet. A retreat was immediately ordered by General Lovell, and conducted by General Wadsworth in the night, with so much skill that the whole of the troops were on board the transports undiscovered by the enemy. The British squadron entered the harbor the next morning, consisting of one 74 gunship, one frigate, and five smaller vessels all under the command of Sir John Collier, with 1,500 troops on board. Saltonstall kept his position until the transports retreated up the river, when a general broadside from Collier's ship caused a disorderly flight, and a general chase and indiscriminate destruction of the American fleet. Several were blown up by their own crews to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy.

The troops and crews of the vessels left them for the woods. Most of the officers and men of the fleet and army made their way through the woods guided by the Penobscot Indians, who were friendly to the provinces through the war for independence. These struggling parties suffered every privation before reaching the settlements, subsisting on such game and fish as they were able to obtain. A large number were piloted by the Indians to Fort Halifax, where they were recruited and returned home by the Kennebec.

A court of enquiry as to the cause of the failure of the expedition gave as their opinion "That the principal reason of the failure of the expedition was the want of the proper spirit on the part of the Commodore. That the destruction of the fleet was occasioned essentially, because of his not exerting himself at all in the time of the retreat, by opposing the enemy's foremost ships in pursuit." "That General Lovell throughout the expedition and retreat, acted with proper courage and spirit; and had he been furnished with all the men ordered for the service, or been properly supported by the Commodore, he would probably have reduced the enemy." The court spoke in the highest terms of General Wadsworth. Upon this report the general court adjudged "That Commodore Saltonstall be incompetent ever after to hold a commission in the service of the state, and that



Generals Lovell and Wadsworth be honorably acquitted."

In answer to General Lovell's appeal for assistance by the whale boat express to Boston, a regiment under Colonel Henry Jackson proceeded to Falmouth on their way to Penobscot, when they heard of the disaster of the expedition.

When I was a boy sixty years ago, many of the men of Cumberland county who had been in the Bagaduce expedition were then living—some of them were my own relatives. I have often heard angry discussions between those of the land and those of the naval service. The landmen always assumed the aggressive, and had the best of the argument. It was the opinion of both, that if General Wadsworth had been in chief command on shore, that the gallant detachments which first gained the heights, could not have been restrained until they had crossed bayonets with the garrison of the half built fortress, and that was the time to have carried the works.

After the failure of the Bagaduce expedition the British pursued a system of outrageous plundering on the shores of Penobscot bay and the neighboring coast, in which they were piloted and assisted by the numerous Tories who had gathered at Bagaduce and in the vicinity. To protect the people from this plundering, the Continental Congress in 1780 ordered 600 men to be detached from the three eastern brigades of the State, for eight months service. Every soldier was ordered to march well equipped, within twenty-four hours after he was detached, or pay a fine of sixty pounds currency, which was to be applied to procure a substitute. The command of the whole eastern department, between the Piscataqua and St. Croix, was given to General Wadsworth, with power to raise more troops if they were needed. He was also empowered to declare and execute martial law over territory ten miles in width, upon the coast eastward of Kennebec, according to the rules of the American army. His headquarters were established at Thomaston. For the purpose of protecting his friends, the General found it necessary to draw a line of demarkation, between them and their foes. He issued a proclamation prohibiting any intercourse with the enemy. This paper, of which I have a copy, is dated at Thomaston 18th of April, 1780, and declares the penalty of military execution for any infringement of it. The people of the islands east of Penobscot to Union river, "from their exposed situation," were ordered to hold themselves as neutrals. All persons joining the enemy were to be treated as deserters from the American army.

This proclamation did not have the desired effect. The most bitter of the Tories supposed that they would be protected by General McLane, but he disapproved of their plundering. Captain Mowatt of detestable memory, who was in command of the British squadron, was of a different character, and encouraged their depredations, when they became very aggressive. A staunch friend of the American cause at Broad bay, named Soule, was shot in his bed, and his wife was wounded. This drew from General Wadsworth another proclamation denouncing death to any one convicted of secreting or giving aid to the enemy. Soon after a man named Baum was detected in secreting and aiding Tories to reach Castine. He was tried by court-martial, found guilty of treason, and General Wads-

worth ordered his execution by hanging the next morning, which was carried into effect. This effectually checked the intercourse with Bagaduce. A daughter of General Wadsworth in writing of the circumstance, to a son-in-law in 1834, said, "My mother has told me that my father was greatly distressed at being obliged to execute the penalty of the law." General Wadsworth's wife was with him at the time.

After the term of service of the 600 troops had expired, General Wadsworth was left with only six soldiers as a guard at his house, it being his intention also to leave within a week or two. His family consisted of his wife and son of five years, and Miss Fenno of Boston, a particular friend of Mrs. Wadsworth's.

Made acquainted with his defenceless condition by spies, General McLane at Bagaduce, despatched a party of twenty-five men under Lieutenant Stockton, to take him prisoner. They left their vessel four miles off and marched to his residence, arriving at about midnight February 18, 1781. The general had plenty of firearms in his sleeping room, and when his house was entered by the enemy he made a determined defence, until he was shot in the arm when he surrendered and was hurried off to the vessel. When he became weak from the loss of blood, he was set on a horse for the march. He suffered much from cold and pain from his wound. He was taken across the bay to Castine and imprisoned in Fort George. He knew nothing of the fate of his family for two weeks, who had been exposed to the firing. At the request of General Wadsworth General McLane sent a lieutenant with a boat's crew to Camden across the bay, with letters to his family and to the governor of the State, which were inspected previous to sealing. Finally, a letter was received from Mrs. Wadsworth containing an assurance that they were unharmed. General McLane treated his prisoner very politely, inviting him to eat at his own table, with guard of an orderly sergeant, but refused him a parole or exchange. In the spring, four months after his seizure, Mrs. Wadsworth and Miss Fenno, with a passport from General McLane, arrived at Bagaduce and were politely entertained at the fort for ten days. In the mean time orders had arrived from the commanding general at New York, in answer to a communication from General McLane. Their purport was learned from a hint conveyed to Miss Fenno by an officer, that the general was not to be exchanged, but would be sent to some English prison. When Miss Fenno left she gave the general all the information she dared to—she said, "General Wadsworth, take care of yourself." This the general interpreted to mean that he was to be conveyed to England and he determined to make his escape from the fortress if possible. Soon after a vessel arrived from Boston with a flag of truce from the governor and council, asking for an exchange for the general and bringing a sum of money for his use, but the request was refused.

Major Burton, a resident of St. Georges river, who had served the previous summer under General Wadsworth, was a prisoner in the same room with him. After a long preparation, and by obtaining a gimlet from the fort barber, they made their escape on the night of the 18th of June, by passing through an opening previously and laboriously made in the



board ceiling with the gimlet—the marks of which were filled with bread. They adroitly evaded the sentinels, but got separated in the darkness, both however, getting off safely. They kept much in the shoal water of the shores, to prevent being tracked by the bloodhounds which were kept at the fort for that purpose. The two friends came accidentally together on the next day. Major Barton dropped a glove in the darkness which pointed out to their pursuers the route they had taken on leaving the fort. They, however, found a canoe, got across the river, and pursued their course through the woods by a pocket compass to the settlements, and were assisted to Thomaston, after much suffering. On arriving at his former residence, General Wadsworth found that his family had left for Boston, whither he followed them after a brief stop at Falmouth, where he finally fixed his residence.

Perhaps you would like to see my father's picture as it was when we came to this town after the war of the Revolution in 1784. Imagine to yourself a man of middle size, well proportioned with a military air, and who carried himself so truly that many thought him tall. His dress, a bright scarlet coat, buff small clothes and vest, full ruffled bosom, ruffles over the hands, white stockings, shoes with silver buckles, white cravat bow in front; hair well powdered and tied behind in a club, so called. \* \* Of his character others may speak, but I cannot forbear to claim for him an uncommon share of benevolence and kind feeling.

Z. W. L.

Jan. 1848.

In 1797, President Dwight of Yale college, who had been a chaplain in the American army, visited Portland and was the guest of General Wadsworth, from whom he says he "received an uninterrupted succession of civilities." He also received from the General, and wrote out a minute and thrilling account of his capture, imprisonment, and escape, which cover twenty-five printed pages. General Wadsworth, at the time of its publication, vouched for its accuracy.

The record of the births of his eleven children shows the places where the General lived at the time. The oldest was born at Kingston, Mass., in 1774 and died the next year at Dorchester. Charles Lee was born at Plymouth, January 1776, and died at Hiram, Sept. 29, 1848. Zilpah was born at Duxbury, Jan. 6, 1778, —died in Portland, March 12, 1851. Elizabeth, born in Boston, Sept. 21, 1779—died in Portland, Aug. 1, 1802. John, born at Plymouth, Sept. 1, 1781, graduated H. C. in 1800—died at Hiram, Jan. 22, 1860. Lucia, born at Plymouth, June 12, 1783—died in Portland, Oct. 17, 1864. Henry, born at Falmouth, Me., June 21, 1785—died at Tripoli, Sept. 4, 1804. George, born in Portland, Jan. 6, 1788—died in Philadelphia, April 8, 1816. Alexander Scammell, born in Portland, May 7, 1790—died at Washington, April 5, 1851. Samuel Bartlett, born in Portland, Sept. 1, 1791—died at Eastport, Oct. 2, 1874. Peleg, born in Portland, Oct. 10, 1793—died at Hiram, Jan. 17, 1875.

The birth of a son there in Sept. 1781, shows that General Wadsworth took his family to Plymouth on leaving his command in Maine. A daughter was also born there in 1783. It is known that he came to Falmouth in 1784. In December of that year he purchased of John Ingersoll of Boston, ship-

wright, for 100 pounds lawful money, the lot of land in Falmouth on which he erected his buildings for a home. In the deed he is named of that town. The purchase is described as "lying northeast of a lot now possessed by Captain Arthur McLellan, being four rods in front and running towards Back Cove and containing one and one half acres. Being part of three acres originally granted to Daniel Ingersoll as appears on the records of the town of Falmouth, Book No. 1, page 46." This is the Congress street lot on which he erected his house and store.

Dr. Deane, in his diary says his store and barn were built in 1784. While he was building his house, he with his family lived in a building at the south corner of Franklin and Congress streets, belonging to Captain Jonathan Paine. It was built for a barn but probably had been occupied before as a dwelling, as it escaped Mowatt's burning ten years before, which compelled well-to-do people to occupy very humble quarters. This building was long afterwards finished for a dwelling house by Elijah Adams, and burned in 1866. In the spring 1785, General Wadsworth made preparation to erect his house. There had then been no attempt in the town to construct all the walls of a building of brick—indeed there had been no suitable brick for walls made here. At that time brick buildings were expected to have a projecting base of several courses—the top one to be of brick fashioned for the purpose, the outer end of which formed a regular moulding when laid on edge and endwise, and the walls receded several inches to the perpendicular face. Several houses besides General Wadsworth's were commenced in this way. In the spring of 1785 the General obtained brick for his house in Philadelphia, including those for the base and a belt above the first story. John Nichols was the master mason.

Although the house was to be only two stories, the walls were built sixteen inches thick, strong enough for a church tower. This swallowed up the bricks more rapidly than had been expected. At the close of the season they were all laid and the walls were not completed. There was no alternative but to secure the masonry from the weather, and wait for another spring. When that came more bricks were imported and "the house that Jack (Nichols) built" was finished. It is yet standing and shows good work in the artistic window caps of brick. There was no other brick house built in town until three years after. The Wadsworth house when originally finished, had a high pitched roof of two equal sides, and four chimneys. The store adjoined the house at the southeast, with an entrance door from the house, and was of two stories. Here the General sold all kinds of goods needed in the town and country trade. His name appears in the records with some forty others, as licensed "retailers" of the town in 1785. What time he gave up the store is uncertain. The late Edward Howe occupied it in 1805, who described it to me.

Gen. Wadsworth was elected to the Massachusetts Senate in 1792, and the same year he was elected representative to Congress, being the first from Cumberland district, and was successively elected to that office until 1806, when he declined a reelection. In 1798, the citizens



of Portland gave him a public dinner in approbation of his official conduct. Capt. William Merrill related to me the circumstance that when the seat of government was removed from Philadelphia to Washington in 1801, Gen. Wadsworth took passage in his vessel for Baltimore, that being the most speedy and comfortable way to reach Washington.

In 1790 General Wadsworth purchased from the State of Massachusetts 7,500 acres of wild land, in the township which is now Hiram on the Saco river. The price paid was twelve and a half cents per acre. He immediately commenced to clear a farm on a large scale, as is shown by a paragraph in the Eastern Herald of September 10, 1792, published in Portland. It says, "General Wadsworth thinks he has raised more than 1000 bushels of corn this season on burnt land, that is now out of danger of the frost; at a place called Great Ossipee, about thirty-six miles from this town. This is but the third year of his improvements." In 1790 the township contained a population of 186.

In 1795 General Wadsworth settled his son Charles Lee on his tract, and in 1800 he began to prepare to remove his own family there. In that year he commenced to build a large house on his land-purchase which is yet standing, one mile from Hiram village. The clay for the bricks of the chimneys was brought down Saco river three miles in a boat. This house was of two stories with a railed outlook on the ridge between the two chimneys. There was a very large one story kitchen adjoining, with an immense chimney and fire place. Years after its building, the General's youngest son Peleg said that at the time of the erection of the house, he was seven years old, and was left by his father to watch the fires in the eleven fire places, which were kindled to dry the new masonry, while he rode to the post road for his mail, and that he had not felt such a weight of responsibility since.

The General took his family and household goods to his new home in the first of the winter, and commenced housekeeping in the new house January 1, 1807. He with his son Charles Lee, engaged in lumbering and farming. General Wadsworth was a skilful land surveyor and draftsman, and was much employed in the new township. He was chosen selectman in 1812, and re-elected annually until 1818, and was twelve years town treasurer. He was a magistrate and was looked upon as the patriarch of the town. He was a patron of education, and his home was the central point of the region, for hospitality and culture. He was long a communicant of the Congregational church, and so continued until his death in 1829, at the age of eighty-one. Mrs. Wadsworth died in 1825. Their graves are in a private enclosure on the home-farm. The original modest headstones have given place to a more conspicuous monument of marble. The son Peleg who was thirteen years old when the family moved to Hiram, spent the remainder of his life in that town, and died in 1875, at the age of eighty-one. It is a remarkable fact that General Wadsworth and his sons Charles Lee and Peleg, who all lived and died at Hiram, each reared eleven children. For the facts relating to General Wadsworth's life at Hiram, I am indebted to his great grandson, L. W. Wadsworth, who has

in preparation a history of that town.

Two of the sons of General Wadsworth were officers in the United States navy. Henry became a lieutenant at the age of nineteen, and was attached to the schooner Scourge in Commodore Preble's squadron before Tripoli in 1804. The last entry in his journal before the attack in which he lost his life, was this, "We are in daily expectation of the commodore's arrival from Syracuse with the gun boats and bomb vessels, and then, Tripoli, be on thy guard." The story of his sad death is told in the inscription on a marble cenotaph erected by his father to his memory, in the eastern cemetery in Portland, near the graves of the captains of the Enterprise and Boxer.

[S. W. face.]

In memory of  
HENRY WADSWORTH,  
—son of—  
PELEG WADSWORTH,  
Lieut. U. S. Navy,  
—who fell—  
Before the walls of Tripoli on the eve of 4th Sept.  
—1804—  
In the 20th year of his age  
by the explosion of a  
—fire ship—  
which he with others  
gallantly conducted  
against the Enemy.

[N. E. face.]

My country calls  
This world adieu  
I have one life  
That life I give  
for you

Capt. Richard Somers.

Lieut Henry Wadsworth

Lieut Joseph Israel.

and 10 brave seamen  
volunteers  
were the devoted  
band.

[S. E. face.]

Determined at once  
they prefer death and  
the destruction of  
—the Enemy—  
to captivity and torturing  
Slavery.  
Com. Preble's  
letter.

[N. W. face.]

"An honor to his  
Country  
and an example to  
all excellent  
youth."  
Resolve of Congress.

It is from this gallant officer, his uncle, that the poet Longfellow received his name.

The general's ninth child was Alexander Scammell Wadsworth, born in Portland in 1790. When the Constitution frigate fought her memorable battle in August, 1812, in which she captured the British frigate Guerriere after having her three masts shot away by the Americans, Alexander Wadsworth was second lieutenant of the victorious ship. The First Lieutenant, Morris, was severely wounded early in the action, when Lieutenant Wadsworth of course took his place, then only twenty-four. So well did he acquit himself that his fellow townsmen of Portland, presented him with a sword for his gallantry. Lieutenant Wadsworth was an officer on board the ship which conveyed our minister, Joel Barlow, to France in 1811, and was presented with a sword by that gentleman. The Lieutenant rose to the rank of commodore, and died in Washington in 1851, aged 61.

Another of the children of General Wadsworth, Zilpah, performed her part in life as bravely and died as much beloved and honored as did her gallant brothers of the navy. She was born Duxbury, January 6, 1778, while her father was in the army. When the family first occupied the brick house in Portland, she was eight years old and recollected the inconveniences and



discomforts of the unfinished quarters in which they lived while the house was building.

In 1799, June 25, Zilpah Wadsworth, in behalf of the ladies of Portland, presented a military standard to a volunteer company called the Federal volunteers. It was the first uniformed company in Maine. Joseph C. Boyd was captain, and the ensign who received the standard and replied to the presentation address was named Wiggin. In after years, Mrs. Longfellow described to her daughters the rehearsal of her speech and the waving of the banner on the back steps of her father's house, to her sister, who personated Ensign Wiggin. The presentation was from the front portico of that historic mansion. The street has been filled up since then, hiding the stone steps. The motto on the flag was "Defend the laws." On one side was painted the arms of the United States, and on the other the same, united with the arms of Massachusetts.

In 1804 Zilpah Wadsworth became the wife of Stephen Longfellow, and first kept house in a two story wooden house yet standing on the south corner of Congress and Temple streets. When her father's family left the brick house for a new home in the country in 1807, she with a family of a husband and two sons took the old homestead. Mr. Longfellow moved the store and in its place, built the brick vestibule at the east corner over which he placed a modest sign which was there within my knowledge—it read "Stephen Longfellow, Counsellor at law." He occupied the eastern front room for his law office, opening from the brick entry. In this office, several young students read "Coke and Blackstone," who became prominent lawyers of Cumberland county.

One day in 1814 or 15, while Mrs. Longfellow was indisposed and the family physician was in attendance, the servant overheated the kitchen flue, which took fire and communicated it to the attic, which the family knew nothing of until it broke out through the roof. Mr. Longfellow was the chief fire ward of the department, but his first thought was of his sick wife, whom he hastily enquired for of Dr. Weed. He told Mr. Longfellow to look to the fire and he would take care of his wife. When it became evident that the house must be flooded, the doctor who was a tall muscular man, wrapped Mrs. Longfellow in a blanket and carried her in his arms into Madam Preble's the next door, now the hotel. A lady of the family who was then a child, described the scene to me. Her first realization of the danger, was from seeing her father standing on a post of the front fence, with a brass trumpet to his mouth, giving loud orders to the gathering firemen, and gesticulating violently. After it had nearly destroyed the roof, the fire was extinguished.

To increase the accommodations for his large family, Mr. Longfellow added to the house a third story, and a low four-sided or "hipped" roof took the place of the high two-sided one, with the chimneys the same. And thus repaired the venerable structure around which so much of historical interest clusters has remained to the present time. Although overshadowed and crowded upon by its more pretentious neighbors, it is more enquired

for now by strangers, than any other house in the city. May the polite and refined descendant of its builder, who is now its mistress, long continue to preside there, and dispense its traditional hospitalities.

#### The Portland of Longfellow's Youth.

EDWARD H. ELWELL, Esq., Portland.

The year 1807, made illustrious in the history of Portland by the birth of Henry W. Longfellow, was also, in other respects, a year of marked events. It witnessed the beginnings of many things whose influence still remains with us. In 1807, another poet, who became distinguished for his sprightly and graceful style, the late Nathaniel P. Willis, was born in Portland. In 1807 the Rev. Edward Payson began here, as the colleague of Rev. Elijah Kellogg, his wonderful pastorate of twenty years. In 1807 the third parish meeting house, in which the late Rev. Dr. Dwight so long officiated, was built. In 1807 the increasing demands of commerce caused the erection of the Observatory on Munjoy's Hill. In 1807 the commerce of this port, which had gone on increasing with giant strides for a period of more than ten years, had reached a high state of prosperity, and in 1807 the embargo fell upon and crushed it with one fell stroke, spreading ruin and disaster throughout the community. It was the culmination of a period of great prosperity, and the beginning of a season of adversity, ending in the calamities of war.

The little fishing village on the Neck, ravaged by the Indians in 1676, destroyed by the French and Indians in 1690, bombarded and burned by the British in 1775, after the close of the Revolution again sprang into existence, and profiting by the Napoleonic wars in Europe, in common with the whole country entered upon a career of unexampled commercial prosperity. American bottoms, as being declared neutrals, were the only safe carriers, and largely monopolized the commerce of the world. Our merchants, no longer content with a coasting trade, engaged in foreign commerce, and did a large importing business. The tonnage of the port largely increased. Wealth flowed in and with it came greater refinement and a more lavish style of living. The humble habitations of the earlier period, which in 1799 the Duke de la Rochefoucault had described as "a parcel of mean houses," began to give place to large and elegant mansions, some of which still remain to testify to the architectural taste as well as the prosperity of the period. The first brick store, built in 1792, was followed in 1799 by the erection of Mussey's Row on Middle street, and in 1801 by Jones's Row on Exchange, built by the Rev. Elijah Kellogg—for the commercial spirit of the time had seized upon the ministers of the Gospel. The town was full of enterprise. New wharves were thrown out into the harbor, banks were established, and a desirable class of residents came in, bringing capital with them. The little village, which for ten years after its destruction by Mowatt, had lain desolate, now began to take on a solid and substantial air. In 1798 the Duke de la Rochefoucault wrote of Portland as "so remote and so rarely visited by travellers," but in 1807 Dr. Dwight, travelling hither, could write: "No place in our



route, hitherto, could for its improvement be compared with Portland. We found the buildings extended quite to the Cove, doubled in their number, and still more increased in their appearance. Few towns in New England are equally beautiful and brilliant. Its wealth and business are probably quadrupled."

All this prosperity was suddenly checked by the non-intercourse policy of 1806, and the embargo which followed in 1807. Commerce was at once suspended, and the almost total destruction of our shipping followed. Navigation fell off nine thousand tons in two years, all the various classes to whom it gave support were thrown out of employment, eleven commercial houses stopped payment in the latter part of 1807, and many others the following year. Great distress fell upon the people, a reverse made more gloomy by contrast with the preceding prosperity.

Then came the war of 1812, bringing some activity in the way of privateering, and the movement of troops for the defense of the town. Fortifications were thrown up on Munjoy, and garrisons were established in them. Here begin the recollections of our poet, then a boy of six or seven years, as recorded in his poem of "My Lost Youth!"

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,  
And the fort upon the hill;  
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,  
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,  
And the bugle wild and shrill.  
And the music of that old song  
Throbs in my memory still;  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

On the 4th of September, 1813, the British brig-of-war Boxer, Captain S. Blyth, was captured in a hard-fought action off our coast by the United States brig Enterprise, Lieutenant W. Burrows, and was brought into this port on the morning of the 7th, and the next day the remains of both commanders, who were killed in the action, were buried in the cemetery at the foot of Munjoy's hill. This

was an event well calculated to impress itself upon the memory of a boy, and our poet again sings,—

I remember the sea-fight far away,  
How it thundered o'er the tide!  
And the dead captains, as they lay  
In their graves o'erlooking the tranquil bay,  
Where they in battle died.

The town did not wholly recover from the severe blow of the embargo until after the peace of 1815. Then began a period of slow recuperation during which its population made little increase. In 1800 the number of inhabitants was 3,704; by 1810 they had increased to 7,169, but at the close of the next decade, in 1820, they were but 8,581. It is this little town of seven or eight thousand inhabitants that we have now to picture to ourselves as the scene of Logfellow's boyhood,—

—the beautiful town  
That is seated by the sea.

It lay on the narrow peninsula, or "Neck," in the depression between the two hills which mark its extremities, Munjoy and Bramhall. It had been first settled nearly two centuries before, on the seashore at its eastern end, and in all this long period of time it had advanced scarcely half way towards the western end.

The early settlers clustered around the fort which stood at the foot of what is now India street, and the shore road extending eastward from India street, forming now the easternmost part of Fore street, was along the court end of the town. Here Major Samuel Moody, coming here in 1716, built his house, and here in process of time sprang up a number of large, square mansions, some with gambrel roofs, several of which yet remain. In one of these, standing, on the one hand, within a stone's throw of the spot where the first settler landed and built his cabin in 1632, and on the other, not much farther from the site of old Fort Loyal, our poet was born seventy-five years ago to-day. He was thus cradled on historic ground, and sprang from amidst the earliest scenes of civilization on this peninsula. It was a pleasant site, not then, as now, hemmed in by new made land encroaching on the sea. It looked out on the waters of our beautiful bay, commanding a view of those

—islands that were the Hesperides  
Of all my boyish dreams.

Immediately opposite, skirting the road on the seaward side, lay the beach, the scene of many a baptism on a Sabbath day. It was not here, however, that our poet spent his boyhood. His parents moved on with the progress of the town, and we shall find him at a later period established in what is now the heart of the city.

Let us now take a comprehensive view of the town as it existed in the decade between 1810 and 1820. As we have said, it nestled in the hollow between the two hills. On the south lay the harbor, with its wharves and its shipping. On the north the quiet waters of Back Cove, its shores nearly vacant, and its waters as yet undisturbed by commerce.

On Munjoy's hill there were but three houses, save those in old Fort Sumner. It was a pasture ground for cows in part, and in part was given up to a dense growth of alder bushes. On Indian Point, where the Grand Trunk bridge leaves the hill, stood seven or eight lofty, ancient pine trees, and in the high branches the fish hawks were wont to build their nests. The boys went a-gunning "back of the Neck," and shot plovers and curlews and sand-birds, which visited the shore in great numbers. At Fish Point, on the harbor side of the hill, the ledgy cliff, now blasted away to make room for the track of the Grand Trunk railway, was cut deep with the names of boys who spent many a long summer afternoon in wandering around the solitary shore. The cliff terminated in a cave called "Abigail's Hole," after an aged Indian squaw who resided there, the last of the race that lived and died in Portland.

On the slope of the hill towards the town, stood a tall signal spar with a tar barrel suspended from its summit, which was to be set on fire should the enemy approach the town, or assistance be needed from the country. Washington street, overlooking the cove, commanding a view of the fine scenery beyond, and with its long alternating lines of Lombardy poplars and Balm of Gileads, was thought to be the prettiest street in town. Standing on the western slope of the hill one commanded the town below at a single glance. All north of Cumberland street was vacant land known



as the "Back Fields." Nearly all west of High street was sun-burnt pasture, where swamp alternated with huckleberry bushes. State street had been laid out through the waste, and here and there along its line a stately mansion rose with the huckleberry and bayberry bushes growing close up to its fences. Bramhall's hill was a far away wilderness. At the quaint hour of sunset one standing where the jail now stands, below Munjoy, could hear the sound of Caleb Young's fife on Bramhall's hill, two miles away, no building to obstruct sight or sound intervening.

With the revival of commerce, after the war, trade with the West India Islands sprang up, and low-decked brigs carried out cargoes of lumber and dried fish, bringing back sugar, rum and molasses. This trade made lively scenes on Long Wharf and Portland Pier. From lack of system, and the appliances of steam, everything was then done with great noise and bustle, and by main strength. The discharging of a cargo of molasses set the town in an uproar. The wharves resounded with the songs of the negro stevedores hoisting the hogsheads from the hold without the aid of a winch; the long trucks with heavy loads, were tugged by straining horses, under the whips and loud cries of the truckman. Liquor was lavishly supplied to laboring men, and it made them turbulent and uproarious. Adding to the busy tumult were the teams coming into town by the two principal avenues, over Deering's bridge and up Green street, or over Bramhall's hill by way of Horse tavern, bringing charcoal from Waterborough, shooks from Fryeburg, Hiram and Baldwin, hoop-poles, heading, cord wood and screwed hay; and the Vermonters in their blue woolen frocks, bringing in their red pungs round hogs, butter and cheese. Rev. Elijah Kellogg, Jr., gives a lively picture of Portland at this time, on a winter morning:

Then you might have seen lively times. A string of board teams from George Libby's to Portland Pier; sleds growling; surveyors running about like madmen, a shingle in one hand and a rule-staff in the other: cattle white with frost, and their nostrils hung with icicles; teamsters screaming and halloing, Herrick's tavern, and Huckler's Row, lighted up, and the loggerheads hot to give customers their morning dram.

It is with such scenes as these rising in his memory that Longfellow sings:

I remember the black wharves and the slips,  
And the sea-tides tossing free;  
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,  
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,  
And the magic of the sea.

Portland was a lumber port, driving a brisk little trade with more tumult and hurrah than now accompany the transaction of ten times the amount of business then done. In addition to its lumber trade, it had its distilleries, its tanneries, its rope-walks and its pottery, the latter two of which so impressed themselves upon the memory of the boy Longfellow, that in after years they suggested his poems, "The Ropewalk" and "Keramos," the "Song of the Potter." Men now living, going back in memory to those bustling days, will tell you those were the times when business was lively, and think it but a dull town now though with five times the population and many times the amount of business.

But let us push on into the heart of the "dear old town." Passing up Middle street, where blocks of brick stores have already be-

gun to take the place of dwelling-houses which once lined it, we enter Market square. It wears an aspect quite different from that which it now presents. It is surrounded by small wooden shops, for the most part of one story. On the left, as we enter, stands the two story wooden house known as Marston's tavern, to which Mowatt was taken as a prisoner by Colonel Thompson and his men, in June, 1775. Mowatt did not succeed in burning it when, a few months later, he bombarded the town in revenge for this act of Thompson's, but when it was removed in 1833, one of his shot was found imbedded in the chimney. In the center of the Square near where now is the eastern end of old City hall, stand the hay scales and next to them the market house, a wooden building, and beyond these a row of small wooden shops terminating in "a heater" nearly opposite the head of Preble street. In one of these shops we shall find Nathaniel Shaw, the saddler, accumulating about his door that stratum of leather scraps, which, when an excavation is made there many years after, is viewed with wonder as an ante-diluvian relic. In "the heater" is the shop of "I. Gray," the barber, and around the square may be seen the familiar names of David Trull, William Radford, the cabinet-maker, and R. Horton, the gingerbread-man, who dispensed his commodity from a wheelbarrow.

At the corner of Preble street, with its garden stretching far down that street, stands the brick mansion occupied by the widow of Commodore Edward Preble, the hero of Tripoli, dead since 1807. Next to this, "somewhat back from the village street" is the brick residence built by the poet's maternal grandfather, General Peleg Wadsworth, and occupied by his father, Stephen Longfellow, Esq. This is the home of the poet's boyhood, and in fancy we may see him playing beneath its ancient portal, which still remains unaltered. Beyond the Longfellow residence, with its garden on either side, extending on the west to the corner of Brown street, stands the two-story wooden residence of Reuben Morton, on the site now occupied by Morton's block. This house, raised to three stories, now stands on Brown street. All the old family mansions here have been made to give way to the demands of trade save the Longfellow residence, which still sturdily maintains its position, while its ancient neighbors have given place to lofty structures which now look down upon, but cannot humble it.

In front of these mansions, extending from Preble to Brown streets is the wood market, where the teams loaded with cord-wood brought in from the country, stand beneath the shade of a row of trees, with a railing between them and the sidewalk. The patient oxen feed upon the hay thrown upon the ground, while the wood surveyor measures the loads, and the teamsters bargain with the townsmen. It is a rural scene in the heart of the town. Passing a few small shops beyond Brown street, we come to "The Freemason's Arms," the tavern built by Thomas Motley, grandfather of Thomas Lothrop Motley, the historian. Motley is dead since 1808, and his tavern, which gives accommodation to the board teams which come growling and creaking down Main (now Congress) street, of a winter morning, is now kept by Sukey Barker.



the Motley block, in our day, perpetuates the memory of its builder. Oak street, which enters Main street a short distance above Motley's, boasts a grove of red oaks, and Green street, next beyond, leads down to Deering's woods, where for generations the boys of Portland have gathered acorns, and of which our poet sings:

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,  
And with joy that is almost pain  
My heart goes back to wander there,  
And among the dreams of the days that were,  
I flud my lost youth again.

What was the intellectual life of the old town? Up to the time of the Revolution it had imported its literature as well as the necessities of life. Parson Smith was jotting down in his journal those quaint observations on the events of daily life which were to interest the coming generation. His colleague, the Rev. Dr. Deane, in 1790 published his "Georgical Dictionary," long a standard work on agriculture. He was a poet, too, and sang the praises of "Pitchwood Hill." In 1816, when Longfellow was a boy of nine years, an event of marked literary importance occurred, the publication in Portland of Enoch Lincoln's poem of "The Village," a poem of more than two thousand lines, remarkable for its advanced moral sentiment, anticipating many of the reforms of our day, as well as for its erudition and its evenly sustained poetical merit. But at this time the activity and energy of the people were employed in procuring means of support, and in the accumulation of wealth, rather than in cultivating the sources of intellectual improvement. Education was advancing, however, and a number of young men were coming upon the stage of action who were to shed the lustre of letters upon the town. These were Nathaniel Deering, born here in 1791, John Neal, also a native, born in 1794, and Grenville Mellen, coming here from Biddeford, where he was born in 1799. Among these seniors walked the boy Longfellow, who was to outstrip them all.

In the ranks of the professions here were many able men. The Rev. Dr. Deane, dying in 1814, had left as his successor in the First Parish that scholarly divine, the Rev. Ichabod Nichols. The Rev. Dr. Payson, at the Second Parish, is preaching those powerful sermons which are to make his name famous. The Rev. Thomas B. Ripley has begun his popular pastorate over the First Baptist church. The Rev. Petrus S. Tenbroeck is Rector at St. Paul's. Elder Samuel Rand is preaching to the Free-will Baptists, and the Rev. Russell Streeter is fighting the battle of Universalists in the newly-built church at the corner of Congress and Pearl streets.

In the law there are eminent counsellors, some of whom are rising to distinction. Prentiss Mellen, Ezekiel Whitman. John D. Hopkins, Simon Greenleaf, and the poet's father, Stephen Longfellow, are names which have conferred honor on the Cumberland bar.

Among physicians, Dr. Nathaniel Coffin, Jr., stands at the head of his profession. There are Dr. Shirley Erving, too, and Dr. Samuel Weed, and Dr. Stephen Cummings, and Dr. Aaron Porter, in his knee breeches and green silk stockings, which, it is said, the cows mistook for cornstalks.

There are eminent merchants in the town, of whom it is sufficient to mention the familiar

names of Matthew Cobb, Asa Clapp, William Chadwick, Arthur McLellan, James Deering and Albert Newhall. These are gentlemen of the old school, sustaining the shock of commercial disaster, and extending the commerce of the town.

In social life the marked distinctions of the ante-Revolutionary period are giving way under the influence of our democratic institutions. Cooked hats, bush wigs, and knee-breeches are passing out, and pantaloons have come in. Old men still wear queues, and spencers, and disport their shrunken shanks in silk stockings. A homely style of speech prevails among the common people. Old men are "Daddies," old ladies are "Marms" ship-masters are "Skippers," and school-teachers are "Masters." There are no stoves, and open fires and brick ovens are in universal use. The fire is raked up at night, and rekindled in the morning by the use of flint, steel, and tinder boxes. Nearly every house has its barn in which is kept the cow, pastured during the day on Munjoy. The boys go after the cows at night-fall, driving them home through the streets. There are few private carriages kept in town, and fewer public vehicles. When in 1824 General Lafanette visits the town, and Governor Parris gives a ball in his honor, at his residence on Bridge street,—the site of which is now covered by the beautiful lawn attached to the residence of H. P. Storer, Esq.—a storm coming up prevents the attendance of a great part of the company invited, because of the distance out of town and the scarcity of carriages. The coin in circulation is chiefly Spanish dollars, halves, quarters, pistareens, eighths and sixteenths, the latter two of which are known as ninepence and fourpence 'alf-pennies. Federal money is so little recognized, that prices are still reckoned in shillings and pence—two-and-six, three-and-ninepence, seven-and-sixpence. It is a journey of two days, by the accommodation stage, to Boston, costing eight to ten dollars. If you go by the mail stage you may be bounced through, with aching bones, in the hours between two o'clock in the morning and ten at night. Or, you may take a coaster, and perhaps be a week on the passage. The old Portland Gazette and the Eastern Argus came out once a week, and the town crier supplies the place of the daily newspaper. There are few amusements. Theatrical performances have been voted down in town meeting, and prohibited under heavy penalties; but by 1820 the poor players venture to make an occasional appearance, and set up their scenery in Union Hall. It is not until 1830 that a theatre is built, and it is soon converted into a church. In the summer there are excursions by sailing boats to the islands, with an occasional capsizing and loss of life. In the winter, merry sleighing parties drive out to "Broad's" for a dance and a supper. These are merry times, especially if the party is snowed up, and compelled to remain over night. Flip and punch flow freely, and sobriety is the exception rather than the rule.

Such is "the beautiful town that is seated by the sea." Such are the scenes to which the thoughts of the poet go back, in after years, with a man's love for the haunts of his childhood. Here he recalls the sports of boyhood, and finds his "lost



youth" again. The old town has not forgotten him. The city into which it has grown delights to honor him. It cherishes the memory of the days that were, and would fain recall him to their familiar scenes. May he live long to revisit the home of his boyhood, and to enjoy the immortal youth which he has made his own.

#### Longfellow as a Student and Professor at Bowdoin College.

A. S. PACKARD, D. D., Bowdoin College.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was fortunate in the inheritance of names honorable in the history of the State and of high repute for talents, virtues and all that constitutes true nobility. A school mate informs us that when he was entering his fourteenth year, he gave decided indications of poetic taste and genius, anonymous pieces from his pen, in the "Poet's Corner" of a newspaper of this town, having attracted attention. I think he and his brother Stephen must have been pupils under Mr. Nehemiah Cleaveland, who had graduated from our college in 1813, and kept a private school for boys in Portland in 1816 and '17, and then left the school for a tutorship in the college. They were fitted for college, I have no doubt, by Master Bezaleel Cushman, preceptor of Portland Academy, whose name is honored among teachers of that generation. I remember Mr. Cushman well, and especially the pleasure of dining with him at Hon. Stephen Longfellow's table—with him, the preceptor of the academy, myself the young assistant of Mr. Nason, principal of Gorham academy of which Mr. Longfellow was a trustee. It was one of the numerous proofs of the courteous and friendly interest that excellent and admirable gentleman manifested in young men.

In September, 1821, Stephen and Henry Wadsworth, entered freshmen in Bowdoin College, Henry just entering the last half of his fifteenth year, an attractive youth with auburn locks, clear, fresh, blooming complexion, and, as might be presumed, of well-bred manners and bearing.

When we think of the distinction that has crowned the class of 1825, a teacher may be charged with singular lack of discrimination and interest in his pupils, who is compelled to confess how scanty are his particular reminiscences of its members, and this for the plain reason that no one knew, or even dreamed, it may be, how famous some of them were to become. I think it is a tradition that Luther, if not he, some renowned German teacher, used to doff his hat reverently when he entered his school room. On being asked why he did so: "Because," said he, "I see in my pupils future burgomasters and syndics of the city."

Now and then a very trivial circumstance imprints the person of the pupil on the memory—the eye—or some other feature, voice, gait, or some incident of college life. The entrance-examination of Sergeant Smith Prentiss of the class of 1826, I recall with entire distinctness. He came from Gorham, and I had been an assistant there, and when the lad, for he was scarcely more than that, very lame, supporting his steps with a staff, of a fresh, healthful, spirited countenance, and offering himself for junior standing, a heavy trial we thought, took his

seat, my sympathy was awakened at once. I see him with perfect distinctness as he sat at the long table in a back room of the old chemical laboratory—the receptacle of chemicals and minerals for examination and analysis, a droll omnium gatherum it must have seemed to the young candidate; and my feelings led me to open my part of the pressure he was to undergo in the Greek of two years, very gently. I soon found he needed no such favor, but that entirely self-possessed and at his ease, he was ready at every point. No stretch of fancy would be likely to anticipate that the lad before me was to become one of the most prominent men of the South at the bar, pet more, in legislative halls and on the political platform.

Were we blind and dull of appreciation, that we did not forecast during those four years two lives, one in the front seat of the classroom, and one in the third seat back, which were to leave names in the prose and poetry of the age, lasting as the language in which their genius found expression?

I recall the appearance of a few of that class of 1825 as they sat in the old classroom of Maine hall,—Bradbury, Josiah Stover Little, Hawthorne, the Longfellows, Shepley and others. Why? I cannot say why. It so happened. I cannot testify concerning him whose name we, and I may add the civilized world, fondly cherish, any more than a general statement of his unblemished character, as a pupil and a true gentleman in all his relations to the college and its teachers. It is a college tradition that in his sophomore year, at the annual examination of his class, his version of an ode of Horace, which fell to him to render, so impressed Hon. Benjamin Orr of the committee of examination, that when the new professorship of modern languages was established, his recollection of that specimen of the young sophomore's taste and scholarship, led him to propose him for the position.

Of young Longfellow's standing as a scholar in college, one may judge from his assignment at commencement of an English oration when fewer parts of that rank were given than of late years. His was the first claim to the poem; but as the poem had no definite rank, it was thought due to him, since his scholarship bore a high mark, that he should receive an appointment which placed his scholarship beyond question. His English oration had for his subject, "Our Native Writers." "Chatterton and his Poems" was assigned him as a subject, and was so published in the Commencement Order of Exercises, but was subsequently changed by a pen. The class poem was assigned to Frederic Mellen, who was in reality more than an ordinary college poet.

I have just said that Longfellow had the first claim as the poet of the class. During his college life he contributed to the periodicals of the day, "An April Day," "Autumn," "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns," "The Spirit of Poetry," "Woods in Winter" and "Sunrise on the Hills," which were received with great favor, as early blossoms of a spring of peculiar promise; and still, I think, they retain a place in later editions of his maturer productions. Some of them appeared in the Literary Gazette, a Boston publication. The editor of that periodical was James C. Carter (Harvard, 1820), a gentleman of ability, whose name is honored among active promoters of



popular education of that time. I was spending an evening with him in Boston, when he asked me what young man in our college sent them so fine poetry. It was Longfellow, then a junior I think in college, and I was happy to report of him as one whose scholarship and character were quite on a level with his poetry.

Our two most notable literary occasions of the college year, aside from the official exhibitions and commencement, were the fall anniversaries of the two leading societies, Athenæan and Peucinian, each putting forth its best. Longfellow in November, 1824, the first term of his senior year, pronounced the poem of the Peucinian.

When Mr. Longfellow left college he began the study of law in his father's office; but he had no heart for professional life, and in a year or two the position, for which he was peculiarly fitted and which he adorned, was opened for him. The professorship of modern language, for which Madam Bowdoin some years before had given a thousand dollars as a corner-stone at least for its foundation, was established, and he cheerfully accepted appointment to the professorship and immediately took passage for Europe when he spent nearly four years in Spain, France, Italy and Germany, preparing himself for the inviting sphere now opening before him. In 1829 he assumed the duties of the office which he faithfully and successfully performed until, with the regret and disappointment of his colleagues and the authorities of the college, he accepted a similar position at Harvard, as successor of the distinguished Professor Ticknor.

And now as to the character of his work while with us—a few words will suffice.

He approved himself a teacher who never wearied of his work. He won, by his gentle grace, and commanded respect by his self-respect and his respect for his office, never allowing an infringement of the decorum of the recitation room. The department was a new one, and in lack of suitable text books he prepared a translation of a popular French grammar which went through several editions, an Italian grammar, *Proverbes Dramatiques*, Spanish Tales for the class room, a translation of *Coplas de Jorge Manrique*, with an essay on the Moral and Devotional Poetry of Spain,—the version highly commended by Professor Ticknor in his *History of Spanish Literature*.

He also contributed while at Brunswick, articles to the *North American Review*, which gave him reputation in literary circles. At the Commencement of 1832 he delivered the poem before the Phi Beta Kappa.

I have limited myself to the special sphere of remark assigned me. Of Mr. Longfellow's social life I have said nothing. It began with us, when he married at Brunswick, as his bride, one of the daughters of Portland, and opened a home of taste, refinement and graceful hospitality, which he left for another in a wider sphere, and at a centre of cherished historical associations, and which has given a welcome to his fellow countrymen of the world of letters.

### The Genius of Longfellow.

Hon. GEORGE F. TALBOT, Portland.

Emerson has said: "All that we call sacred history attests that the birth of a poet is the

principal event in chronology." Of the famous bards of our time whose songs have cheered and inspired the English-speaking race, we must assign to the illustrious poet whose birthday we commemorate the nearest place to the popular heart. It is fitting that this

beautiful town

That is seated by the sea,

where he confesses,

My heart goes back to wander there,  
And, among the dreams of the days that were,  
I find my lost youth again,

should reciprocate by some expression of its admiration and gratitude the affectionate sentiments he has ever cherished towards it. It is fitting that this society, whose office it is with reverent piety to study and perpetuate the memory of whatever has been worthily acted or eloquently and truthfully spoken among those whose characters or public services have done honor to our State, should celebrate the genius of a poet, whose fame has outgrown the limits of the State wherein it had its birth, and the great country which it has honored.

In assigning to Longfellow a popularity preeminent among his fellows in the poetic art, I do not forget the delight, with which for a whole generation the American people have read the exquisite versification and tender and lofty sentiment, that especially characterize the earlier poems of Tennyson. But while in the growing depth of his thinking the great English lyrist has more and more dissociated his muse from those sentiments which are the common experiences of mankind, he has at the same time, in the severer tastes of age, grown contemptuous of the ornaments of style, sobered to homely plainness of speech the inspirations that once burst forth in rhythmic music, and studied only to reproduce the naked simplicity and dramatic reality of history. Then too Tennyson's popularity is not a just measure of his merit, because a full consciousness of his own powers, and a sensitiveness characterizing the irritable race of poets has hedged him about with a well-respected hauteur, that shut out alike genial sympathy and serviceable criticism, while it preserved a seclusion as necessary to his effective work, as it was grateful to his sensitive feelings.

On the other hand Longfellow has made of the inviolable maxim of his art that, as poetry is noble sentiment expressed in beautiful language, faultlessness of expression is always a condition of high excellence. Carlyle has strenuously advised men who would instruct their age to speak out in plain prose what they have to say, or otherwise hold their peace. The capacity of language to be the vehicle of the profoundest philosophy, the noblest sentiment, the most delicate humor, Mr. Carlyle has himself successfully exemplified. But in spite of his invidious warning an inspired writer chooses poetry as his medium of expression, he owes it to an art whose laws have been rigidly imposed by its great masters, to conform to those laws. This requirement Mr. Longfellow has ever respected. Besides this, a thoroughly genial and friendly nature has kept him accessible to all other minds, and hospitable and courteous to all persons attracted by his genius, no matter in how homely or intrusive a form this admiration has been expressed. Thus, while in Tennyson's song we detect a tone which expresses the daintiness of his disdain for less exquisitely endowed natures, Longfellow invites the confidence of narrower and limited minds by the warmth of his human sympathies, and by his tender appreciation of the common joys and sorrows of universal life.

Sixty years is a long period to devote to one pursuit. Few men are so happy as Longfellow was in finding in their youth the precise work they can best accomplish, and the necessary equipment to undertake it. In his grave and sad Salutory, delivered at Bowdoin on the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation, he gave this counsel to the young scholars, listening



spell-bound by the charm of his verse and the venerable beauty of his presence:

Study yourselves, and most of all, note well  
Wherein kind nature meant you to excel.

It told the story of his own splendid success. In his very boyhood, among scenes that have for us the charm of home, nature revealed herself to his sight and soul in the beauty of sea and sky, cliff and forest, and he felt that whatever aims or ambitions were open to other men, for him there was the task to interpret those mysterious voices of the night and day-dreams of a dawning fancy that had been imparted to him.

And as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, \* \*  
Turn them to shapes and give to airy nothing—  
A local habitation and a name.

He could say as Wordsworth nobly said of him self:

On man, on nature and on human life,  
Musing in solitude, I oft perceive  
Fair trains of imagery before me rise  
Accompanied by feelings of delight  
Pure, or with no unpleasing sadness mixed.

For us a new charm must come into these familiar scenes that confront our daily sight,—the graceful spires of churches, the quaint red tower of the Observatory, rising from the clustering trees that mark the sweep of the closely-built ridge of the peninsula, the great sea thrusting its shining fingers among the jutting headlands and wooded islands, the magnificent fringe of Deering's Oaks, and the dusky purple of the White Mountains and the Oxford hills—when we remember that it was pictures like these that awoke in our poet's young mind the consciousness of his powers and assigned to him the work of his life. Thus he tells this early experience:

And dreams of that, which cannot die,  
Bright visions came to me,  
As, lapped in thought, I used to lie  
And gaze into the summer sky,  
Where the sailing clouds went by  
Like ships upon the sea;

Dreams, that the soul of youth engage  
Ere fancy has been quelled,  
Old legends of the monkish page,  
Traditions of the saint and sage,  
Tales that have the rime of age,  
And chronicles of eld.

And loving still these quaint old themes,  
Even in the city's throng,  
I feel the freshness of the streams  
That, crossed by shades and sunny gleams,  
Water the green land of dreams,  
The holy land of song.

It is easy to see now, and thus to account for the perfection and completeness of his work, that all his studies, all the employments and incidents of his life, more than this the friendships and domestic joys and sorrows, which have been his experience, contributed to strengthen the powers of his imagination, perfect the art of his expression and to furnish the materials for the varied music of his verse.

Mr. Longfellow became a poet by the natural and delicate sensitiveness of his mind to whatever is picturesque in nature, complete in art, pathetic in incident, or romantic in history. To his rare perception

Wondrous truths and manifest as wondrous  
God hath written in those stars above,  
But not less in the bright flowerets under us  
Stan is the revelation of his love.

He, the Poet, faithful and far seeing  
Sees alike in stars and flowers a part  
Of the self-same universal being,  
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

In his youth and in the poems of that period this susceptibility to the beauty of things and to the lessons, which they teach the well-ordered and docile mind, is particularly manifest. He said then

O what a glory doth this world put on  
For him, who, with a fervent heart, goes forth  
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks  
On duties well-performed and days well spent.

And in another early poem this was the tonic cheerfulness he found in communion with nature:

If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep  
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,  
Go to the woods and hills. No tears  
Dim the sweet look that nature wears.

Emerson says: "The great majority of men seem to be minors, who have not yet come into possession of their own, or mutes, who cannot report the conversation they have had with nature. There is some obstruction or some excess of phlegm in our constitution, which does not suffer them to yield their due effect. Too feeble fall the impressions of nature on us to make us artists. The poet is the person in whom the powers are in balance, the man without impediment, who sees and handles that which others dream of, traverses the whole scale of experience, and is representative of man in virtue of being the largest power to receive and to impart."

For us the great majority, obstructed in faculty and feebly responsive to the impressions of nature, Longfellow has done this needed office. He sees what we dream, traverses the range of our experience, and by his larger power to receive and impart has become representative of all our finer sentiments. But, in saying this, we must discriminate between greater and less. There are ranges of sublime vision from which he has sedulously kept himself aloof, depths of philosophic speculation into which his thoroughly devout spirit has never entered, holy ground of inspiration, into which even with unshodden feet he has not presumed to walk. Let him ever describe his own genius, since he will do it not only tunelessly, but with a too-modest self-depreciation. In the Spanish Student, a drama full of the most picturesque situations, gushing with the enthusiasm of youthful feeling and adorned with some of the sweetest songs in the English language, he thus depicts the poetic work he has done:

All the means of action,  
The shapeless masses, the materials  
Lie everywhere about us. What we need  
Is the celestial fire to change the flint  
Into transparent crystal bright and clear.  
That fire is genius. The rude peasant sits  
In his smoky cot, and draws  
With charcoal uncouth figures on the wall;  
The son of genius comes, footsore with travel,  
And begs a shelter for the night.  
He takes the charcoal from the peasant's hand,  
And, by the magic of his touch, at once  
Transfigured, all its hidden virtues shine,  
And, in the eyes of the astonished clown,  
It gleams a diamond! Even thus transformed  
Rude popular traditions and old tales  
Shine as immortal poems at the touch  
Of some poor houseless, homeless, wandering bard  
Who had but a night's lodging for his pains.

It was not only a confession of his tastes but a toomodest assignment of his own rank, when after achievements that had made him famous throughout the world he thus sang:

Come read to me some poem,  
Some simple, heart-felt lay,  
That shall soothe this restless feeling,  
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,  
Not from the bards sublime,  
Whose distant footsteps echo  
Through the corridors of time.

For, like strains of martial music,  
Their mighty thoughts suggest  
Life's endless toil and endeavor,  
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,  
Whose songs gushed from his heart  
As showers from the clouds of Summer  
Or tears from the eyelids start.



In a sense, that is not so true of any other poet, who has written in the English language, Mr. Longfellow is the poet of the people. No creative artist ever had a larger and more immediate reward for his completed work. He sang for the men and women, yes, and for the children of his country and his time, sang with a cultivated and exquisite appreciation of their tastes, their feelings, their ideals, sang not of the eccentric experiences, the insatiable ambitions, the tragic heart-breakings of heroic souls, aloof from their kind, but of the daily cares, the simple satisfactions, and the common fates of men as men, of the hardships of toil, of the misery of defeated endeavor, of the sombre weariness of backward-looking age, and of the pathos of death. Depicting experiences so universal, appealing to sentiments so characteristic of humanity, the response of the people he has addressed has been immediate, universal and hearty. He has not had to wait for appreciation or to appeal to time to bring another age into more congenial relations with his feelings. Every chord he has struck has given quick and harmonious echoes. Now for many years no poem of his, however brief, has been published which universal journalism did not take note of as a conspicuous event of current history. What he sent to the hands of the printer on one day, on the next is a household word by a thousand firesides, and its sweet melodies are ringing among the hallowed voices of as many homes. There is a lyric sweetness, a tender, intelligible sentiment so accordant with the common experience of all lives, in all that he has written, that no elocutionist has been required to render its simple melody, no philosophic critic to mediate between its subtle meaning and the popular intelligence.

More than any other of our poets we have waited for him to celebrate and fitly interpret the great events in our national history. Looking through the dull annals of a people in primitive combat with the hard conditions of nature, with an absorbed and patient thrift building in the wilderness of a new world, homes into which in a later generation might come the culture and refinement which continuous prosperity brings, he has found whatever there is in their history or their legends, that is heroic or tragic or capable of an ethical lesson, and touched them in the telling with the glory of his own genius. How noble and pathetic was the tribute he paid to his three: friends, Felton, Agassiz and Samner! How sweet to a great poet's heart must be such delicate and discriminating praises as he has bestowed upon Tennyson and Whittier the great brothers of his art. Of the former he sings

Not of the howling dervishes of song,  
Who craze the brain with their delirious dance  
Art thou, O sweet historian of the heart.

And the lofty piety of the latter commands this tribute:

O thou, whose daily life anticipates  
The life to come, and in whose thought and word  
The spiritual world preponderates,  
Hermit of Amesbury! thou, too, hast heard  
Voices and melodies from beyond the gates,  
And speakest only when thy soul is stirred!

The Romans had one word to signify the poet and the prophet, and all the older prophecy of the world is poetry. The converse also is true, for since poetry is the daily newspaper and court journal of the ideal world, it is the prediction of all that is yet to become fact and history. We did not heed the vaticination this prophet uttered, perhaps too late to avoid the catastrophe:

There is a poor blid Samson in this land,  
Shorn of his strength and bound in bonds of steel,  
Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,  
And shake the pillars of this Commonweal.

How cheering was his note in the agony of our struggle for national life:

'Ho brave land! with hearts like these  
Thy flag, that is rent in twain,  
Shall be one again,  
And without a seam!"

Emerson says again: "The writer like the priest must be exempted from secular labor, his work needs a frolic health; he must be at the top of his condition." We have had eminent and successful poets, who have been also historians, journalists, teachers, preachers, critics, metaphysicians, reformers, diplomats and bankers, giving to the jealous muse a divided allegiance. It has been the good fortune of Longfellow that he has been kept with no distracting employments, in studies that fed the fire of his poetic passion with new material, and at the top of a sound and healthy condition of productive labor. The only department of science, in which he has been a successful teacher, is the science of language and of the deft use of winged-words, the myriad-toned instrument of poesy. Especially has his mastery of the languages, French, German, Italian and Spanish, put within his search those treasures of romantic story, that weird blending of history and legend in which the earlier chronicles, poems, ballads and folk-lore of Europe abound, which have a charm for us, thoroughly modern and secular as we are, that they have not for any other people.

Mr. Longfellow has that vivid imagination, which sees as realities its own illusions. He meets another requirement of our great master of the poetic art. "He believes in his poetry. He partakes of the feast he spreads, and kindles and amuses himself with that which amuses us." Whole poems of his are devoted to the delineation of these romantic legends of our ancestors across the sea, while there is scarcely a song that is not enlivened and enriched, by some legendary allusion, some sparkling jewel picked up by him in his loving walks among the graves and monuments of knights and saints, along the corridors of ruined abbeys, the dry moats of ivy crowned castles, and the dim shadows under the arches of vast cathedrals. Indeed it has been charged that he has so deeply imbibed the spirit of this antique and foreign romance, as to be no longer either modern or national in his spirit or method. When we remember with what a pathetic tenderness he has recreated for us our own legend of the public tragedy of a pious and rural people driven into perpetual exile, a tragedy saddened by the private grief of a devoted and loving maiden enduring the exile of her race and her own deeper loss in a hopeless search for her betrothed lover and finding her resting place only in old age by the bedside of pestilence; when we read the song of Hiawatha, and see with what artistic faithfulness he has wrought into verse, the very wildness of which has in it a sound of the woods, those poetic ideas which have haunted the minds of all sensitive persons in connection with the customs, costumes, character and fortunes of the strange race of aborigines, whom our race has supplanted on this continent, we can see that Mr. Longfellow is no less an American poet, because so much of his inspiration came as a whiff of the old world over the sea. This native material he has worked so well is only so much less abundant. Among the characteristic excellences of Mr. Longfellow as a poet his fidelity to the established canons of versification I have already spoken of. I know the liberties great masters of thought may take and have taken with expression. I know the modern taste that considers conformity to the regularity of measurement, and the necessity of rhyme mere mechanical arts that degrade and enslave the mind. I am aware that Emerson, himself among the order of great poets, and lacking general appreciation by his lawlessness in conforming to the established rules of expression, has said:

"Not metres but a metre-making argument makes a poem, a thought so passionate and alive, that like the spirit of a plant or an animal, it has an architecture of its own and adorns nature with a new thing." I know the æsthetic craze that has ennobled the howling dervishes of song. I know the fashion that insists that the metreless epigrams of Walt



Whitman are noblest poetry, epigrams wherein the terse sententiousness of the proverb gives place to a stately grandiloquence, which the moment the music of the verse ceases, becomes ridiculous, just as on the stage a tender and pathetic passage is saved from being laughed at by an accompaniment of solemn music, that lifts the listener into the required mood.

But notwithstanding these eccentricities of taste, Emerson himself confessed, that he "recalled every good poem by its rhythm, and detected an unskillful writer by the poverty of his chimes." That art cannot be a mere conventional or childish one, which in all languages has charmed the human ear and stirred in the human soul the noblest enthusiasms and the most heroic actions, nor can that be a tawdry rhetorical trick unfit to hamper the wings of genius, which Homer and Dante, Milton and Goethe found to be such furtherance to the effectiveness and impressiveness of their grand speech.

Not a little of his fame Mr. Longfellow owes to the fact that he is a great artist in the construction of rhythm and rhyme. Kindred to his susceptibility to poetic influences, the product of a fervid and impressible imagination, there is in him a delicate sensitiveness to the music of language. I know of no writer, whose verse has this relish of melody and music, who has produced by the same kind of talent that makes a great singer, as it were by sleight of tongue, those effects of measured sequences of sounds, which less happily endowed writers have inadequately achieved by the studied arrangement of dactyls and spondees, all scanning correctly, but which some how will never sing themselves.

There are lyrical effects produced on the ear by some of his stanzas, wherein the rhymes and grand flow of the rhythm are as complete as in Milton's *Lycidas*, while the structure of the verse is better balanced and more symmetrical. Only Tennyson's earlier odes have the same delicate and facile grace.

Take this specimen from the "Quadroon Girl":

The slaver in the broad lagoon  
Lay moored with idle sail,  
He waited for the rising moon,  
And for the evening gale.

Under the shore his boat was tied,  
And all her listless crew  
Watched the gray alligator glide  
Into the still bayou.

Or this from the "Fire of Driftwood":

The windows rattling in their frames,  
The ocean roaring up the beach,  
The gusty blast, the bickering flames,  
All mingled vaguely in our speech.

But why select from volumes, that lie on every table, from songs read by the children of all English-speaking people, when from the earliest products of glowing youth, to the faithfully wrought creations of an age that gives no token of decay, all that he has written form one grand diapason of harmony, rich in the blending of varied melodies, and show with what a master's hand

He touched the tender stops of various quills  
With eager thoughts warbling his Doric lay.

To make this inadequate sketch of the genius of Longfellow less incomplete, let me in fine speak of the elevation, purity and lofty piety of all that he has written, wherein can be found, "no line which dying, he could wish to blot." Not in the slightest degree has he enlarged the license the generous world always permits to genius to excite a prurient taste or corrupt the heart by the delineation of unregulated passions, revelling in the glories of art or in the beauties of an unconventional society, embosomed in primitive nature, and amenable only to its laws. The loves of his heroes and heroines have been the pure domestic loves, out of which have grown the sanctities of

home, the pieties of the household, the orderly social life of man. He has been the preacher of faith in the midst of skepticism and doubt, of hope and trust, when it had become a fashion of the cultured world to regret the fortune of man and criticise the appointments of nature. For the manifest evils of life, brought to his susceptible heart by a sympathetic nature, and to his own experience by terrible visitations of sorrow, to vary the fortunes of a favored and happy life, his uniform lesson has been patience.

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions  
Not from the ground arise,  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise.

Be still sad heart, and cease repining;  
Behold the clouds the sun is shining;  
Thy fate is the common fate of all,  
Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and dreary.

In religion and all religions he has not only recognized with a poet's relish all that was picturesque in the grand cathedral, the chanted prayers by candle light, the dirges sung by the church over dead heroes, the lonely recluse in his cell meditating on death and God, the martyr to his faith sending his soul to heaven, upon the spires of flame that is consuming his flesh, but he has recognized as well the fundamental truth and power, that has been exercised in all religions to raise the souls of men from the fears, the infirmities and the sins, that beset the mortal life to peace, self-renunciation and submission to the Supreme order of the universe, while the catholicity of his faith he has himself well expressed in this his "Law of Life:"

Live I, so live I,  
To my Lord heartily,  
To my Prince faithfully,  
To my neighbor honestly;  
Die I, so die I.

Grateful for the service his long and industrious life has enabled him to do for his country and his age, we crown with our praise his noble work, and rejoice in the serenity and peace which a well-ordered mind can gather in age from the recollection of a well-spent life.

Letter from Hon. J. W. Bradbury

WASHINGTON, Feb. 25th, 1882.

DEAR SIR:—I sincerely regret that I cannot be with you at the meeting of the society in honor of our distinguished native author, and that I have not the opportunity in the midst of my occupations on my journey to the south, to say what I would like to have said on this interesting occasion.

We are all proud to recognize the fact that Longfellow has won a place in history; that his name is enrolled with the names of those who were not born to die; and it is peculiarly appropriate that a society devoted to historic research should avail itself of an occasion like the present in the city of his birth, to do honor to one who has reflected so much honor not only upon his native land but also upon the republic of letters throughout the world.

Let us send him our congratulations that he is spared by a kind Providence to receive on the 75th anniversary of his birth the testimonials of the love and veneration in which he is held by hosts of friends in the old world and the new.

I first knew Longfellow when I entered as a Sophomore in the class of which he was a member in 1822; and I like to think of him as I then knew him. His slight erect figure, delicate complexion, and intelligent expression of countenance come back to me indelibly associated with his name.

He was always a gentleman in his deportment and a model in his character and habits. For a year or more we had our rooms out of college and in the same vicinity, and I consequently



saw much more of him than of many others of our class. I recollect that at our Junior Exhibition a discussion upon the respective claims of the two races of men to this continent was assigned to Longfellow and myself. He had the character of King Phillip, and I of Miles Standish. He maintained that the continent was given by the Great Spirit to the Indians, and that the English were wrongful intruders. My reply, as nearly as I can recall it was, that the aborigines were claiming more than their equal share of the earth, and that the Great Spirit never intended that so few in number should hold the whole continent for hunting grounds, and that we had a right to a share of it to improve and cultivate. Whether this occurrence had anything to do in suggesting the subject for one of his admirable poems or not one thing is certain that he subsequently made a great deal more of Miles Standish than I did on that occasion.

As a scholar Longfellow always maintained a high rank in a class that contained such names as Hawthorne, Little, Cilley, Cheever, Abbott and others. Although he was supposed to be somewhat devoted to the muses, he never came to the recitation room unprepared with his lessons. Hawthorne on the contrary, shy and retiring in his habits, always appeared to be so much absorbed in his own thoughts, or occupied with one or the other of his special friends, Franklin Pierce or Horatio Bridge, that he paid little attention to preparation for the recitation room, and to us superficial observers, he did not give much promise that he was to place himself in the front rank of the best writers in the English language.

Cilley was a young man of great promise and possessed qualities that would have made him eminent in civil and military life, had he not been prematurely cut off at the commencement of his career.

At commencement Longfellow had one of the three English orations assigned to the class, Josiah S. Little from Portland having the valedictory which was the first in rank. At that time and for more than thirty years afterwards the English orations outranked the Latin in old Bowdoin. I allude to this fact to correct an error that occurred in a biographical notice of our worthy classmate Benson, in giving to him a rank he would never have claimed for himself, because he had the Latin salutatory at commencement.

I find that I must now close abruptly without adding anything more, or I shall fail to mail this letter of excuse in season to reach you. Please make my apology to the society for failing to furnish them with such a letter as they ought to have received, and believe me yours,

J. W. BRADBURY.

H. W. BRYANT, Esq.,  
Sec'y M. H. S.

## LONGFELLOW'S BIRTHDAY.

*February 27, 1882.*

When grateful thousands gladly celebrate  
The honor of a soul deservedly great,  
Too often some there be  
Silent amid the general eulogy;  
Envious of him whose fame they cannot reach,  
They stand aloof, and preach  
Of fortunate helps and lucky circumstance,  
Urging that blindfold chance  
Has given him a prominence and name  
Which else he could not claim.

But to the name which every lip to-day  
Speaks tenderly, and with a reverent pride,  
All yield admiring love, and gladly pay  
The heartfelt tribute granted few beside.

Our own sweet singer he,  
Born in the fair town "seated by the sea,"  
Which, though he dwells apart,  
Still holds its sacred place within his heart.

Not only does the city of his birth  
Rejoice to greet and claim  
Her dearest son,—to prize his well-earned fame,  
To celebrate his worth  
And glory in the fullness of his years,—  
But many a stranger heart his name reveres;  
Beyond the ocean's foam  
His songs are sung—his name has found a home.  
Lonesome amid the myriad hurrying feet  
Which throng the streets of foreign capitals,  
His homesiek countrymen rejoice to greet  
His printed name, and trace  
The well-known features of his pictured face  
Looking from strange and unfamiliar walls,  
And suddenly and sweetly bringing near  
Home, friends, and all the exiled heart holds dear.

The other summer day  
I walked the smooth-swept streets of Rotterdam—  
That picturesque and mapy-gabled town  
Whose very portals shine with cleanliness—  
Which holds for restless souls a nameless charm,

That words cannot express,  
For in its bounds there seem no griefs nor tears,  
Nor any cares to vex the human breast,  
But only soft content and slumberous rest;  
A city which despite its drowsy calm,  
Keeps sleepless watch of the perfidious sea

That for so many years  
Has labored day and night to drag it down;  
When, on a sudden, in a window-pane

I saw the poet's face,  
Whose serious eyes, defying time and space,  
And leagues of land and main,  
Made dear New England of the alien place,  
And gave me home again.

Then in a moment's space  
My thought went back to her—the fair young bride  
Whom long ago, amid the un-homelike ways

Of that strange foreign place,  
In the first blossom of her girlhood died;  
The "Being Beauteous" of his early days;  
How little did she guess the future truth  
That he, the husband of her blighted youth,

Who watched her failing breath,  
And whom she loved and trusted unto death,  
Would be beloved by thousands else, and known  
In many another land beside his own,—

That yet a little while,  
And the dear face by whose assuring smile  
Even death itself was shorn  
Of half its shadow—would be hailed with pride,  
Not only in the place where she was born  
But in the far strange city where she died.

Beloved and honored, thou  
Whose utterance made musical but now  
That half-despairing cry,  
The song of "those who are about to die,"  
With its one burden—"All is vanity,"

Thou wrongedst thyself and us  
And all who love thy name, by singing thus,  
Since there remains no death for such as thou  
Who livest in tender hearts immortally—  
Our poet, who for years on years will be  
As well-beloved as now;

The praise of nations is thy heritage,  
And on thy way attends  
All "that which should accompany old age,  
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,"  
And he whose name is dear from main to main  
Can not have lived in vain.

"Our poet" say we? No,  
Thou art the whole wide world's, and justly so;



No one small town or state  
Can claim possession of the good and great;  
Thy thoughts, which bless and brighten unknown  
ways

Cheering full many a heart  
That gropes from music and delight apart,—  
The high example of thy blameless days,—  
Thy genius, whose broad pinions are unfurled  
In clearer air than wraps our workday world,—  
And the uplifting spirit of thy song,  
To all humanity alike belong.

—ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

## HONORS TO THE POET.

### Enthusiastic Meeting of the Maine Historical Society.

#### Longfellow's Bust Crowned with Leaves from Deering's Oaks.

The interest in the exercises commemorating the 75th birthday of the Poet Longfellow was shared by every resident of this, his native city. The numerous flags and decorations seen in all parts of the city showed how general is the respect paid by Portland's citizens to her poet. And foreigners too, as well as Americans, acknowledge the spell of Longfellow's verse, for the Englishmen decorated their steamers to do honor to the day.

At an early hour in the evening, the library of the Historical Society was visited by many eager to see the relics of Longfellow's family and mementos of the poet himself. The following is a full list of the articles on exhibition:

Letter of Stephen Longfellow, of Newbury, born 1685, the blacksmith and ensign.

Letter of Stephen 2d, the schoolmaster, son of the above.

Letter of Stephen 3d, the judge, son of the above.

Letter of Stephen 4th, the statesman, son of the above and father of Henry, the poet.

The original letter of Parson Thomas Smith, inviting Stephen, the schoolmaster to visit Portland.

Silver tankard and silver porringer, marked "S. L. *ex dono Patris*," made in 1770.

Autograph letter of General Peleg Wadsworth.

Sabre presented by the citizens of Portland to Alexander Samuel Wadsworth.

Stereoscopic views of the house built by General Peleg Wadsworth in the town of Hiram, Maine, year 1800.

Silhouette portrait of General Peleg Wadsworth in 1784.

Portrait of Stephen Longfellow, the statesman, painted by King in Washington about the year 1826.

The 4th of July, 1804, oration, delivered by Longfellow, father of the poet, MS. and print.

A drawing of the Wadsworth-Longfellow house on Congress street as it stood when completed in 1785, then only two stories.

An autograph poem, entitled "Venice, an Italian song," one stanza, dated Portland Academy, March 17, 1820, and signed Henry W. Longfellow, written at the age of thirteen years.

The first printed books by Longfellow, Manuel de Proverbes Dramatiques, 1830: Coplas de Don Jorge Manrique, 1833; Outre-Mer, 1833.

The poetical works of Longfellow, two volumes quarto, splendidly illustrated and bound, loaned by the publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Sundry autograph poems of Longfellow.

Portrait of Henry W. Longfellow, painted by Badger in Brunswick, Me., about the year 1830.

Sketch of the village smithy at Cambridge, 1840, with the chestnut tree.

Photograph of the chair presented to the poet by the children of Cambridge in 1879, made from the wood of the chestnut tree near the village smithy.

Bust of Longfellow by Paul Akers.

The life size bust of the poet stood on the president's table, looking calmly towards the audience, filling the place of the absent man, whom they had assembled to honor. A curiosity among the mementos was the original draft of "Excelsior," from the library of Harvard college. The poem is written on the back of an old letter and the page is black with erasures and interlinear corrections. In some instances it is interesting to note the first word which entered the poet's mind, afterwards condemned and replaced by another. Several autograph letters were also shown, which will be of great interest a hundred years from now.

Before the hour for the meeting arrived the seats in the library were filled and many were not able to get into the room. Accordingly Reception hall was made ready and the exercises took place there.

Hon. W. G. Barrows of Brunswick, the vice president of the society, presided, in the absence of the president, Hon. J. W. Bradbury. Among the audience were Hon. Marshall Cram, Brunswick; Hon. Joseph Williamson, Belfast; Edward P. Burnham, Saco; E. E. Bourne, Kennebunk; S. L. Boardman, of the Home Farm, Augusta; Hon. Noah Woods and S. H. Blake of Bangor; Mrs. Mary L. Greenleaf of Cambridge, and Mrs. Anne L. Pierce of Portland, sisters of the poet; Alexander Longfellow, brother of the poet; William P. Longfellow of Boston, nephew of the poet.

Judge Barrows opened the meeting by an appropriate introductory address, which will be found elsewhere in this edition of the *Advertiser*, as well as the full text of all the other papers which were read during the evening.

On motion of E. H. Elwell, Esq., the following telegram was sent to Professor Longfellow:

Portland, Feb. 27.

To H. W. LONGFELLOW, Cambridge, Mass:  
The members of the Maine Historical Society, assembled with friends in honor of your 75th birthday, send greetings and congratulations.

H. W. BRYANT, Recording Secretary.

Later in the evening the following reply was read:



Cambridge, Feb. 27.

H. W. BRYANT, Recording Secretary Maine  
Historical Society, Portland, Me;

Your telegram received I return cordial thanks  
to the members of the society, and am grateful for  
this signal mark of their remembrance and re-  
gard.

HENRY W, LONGFELLOW.

James W. Baxter read a poem composed for  
the occasion, entitled "Laus Laureati." At  
the conclusion, amid long continued applause  
from the audience, he placed a crown of oak  
leaves gathered from "Deering's woods, fresh  
and fair," upon the bust of Longfellow.

Papers were then read by Rev. H. S. Bur-  
rage of Portland on "Longfellow and his  
Paternal Ancestry;" Hon. William Goold of  
Windham, on "General Peleg Wadsworth;"  
E. H. Elwell, Esq., of Portland, on "The  
Portland of Longfellow's Youth;" Professor  
A. S. Packard, D. D., of Brunswick, on  
"Longfellow as Student and Professor at  
Bowdoin college;" Hon. George F. Talbot of  
Portland on "The Genius of Longfellow."

Letters received from Hon. James W.  
Bradbury of Augusta, president of the soci-  
ety; from Israel Washburn, Jr., enclosing a  
poem; from Prof. John S. Sewall of Bangor,  
and from Henry W. Longfellow, were not  
read, owing to the lateness of the hour.  
Mr. Longfellow's letter was simply a note to  
his classmate, the president of the society re-  
gretting his inability to be present. Mr.  
Bradbury's letter is appended to the detailed  
report elsewhere.

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## Portland Advertiser.

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### THIRD EDITION.

FIVE O'CLOCK.

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TUESDAY.....February 28, 1882

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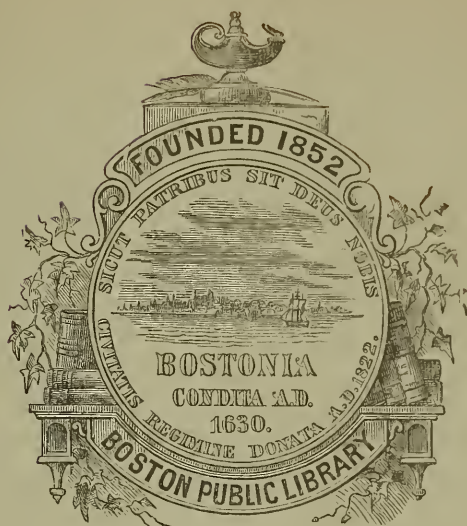
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REVISED BY .....

## MEMORANDA.



PAMPHLETS.

*James Russell Lowell.*

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*Harper's mag. v. 62. No. 368.*





CHRISTMAS EVE — A CEREMONY

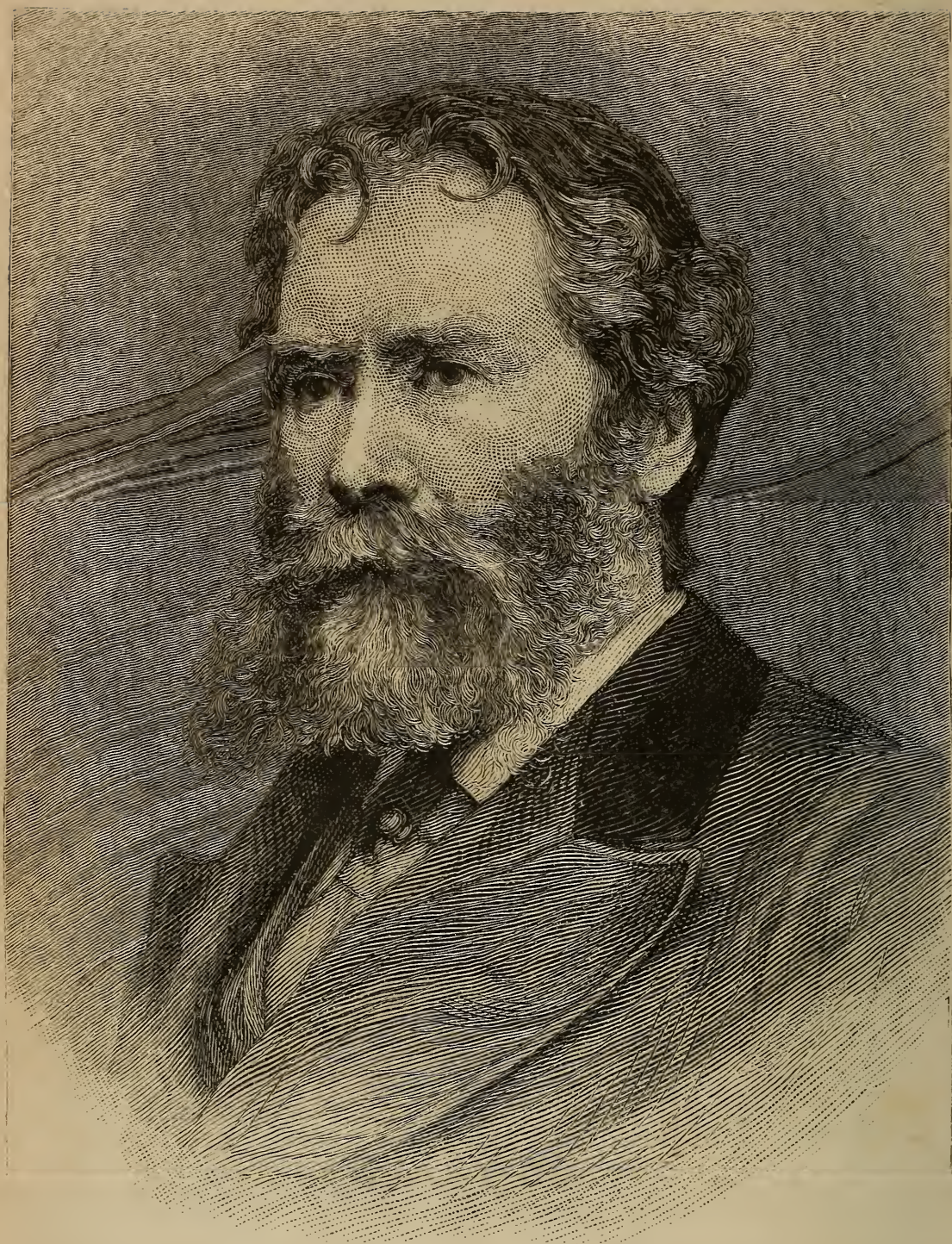


Come, guard this night, and guard me  
 That I may not see the  
 Yet the night is not yet  
 To see it.

From him, who all alone here  
 Flaring his eye full in his care  
 And a death of roughly flare  
 To watch it.

R. HERRICK





JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

**T**HE Lowells are descended from Percival Lowell, of Bristol, England, who settled in Newbury, Massachusetts, in 1639. In the ancient records of the colony the name is written Lowle. The family has been distinguished in every generation. Francis Cabot Lowell, for whom the city of Lowell was named, was among the first to perceive that the wealth of New England was to come from manufac-

tures. His son, John Lowell, Jun., who died at the age of thirty-seven, left a bequest of \$250,000 to establish the Lowell Institute, in Boston. The father of the poet was Dr. Charles Lowell, an eminent clergyman (1782-1861); his grandfather, John Lowell (1743-1802), was an eminent judge, and the author of the section in the Bill of Rights by which slavery was abolished in Massachusetts.



Dr. Charles Lowell married Harriet Spence, a native of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, belonging to a Scotch family, descended, according to tradition, from the Sir Patrick Spens of the well-known ballad. The mother of Harriet Spence was named Traill, a native of one of the Orkneys. Mrs. Harriet Spence Lowell had a great memory, an extraordinary aptitude for languages, and a passionate fondness for ancient songs and ballads. She had five children: Charles, Robert (the Rev. Robert Traill Spence Lowell, an author and poet), Mary Lowell Putnam (a

Elmwood, though not very ancient, has an interesting history. The house was built by Peter Oliver, who was stamp-distributor just before the outbreak of the Revolution. It will be remembered that, being waited upon by a Boston committee "of about four thousand," and requested to resign his obnoxious office, Oliver hurriedly complied, and shortly after left the country. The house was next occupied by Elbridge Gerry, an eminent man in his day, from whose crooked plan of districting, the political term "gerrymandering" was derived. After his death it became



HOME OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

lady of singular ability and learning), Rebecca, and James Russell, the subject of this sketch, who was the youngest, born February 22, 1819. The children were nurtured with romances and minstrelsy. The old songs were sung over their cradles, and repeated in early school-days, until poetic lore and taste—foreign grafts in many minds—were as natural to them as the bodily senses.

It seldom happens in this country that a lifetime is passed without change of residence; but, except during his visits abroad, Lowell has always lived in the house in which he was born.

the property of Dr. Lowell, about a year before the birth of the poet. It is of wood, three stories high, and stands on the baseline of a triangle of which the apex reaches nearly to the gate of Mount Auburn Cemetery. The ample grounds have an abundant growth of trees, most of them planted by the prudent doctor as a screen from the winds. There are a few native elms, but those which give the name to the estate are English, sturdy as oaks, standing in front of the house. In front, also, are large and beautiful ash-trees.

In the deep space at the rear there is perfect seclusion: it seems like the still-



ness of the woods. The slopes of Mount Auburn, beautiful with native growths, are separated only by a narrow street. Dwellings are not numerous or near. All

During the lifetime of his father the poet occupied as a study the west front room in the upper story. The distant view from the study windows is broad

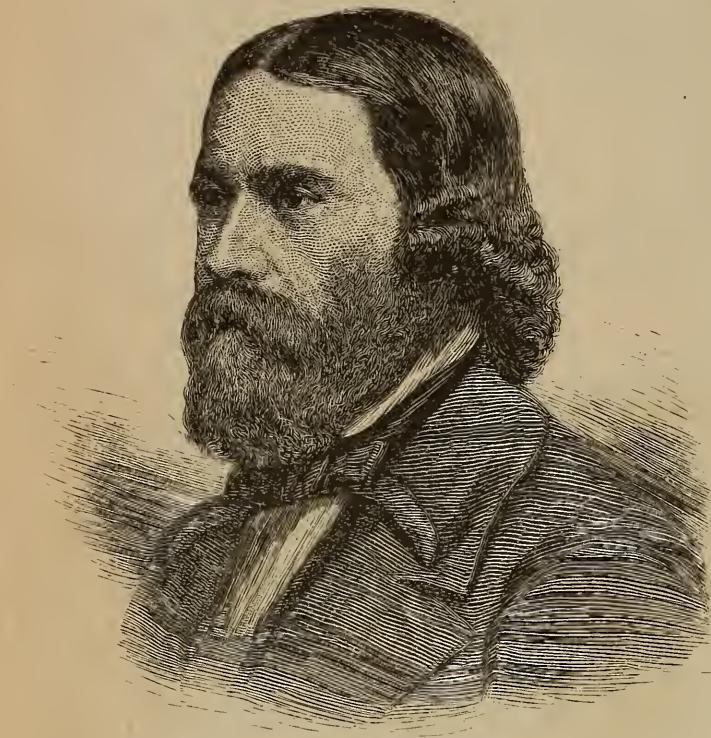
and panoramic, comprising portions of Brighton, Brookline, and Roxbury, and ending on the left with the dome of the State-House in Boston. The nearer view, over the neighboring lawns, includes the Charles and the marshes. The sluggish river winds through tracts of salt-meadow, now approaching camps of meditative willows, now creeping under "caterpillar bridges," and now turning away from terraced villas and turfy promontories. In summer the long coils of silver are set in a ground of green that is vivid and tremulous, like watered silk; in autumn the grasses are richly mottled purple, sage, and brown; and the play of sunlight and shadow, while the winds are brushing the velvet this way and that, gives an inimitable life to the picture.

This study contained about a

thousand volumes of books, a few classic engravings, water-color paintings by Stillman, Roman photographs, a table with papers and letters in confusion, and a choice collection of pipes. Over the mantel was a panel, venerable and smoky, that had been brought from the house of one of the ancient Lowells in Newbury, on which was painted a group of clergymen, in their robes, wigs, and bands, seated about a table, each enjoying a long clay pipe. On an arch above an alcove was this legend in Latin: "In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity." This picture, though scarcely a work of art, is interesting for the light it throws upon the social customs of the clergy of the last century. This room was for many years the delightful resort of a few friends, especially on Sunday afternoons.

After the death of Dr. Lowell the libraries were brought together in two connected rooms on the lower floor. The new study was more spacious and convenient, but the precious associations and the beautiful outlook belonged to the upper chamber.

The house throughout was a study of



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, IN HIS THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

around the inclosure a gigantic hedge stands like a jagged silhouette against the sky. This lofty hedge is made up of a great variety of trees: it bristles with points of tufted pines; it is set at mid-height with thrifty and elbowing willows and dense horse-chestnuts; and beneath, it is filled in with masses of shrubs. In the area are broad grassy levels, with a few pear and apple trees, and nearer the house are younger pines, elms, firs, clumps of lilacs, syringas, fleur-de-lis, gorgeous rugs of striped grass, and other ornamental growths disdained by modern gardeners, but immortal in the calendars of poets.

Elmwood is full of birds—robins and their homelier cousins, the brown thrushes, swallows, bluebirds, flaming orioles, yellow-birds, wrens, and sparrows. The leafy coverts are inviolate, and some of the tenants, even the migratory robins, keep house the year round. All are perfectly at home, and they appear to sing all day. On summer evenings, after the chatter of the sparrows has ceased, and the robins have sung for curfew, you may hear the *pée-ad* of night-hawks, and the screams of herons and other aquatic birds, as they fly over from the neighboring waters.



the picturesque. In the hall were ancestral portraits (one bearing the date of 1582), busts of Dr. Charles Lowell and his father, a stately Dutch clock, and Page's Titianesque portraits of the poet and his wife in their youthful days. The prevailing tone of the rooms was sombre, but the furniture was antique, solid, and richly carved, such as would make a covetous virtuoso unhappy for life. Books were everywhere, mostly well-chosen standard works in various languages, including a liberal proportion of plays and romances.

The nearest neighbor to Elmwood in 1825 was William Wells, who kept a boys' school, and from him the poet got most of his early education; he was for a time, however, pupil of a Mr. Ingraham, who had a classical school in Boston. Mr. Wells was a thoroughly educated Englishman, who had been a member of a publishing house in Boston—Wells and Lily.

Lowell entered Harvard College in his sixteenth year, and was graduated in 1838. Among his classmates and friends were—Charles Devens, a general in our late war, afterward a Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and now the Attorney-General of the United States; Rev. Rufus Ellis; the late Professor Nathan Hale; Hon. George B. Loring, M. C.; William W. Story, the sculptor and poet; Rev. J. I. T. Coolidge; Professor W. P. Atkinson; and others less known to fame. The Rev. E. E. Hale was in the class following.

His rank in scholarship was not a matter of pride. He has been used to say that he read almost everything—*except* the text-books prescribed by the faculty. To certain branches of study, especially to mathematics, he had an invincible repugnance; and his degree was perhaps a tribute to his known ability, bestowed as an incentive to future diligence, and partly in deference to his honored father. His vast and multifarious reading was the efficient fertilization of his mind. Learning, in its higher sense, came later. His was the nurture of Cervantes, Boccaccio, Spenser, and Shakspeare. Though eminent and able in many ways, Lowell re-

mains absolutely a poet in feeling. His native genius was fostered by the associations of a singularly beautiful home: it was nourished by the works of the dramatists—masters of emotion and expression—by the ideal pictures of poets and novelists, and by the tender solemnity of the discourses of his father, and of Channing and others of his father's friends. Nature and the early surroundings had been



BEAVER BROOK.—[SEE PAGE 262.]

alike favorable; and though he was not a rhyming prodigy like Pope, lisping in numbers, his first effusions, as he came to manhood, were in poetic form.

After leaving college, Lowell entered the law school, and having finished the prescribed course, took his degree of LL.B. in 1840. He opened an office in Boston, but it does not appear that he ever seriously engaged in the practice of law. The Rev. Mr. Hale says that his





THE WAVERLEY OAKS.—[SEE PAGE 262.]

brilliant future was prefigured in his youth—that his original genius was evident from the first.

A little before his twenty-second birthday he published a small volume of poems, entitled *A Year's Life*. The motto was

from Goethe: *Ich habe gelebt und geliebet*; concerning which it may be said that most young men appear to have reached the maturity of having “lived and loved” at a comparatively early period. The poems are naturally upon the subject that

inspires youths of one-and-twenty; and though they do not appear in the author's “complete” collection, they are worthy of consideration. They bear a favorable comparison with the “Hours of Idleness” and other first-fruits of genius. The unnamed lady who is celebrated in the poet's verse, and who afterward became his wife, was Miss Maria White, a person of delicate and spiritual beauty, refined in taste, sympathetic in nature, and the author of several exquisite poems. Notwithstanding the recollections of *A Year's Life* have been set aside by the severe judgment of the poet, the student will discover in them many intimations of the genius that shone out more clearly in later days.



WHEEL OF THE OLD MILL ON BEAVER BROOK.—[SEE PAGE 262.]



In the domain of letters, dead magazines are the ruins, if wrecked air castles ever leave any ruins behind. Nearly every author has at some time felt a shock at the downfall of his castle, and happy is he who is not crushed thereby. In Lowell's case the name of the periodical was the *Pioneer*. He was associated in the editorship with Robert Carter, of whom mention is made further on. The *Pioneer* survived but three months. Lowell's chief contributions were some articles upon song-writers. Previous to this he had written some very striking literary essays for the Boston *Miscellany*, conducted by his classmate and intimate friend Nathan Hale.

About three years after *A Year's Life*, another volume of poems appeared, well known to readers of to-day. The "Legend of Brittany" and "Prometheus" are the longest, but the most popular are "Rhoecus," "The Shepherd of King Admetus," "To Perdita Singing," "The Forlorn," "The Heritage," "A Parable," etc.

The matter and the manner of this volume were new, and not wholly pleasing to the public of 1844. As we look back, and consider the taste of that public, we can not indulge in any great pride. There were a few names held in honor then that are still more honored now. Longfellow was in the first flush of well-won fame. Men had begun to name him in the same breath with Bryant, the recognized chief of the bards. Holmes was thought to be a witty young man of considerable promise; Whittier to be prostituting his Muse in the service of fanatics. His lyrics had some fire, but an Abolitionist could not be a poet. The retributive tar kettle would befit him rather than the exhilarating tripod. Pierpont's odes were shouted by school-boys, and the din of the rhymes on Public Saturdays was like the riveting of steam-boilers. Poe was as supreme a magician as Prospero; Halleck was the American Campbell. John Neal and Richard H. Dana were great poets, and were sure some day to do something worthy of their fame. "Woodman, Spare that Tree," "The Old Oaken Bucket," and "Home, Sweet Home," had filled the national cup of glory full. Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Hale, Miss Gould, and Mrs. Welby were quoted with Mrs. Barbauld and Mrs. Hemans. Philadelphia editors were the final arbiters in criticism; and their magazines, in which music strove with milli-

nery, and poetry was entangled with crocheted-work, and plates were fine enough for perfumery labels, represented a power and influence which the sober *Atlantic* and the versatile *Harper* have never since wielded. Poems admitted into those elegant repositories of the arts were already classic. The revolution in letters had not then begun.

In Lowell's verse there was something of Wordsworth's simplicity, something of Tennyson's sweetness and musical flow, and something more of the manly earnestness of the Elizabethan poets. But the resemblances were external; the individuality of the poet was clear. The obvious characteristic of the poems is their high religious spirit. It is not a mild and passive morality that we perceive, but the aggressive force of primitive Christianity.

There are several of the poems in this collection which now seem prophetic. They were bold utterances at the time, and were doubtless considered as the wild rhapsodies of a harmless enthusiast. The ode beginning,

"In the old days of awe and keen-eyed wonder,  
The Poet's song with blood-warm truth was rife,"

may be regarded as a confession of faith. In force of thought and depth of feeling, and in the energy of its rhythmic movement, it is a remarkable production, whether for a poet of twenty-five or older. He decries the bards who seek merely to amuse, and deplores their indifference to human welfare.

"Proprieties our silken bards environ:

He who would be the tongue of this wide land  
Must string his harp with chords of sturdy iron,  
And strike it with a toil-embrown'd hand."

This stirring ode was a fit prelude to the part our poet was to perform. If there were any doubt as to the application, the grand sonnet to Wendell Phillips in the same volume gives it emphasis.

There are poets whose verse has no relation to time. "Drink to me only with thine eyes" might have been sung by any lyrist from King Solomon to Algernon Swinburne. Others, like Dante, Milton, Marvell, and Dryden, who live in times when strong tides of feeling are surging to and fro, when vital principles are in controversy, and the fate of a people hangs upon the sharp decision of the hour, find themselves, whether they would or no, in the place of actors—at once causes and products of the turmoil in which they are born.



Probably there were never greater changes in the principles, training, habits, tastes, and welfare of any civilized people than were brought about in the Northern States during the fifty years from the date of the poet's birth. This appears at first sight an unnecessarily strong statement, but it will bear scrutiny. That half-century witnessed the astounding changes which followed the application of steam, electricity, and the arts to practical affairs. In the same period the bulk of all our literature was produced, and the press, too, became a power before unknown in this or any country. Legislation and jurisprudence were lifted into the light of morals. Organized benevolence, taking upon itself the burdens of society, began to make the golden rule an active principle in human affairs. In fifty years the United States had outrun the usual progress of centuries.

The function of the critic, as Mr. Stedman has pointed out, is to anticipate the solid and dispassionate judgment of posterity upon the works of to-day—a task sufficiently difficult, for the critic himself may be enslaved by the literary fashions which he ought to resist and deplore. No one can say what may be the standard of taste a century hence, for it can not be known what direction it will receive from some unborn master-spirit who will dominate his age. But in regard to the fundamental laws of ethics there can not be any retrogressive movement: so much is sure.

And to a man in the twentieth century, looking back, what will appear the great fact of our time? Indubitably the abolition of African slavery. It is the most important event since the discovery of America. Yet the time has been when such an opinion would not have been tolerated in polite society. Like its kindred oppressions, monarchy and aristocracy (for which tardy Fate is preparing a similar bloody overthrow), slavery was adorned by the fictile graces of romance and the false glamour of poesy. The antislavery movement is still called an *ism* by those who see no deeper than the surface of things. But it was such an *ism* as Christianity, or democracy, or human brotherhood.

The position of Lowell was fixed from the beginning. The teachings of Channing and of his father, the example of his illustrious grandfather, and the nobility

of his own nature, all pointed in one direction. He was an abolitionist when the name signified a fanatic and fool. He did not, however, continue long with the destructive theorists like Garrison, but joined with those who meant to extirpate the evil by legal means within the Constitution. The sincerity and the unflinching zeal of the antislavery leaders are not to be questioned, but in the nature of things they were scarcely entertaining.

It is noticeable that in the first two volumes of Lowell's poems there is not a single witticism, nor a hint of the comic power that was to place him among the first of humorists and satirists. In his *Conversations on the Poets*, now out of print and scarce, there are many keen strokes and ludicrous comparisons, like those in later books with which the public has become familiar. In the *Conversations*, we see more of the natural man; in the early poems, we see the decorous bard in the proprieties of ceremonial robes. One might believe that the brilliant railery which Lowell afterward turned upon the supporters of slavery had its origin in a reaction from the monotonous oratory of some of his associates.

The Mexican war was in progress, and the Abolitionists declared (what is now accepted as the truth of history) that it was waged to obtain new territory for the extension of slavery, and thereby to counterbalance the growing power of the Northern States. President Polk had been elected to carry out the scheme. The appeal was to Congress, through the conscience of the nation, to stop the supplies.

Mr. Lowell wrote a letter to the *Boston Courier*, purporting to come from Ezekiel Biglow, inclosing a poem in the Yankee dialect, written by his son Hosea, in which the efforts to raise volunteers in Boston were held up to scorn:

"Thrash away! you'll hev to rattle  
On them kittle-drums o' yourn;  
'Tain't a knowin' kind of cattle  
That is ketched with mouldy corn."

Society was puzzled. Critics turned the homely quatrains over with their claws as kittens do beetles, and doubted. Politicians thought them vulgar. Reverend gentlemen, who had not been shocked at the auction of "God's images in ebony," considered the poet blasphemous. For the first time in the history of the movement the laugh was on the side of the reformers. The peculiarities of some of the more ec-



centric had furnished the wags heretofore with material for abundant gibes. The long curls of Absalom Burleigh, the sledge-hammer action of Henry C. Wright (perhaps the original of Hawthorne's Hollingsworth?), the white woollen garments, patriarchal beard, and other-world looks of Father Lamson, and the pertinacity of the meek lunatic Abby Folsom, had made every meeting of the New England Antislavery Society as rare a show for the baser sort as a circus or a negro concert. Now the leading men in church and state were stung by pestilent arrows. The unanswerable arguments of Garrison, and the magnificent invectives which Wendell Phillips had hurled at well-dressed mobs, were now supplemented by the homeliest of proverbial phrases, set to the airiest lilting rhythm, adorned with the choicest and most effective slang, and tingling with the free spirit that had animated a line of fighting Puritans since the time of Naseby. The antislavery music was in the air, and everybody had to hear it.

The more cultivated of the abolitionists were in ecstasies. Some, however, did not quite understand the levity of tone. When Charles Sumner saw the first Biglow poem in the *Courier* he exclaimed to a friend: "This Yankee poet has the true spirit. He puts the case admirably. I wish, however, he could have used good English."

Hosea Biglow kept up the warfare, and each poem was furnished with a preface and notes by an imaginary Parson Wilbur. First a Mexican war recruit gave his amusing experiences from the field. Then came "What Mr. Robinson Thinks." This tickled the public amazingly, and

"John P.

Robinson he

Sez he wunt vote for Guvener B."

was in every one's mouth, like the "What, never?" of *Pinafore*.

Mr. Robinson was a refined and studious man, unhappily on the wrong side of a moral question, and was not a little annoyed by his "bad eminence"; but he is preserved in the Biglow amber like an ante-Pharaonic fly. He went abroad, perhaps to get out of hearing, but as soon as he landed at Liverpool and got to his hotel, he heard a child in an adjoining room idly singing. He listened. Yes, it was true; the detested refrain had got across the ocean. It was

"John P.

Robinson he"

that the baby-ruffian was trolling. He sailed to the Mediterranean, and stopped at Malta. While looking at the ruins of the works of the Templars, he observed a party of English not far distant, and presently another infantile voice sang,

"But John P.

Robinson he

Sez they didn't know everythin' down in Judee."

About this time Dr. Palfrey, the historian, then an able and eloquent member of Congress, had refused to vote for Mr. Winthrop, the Whig candidate for Speaker. Hosea Biglow gave expression to the party wrath in a burlesque version of a speech supposed to have been delivered at an indignation-meeting in State Street. This was the opening:

"No? Hez he? He hain't, though? Wut? voted agin him?

Ef the bird of our country could ketch him, she'd skin him."

"A Debate in the Sennit, sot to a Nusry Rhyme," followed; then "The Pious Editor's Creed," and a burlesque of General Taylor's letter accepting the nomination for the Presidency. The most musical, adroit, and effective of the series was the second letter from Birdofredum Sawin, the Mexican volunteer. He had been sadly mutilated and ill-treated and disillusioned. He had imagined Mexico as a country

"Ware propaty growed up like time, without no cultivation,

An' gold was dug ez taters be, among our Yankee nation—

Ware nateral advantages were puffically amazin'—  
Ware every rock there waz about, with precious stuns was blazin'—

Ware mill sites filled the country up ez thick ez you could cram 'em,

An' desput rivers run about a-beggin' folks to dam 'em."

The volunteer finally descants upon his own rare merits and available qualities, and offers himself as a candidate for President under the sobriquet of "The One-eyed Slarterer." In a third letter, the last of the first series, Mr. Sawin withdraws in favor of Ol' Zack.

The poems were finally gathered into a volume, which in comic completeness is without a parallel. The "work" begins with "Notices of the Press," which are delightful travesties of the perfunctory style both of "soft-soaping" and of "cutting up." There happening to be a vacant page, the space was filled off-hand by the first sketch of "Zekel's Courtship":



"Zekel crep' up quite unbeknown,  
An' peeked in thru the winder,  
An' thare sot Huldy all alone,  
With no one nigh to hender."

This is the most genuine of our native idyls. It affects one like coming upon a new and quaint blossoming orchid, or hearing Schumann's "Einsame Blume." Its appearance in the *Biglow Papers* was purely an accident; but it had the air of being an extract, and it was so greatly admired that the poet afterward added new stanzas to fill out the picture. In the original sketch there were six stanzas; there are now twenty-four.

The title itself is a travesty, reminding one of the days of black-letter quartos. The head-line is "MELIBŒUS HIPPO-NAX," as much as to say, "This is a horse-eclogue." A note informs us of the position of Mr. Wilbur in the learned world, and refers us to some scores of (imaginary) societies to which he belongs. The introduction gives some account of the poet, Hosea Biglow, and quotes specimens of his serious verse.

The notes and comments of the grave and erudite parson are difficult to characterize. One sees that he is professionally solemn and pedantic, and often ridiculous in adhering to obsolete modes of spelling and to old-fashioned ways. In every page there are striking thoughts, as well as a profusion of imagery and an affluence of learning; but there is also a quaint flavor of antiquity, as if the honey of his periods had been gathered from the flowers of Jeremy Taylor, Sir Thomas Brown, and holy George Herbert. Nothing finer or more characteristic is to be found in any of Lowell's varied and splendid writings.

The *Biglow Papers* end appropriately with a comic glossary and index. It must be repeated, by way of emphasis, that from the first fly-leaf to the colophon this is the only complete and perfect piece of grotesque comedy in existence.

As the Yankee peculiarities of the *Biglow Papers* are evidently fresh studies, it might appear strange that they could be wrought out by a resident of Cambridge. For that city, though rural, is not in the least rustic. The primeval Yankee has become scarce everywhere; he is hardly obtainable as a rare specimen; he is a tradition, like the aurochs or the great bustard; he and his bucolic manners and speech are utterly gone. There is not the echo of a *haöw* in any of the pretentious

Italian villas, nor even the heavy-timbered mansions like that of Lowell's friend G. N., dating from 1656. Oxen are as strange as camels, and if there were a milkmaid to be found, her hands would smell of mille-fleurs or patchouli. As soon expect the return of Jacob and Rachel as to see again the originals of the poet's Zekel and Huldy. The old town as it was in Lowell's boyhood is sketched with rare humor and fine touches in an article by him published in *Putnam's Monthly* in 1853, entitled "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago."

This charming essay, brimming with feeling, and full of the graces that delight cultivated readers, shows Lowell himself, in his early maturity, in the most striking way. Later essays may be more profound, but none of them are so full of the sunshine of the heart. In this masterly picture we see a country village, silent and rural. There are old houses around the bare common, "and old women, capped and spectacled, still peered through the same windows from which they had watched Lord Percy's artillery rumble by to Lexington." One coach sufficed for the travel to Boston. It was "sweet Auburn" then, a beautiful woodland, and not a great cemetery. The "Old Road" from the square led to it, bending past Elmwood. Cambridgeport was then a "huckleberry pastur'," having a large settlement of old-fashioned taverns with vast barns and yards on the eastern verge. "Great white-topped wagons, each drawn by double files of six or eight horses, with its dusty bucket swinging from the hinder axle, and its grim bull-dog trotting silent underneath,.....brought all the wares and products of the country to Boston. These filled the inn yards, or were ranged side by side under broad-roofed sheds, and far into the night the mirth of the lusty drivers clamored from the red-curtained bar-room, while the single lantern swaying to and fro in the black cavern of the stables made a Rembrandt of the group of hostlers and horses below."

Commencement was the great day, to which the Governor came in state, with military escort. The annual muster of the militia, which took place sometimes at Cambridge and sometimes in other neighboring towns, brought together all the boys of the county to see the various shows, and the hilarious sport called a "Cornwallis."

The provincial tone was evident. You



have only to talk with an old Bostonian even now to see how it was. But the main thing was that up to 1830 the manners and speech of ordinary folk were those of the seventeenth century. The rustic Yankee was then a fact. In fifty years, by the aid of steam and electricity, Boston became a modern city, on equal terms with the Old World, a centre of itself, and Cambridge was developed into a highly cultivated suburb. The rusticity was gone. The changes of two hundred years went by in a lifetime.

Recalling old Cambridge by the aid of Lowell's reminiscences, we see how the vernacular idioms and the humorous peculiarities of the people are so naturally reproduced in his comic verse.

Mr. Lowell was married December 26, 1844. His domestic life at Elmwood, like the "peace that passeth understanding," could be described only in simile. It was ideally beautiful. And nothing was wanting to perfect happiness but the sense of permanence. Mrs. Lowell was never very strong, and her ethereal beauty seemed too delicate for the climate of New England. Children were born to them, but all died in infancy excepting a daughter (now Mrs. Edward Burnett). Friends of the poet who were admitted to the study in the upper chamber remember the pairs of baby shoes that hung over a picture-frame. From the shoes out through the west window to the resting-place of the dear little feet in Mount Auburn there was but a glance—a tender, mournful association, full of unavailing grief, but never expressed in words. Poems written in this period show the depth of parental feeling. Readers remember "The Changeling," and "She came and went:"

"As a twig trembles which a bird  
Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent,  
So is my memory thrilled and stirred:  
I only know she came and went."

Mrs. Lowell, as has been mentioned, was a writer of sweet and beautiful verse. One of her poems, "The Alpine Sheep," addressed to a sorrowful mother, was suggested by her own bereavement.

Mr. and Mrs. Lowell went to Europe in a sailing vessel in the summer of 1851, and spent a year, visiting Switzerland, France, and England, but living for the most part in Italy. They returned in the autumn of 1852. Mrs. Lowell was slowly, almost imperceptibly, declining. Her fine powers were almost spiritualized, and

the loveliness of her nature suffered no change by disease. The end came in October, 1853, when like a breath her soul was exhaled.

On the day of Mrs. Lowell's death a child was born to Mr. Longfellow, and his poem "The Two Angels"—perhaps as perfect a specimen of his genius as can be cited—will remain forever as a most touching expression of sympathy:

"'Twas at thy door, O friend, and not at mine,  
The angel with the amaranthine wreath,  
Pausing, descended, and with voice divine  
Whispered a word that had a sound like Death.

"Then fell upon the house a sudden gloom,  
A shadow on those features fair and thin,  
And softly, from that hushed and darkened room,  
Two angels issued, where but one went in."

Mrs. Lowell's poems were collected and privately printed in a memorial volume, with a photograph from Page's portrait; many of them have been widely copied, and have become a part of our literature.

After the brilliant success of the *Biglow Papers*, it might have been supposed that Lowell would have continued to produce comic verses; but it would seem that he had not been satisfied with his early serious poetry, and was conscious of the power of accomplishing better results. His next important effort was "The Vision of Sir Launfal"—a noble poem, full of natural beauty, and animated by high Christian feeling. This was composed in a kind of fury, substantially as it now appears, in the space of about forty-eight hours, during which time the poet scarcely ate or slept. It was almost an improvisation, and its effect upon the reader is like that of the outburst of an inspired singer. The effect upon the public was immediate and powerful; the poem needed no herald nor interpreter.

About the same period came "The Present Crisis"—an ardent poem, in a high prophetic strain, and in strongly sonorous measure. This has been often quoted by public speakers, and many of its lines are as familiar as the most trenchant of the Proverbs:

"By the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding  
feet I track."

"Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on  
the throne."

"Then to side with Truth is noble when we share  
her wretched crust."

"For Humanity sweeps onward: where to-day the  
martyr stands,

On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in  
his hands."



But the whole poem is a Giant's-Causeway group of columnar verses. It is a pity to pry out specimens; they stand better together.

Mention should be made of "Ambrose," a beautiful legend with a lesson of toleration; of "The Dandelion" and "The Birch-Tree," both charming pictures, and already hung in the gallery of fame; and of "An Interview with Miles Standish," a strong piece of portraiture, with a political moral.

But of the poems of this period, the most artistic is "Beaver Brook." There is no finer specimen of an ideal landscape in modern verse—a specimen rich enough in its suggestions to serve as an object lesson upon the poetic art. Beaver Brook, whose valley was a favorite haunt of the poet, is a small stream in the present limits of the town of Belmont, a few miles from Elmwood, not far from Waverley Station. The mill exists no longer, but one of the foundation walls makes a frame on one side for the pretty cascade of

"Armfuls of diamond and of pearl"

that descends into the "valley's cup." The wheel fell in 1876. Our engraving on page 255 is from a picture furnished by Mr. Handyside, near whose house the brook flows. Not far below is a pasture, in which are the well-known Waverley Oaks, the only group of aboriginal trees, probably, standing on the Massachusetts coast. If a bull be permitted, the largest of the oaks is an elm, now unhappily dying at the roots. This tree has a straight-out spread of one hundred and twenty feet—sixty feet from the giant trunk each way. The oaks are seven or eight in number, as like as so many stout brothers, planted on sloping dunes west of the brook. They have a human, resolute air. Their great arms look as if ready to "hit out from the shoulder." Elms have their graceful ways, willows their pensive attitudes, firs their loneliness, but the aboriginal oaks express the strength and the rugged endurance of nature.

Mr. Lowell's next venture was again in the field of satire. "A Fable for Critics"—

"A Glance at a Few of our Literary Progenies  
(Mrs. Malaprop's word) from the tub of Diogenes"

was

"Set forth in October the thirty-first day,  
In the year '48, G. P. Putnam, Broadway."

As one looks back—for 1848, though it

seems but yesterday to some of us, was really a great while ago—one hardly knows whether to be more amazed at the audacity or the brilliancy of this elaborate *jeu d'esprit*.

To bring up the representative authors of a vain and touchy people for censure was an undertaking of some difficulty and delicacy. But when allowance is made for the humorous and sportive tone of the "Fable," and we get at the real critical opinions, either singly or in mass, it is surprising to see how the poet anticipated the taste of the coming generation, and how sound and appreciative, according to present standards, his judgments are. Naturally there may be undue warmth here, and a shade of coolness there, but there is a general equity and candor. It will be found hereafter that Lowell's Apollo was perhaps more generous than severe in his comments upon the literary procession.

The "Fable" is as full of puns as a pudding of plums. The good ones are the best of their kind, strung together like beads, and the bad ones are so "atrocious" as to be quite as amusing. The successive pages seem like a series of portraits done by an artist who knows how to seize upon the strong points of likeness, and avoid caricature; and that is to produce living pictures in the style of the masters.

The "Fable" appeared anonymously, but such a secret could not be kept. When people had time to think about it, it was evident that no other American could have written it. No poem of the kind in the language equals it in the two aspects of vivid genius and riotous fun. The "Fable" careers like an ice-boat. Breezes fill the light sails as if toying with them; but the course is like lightning, and every movement answers to the touch of the helm.

In 1849 Mr. Lowell's poems were collected in two volumes. "The Biglow Papers," "A Fable for Critics," and "A Year's Life" were not included. In 1853, and for some years afterward, he was a frequent contributor to *Putnam's Monthly*, conducted by George William Curtis and Charles F. Briggs. Some of his finest productions, both in prose and verse, appeared in that brilliant periodical. In the winter of 1854-55 he delivered a course of twelve lectures on English poetry in the Lowell Institute. The lectures made a deep impression upon cultivated audi-



tors, and full reports of them were printed in the Boston *Advertiser*.

It is probable that by this time our poet had begun to think of some connection with the university. The illustrious professor of *belles-lettres*, it was known, desired to retire from the chair, and public opinion pointed to Lowell as a proper person for his successor. In the summer of 1855 Mr. Longfellow resigned, and Mr. Lowell was appointed in his place, with leave of absence for two years. He went to Europe to pursue his studies, and remained abroad, chiefly in Dresden, until the spring of 1857, when he returned, and began his courses of lectures. No professor was ever more popular with his classes.

The germs of his literary criticism are to be found in his *Conversations on the Poets*, published in his twenty-fifth year. The book is a valuable part of his literary biography. The sentences give an impression of prolixity at first, not so much of words as of teeming, struggling thought. They attest the yet untrained luxuriance of genius. The style at times runs riot in every form of poetic illustration. The doctrines are of the modern school, in opposition to the formal antithesis and the superficial glitter of Pope and his French masters, and in favor of the simplicity and vigor of the Elizabethan authors and of Chaucer.

The volume of *Fireside Travels* deserves mention. It was published in 1864. The articles were written when Lowell was thirty-four—a mature young man, chastened and thoughtful, but still joyously young. It was the period when fresh feeling was in the ascendant, and when the poet had no inclination to exchange the creative pencil for the scalpel of the critic. There is a tide in the soul of man, and it comes neither too early nor too late in life—a time when the poet or artist is at his best, hand and brain and heart at one.

*Fireside Travels*, among prose works, is the product of Lowell's best days. Pages appear like the soil of hot-house beds, with thoughts, serious, jo-

cose, learned, allusive, sprouting everywhere. It does not matter where the reader opens, for every sentence has some salient or recondite charm. One often wonders, after reading for the twentieth time, where there is to be found another essay like it. In Thackeray's essays there are points of resemblance. The *Roundabout Papers*, *The Four Georges*, and the *English Humorists*, though totally different in matter and in style, give a similar inward satisfaction.

Two important events occurred in 1857. Mr. Lowell was married in September to Miss Frances Dunlap, of Portland, Maine—a lady of attractive presence and sterling character, who had had charge of the education of his only daughter during his residence abroad. For a time he resided in Kirkland Street, Cambridge, with Dr. Estes Howe, who had married a sister of Maria White Lowell, but not long after he returned to Elmwood. In November the *Atlantic Monthly* was started, under the auspices of the chief authors of New England, with Mr. Lowell as editor-in-chief. One purpose of the magazine was to give the active support of letters to the antislavery cause, and in this respect its position was decided. The editor's contributions were not numerous, but were conspicuous for their force and pungent wit.

In less than two years from the time the *Atlantic* was started both the senior members of the publishing house, Messrs. Phillips and Sampson, died, and the magazine passed into the hands of Messrs. Ticknor and Fields. Mr. Lowell edited it until 1862, when he was succeeded by Mr. Fields. Several fine poems appeared in the first volume, among them "The Nest," of which a stanza is here given in fac-simile:

Then from the honeysuckle gray  
The oriole, with experienced quest,  
Twitches the fibrous bark away,  
The Cordage of his hammock-roof,  
Nor fails by times to pour a note  
Rich as the orange of his throat.



As Lowell was never given to the production of merely fanciful verses—the very lightest of his thistle-downs having some seed in them—and as his mind always moved to the tides in the ocean of human thought and feeling, it will not appear strange that the great events following the election of President Lincoln gave a new direction to his active faculties. In feeling, as before observed, he is primarily a poet, but he is also, like Milton, a thinker, with a fund of uncommon practical sense, and as much of a man of action as any refined and cultured scholar can be. The topsails may fill or flutter in celestial airs while the hull struggles in the heaving sea.

The poetry of the new school was as pure as the gospels, and as uncompromising as the early church. Brook Farm, with its æsthetic communism, had been one of the signs of the times—a precursor, it was hoped, of Arcadian days to come. Plainness in dress prevailed even among the rich and delicately bred. Lowell's youthful portrait by Page represents him in a coarse brown coat, with his broad shirt collar turned down, and with long hair parted at the centre of the forehead, and hanging in careless grace upon ruddy and wind-tanned cheeks. The poetry of the picture is in the calm and dreamy eyes looking out of a shadow of bronze mist.

But the time of boundless hope for humanity went by, and after the reaction the conservatives were stronger than ever before. The passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill was the answer to the efforts of the Abolitionists. When the contest between the North and South was settled, as far as ballots could do it, by the election of Lincoln, the struggle was immediately transferred to the field, and for four years the power and endurance of the two sections were tried to the uttermost.

The *Atlantic* had a number of vigorous political articles in prose, and a few months after the outbreak Lowell again set up the simple Biglow stage with the old *dramatis personæ*, to ridicule secession. The first attempt was an epistle in rhyme from the veteran Birdofredum Sawin to Hosea. The hero of the Mexican war had become a Southerner, had been tarred and feathered by way of acclimatization, had been in the State-prison on a groundless charge, and on his release had married a widow, the owner of slaves. He had, therefore, reached an em-

inence from which he could look down on the "mud-sills" of his native State.

The light and mocking tone of this epistle is in strong contrast to the deep and almost passionate feeling that breathes in the later poems of the series. In the summer and autumn of 1861 people thought the campaign was to be something like a picnic excursion.

The capture of the rebel commissioners Mason and Slidell by Commodore Wilkes—a resolute and truly British proceeding—though in violation of the law of nations, will forever endear his name to the American people. Lowell has probably better than any one expressed this feeling in his famous "Yankee Idyl." The preface, by the Rev. Mr. Wilbur, shows that gentleman at his best. It is worth all the starched formality of the state papers on the subject.

In the stern idyl that follows, the talk between Concord Bridge and Bunker Hill Monument sounds like the click between flint and steel. Concord expresses the natural wrath of the nation; Bunker Hill its calm reason and wise policy. The Bridge calls up old grievances:

"I recollect how sailors' rights was won—  
Yard locked in yard, hot gun-lip kissin' gun. . . .  
Better that all our ships an' all their crews  
Should sink to rot in ocean's dreamless ooze. . . .  
Than seek such peace ez only cowards crave:  
Give me the peace of dead men, or of brave."

Those who lived as mature men and women in those times well remember the thrilling apostrophe with which the poem concludes:

"O strange New World! that yit wast never young,  
Whose youth from thee by gripin' need was wrung;  
Brown foundlin' of the woods, whose baby bed  
Was prowled round' by the Injun's cracklin' tread,  
An' who grew'st strong thru shifts an' wants an' pains,  
Nussed by stern men with empires in their brains; . . .  
Thou, skilled by Freedom an' by gret events  
To pitch new States ez Old-World men pitch tents;  
Thou, taught by Fate to know Jehovah's plan,  
Thet man's devices can't unmake a man,  
An' whose free latch-string never was drawn in  
Against the poorest child of Adam's kin—  
The grave's not dug where traitor hands shall lay  
In fearful haste thy murdered corse away."

Then came the impressive ballad, in which all the force of the preceding argument is fused into a passionate deprecation:

"It don't seem hardly right, John,  
When both my hands was full,  
To stump me to a fight, John—  
Your cousin tu, John Bull!



Ole Uncle S. sez he, 'I guess  
 We know it now,' sez he.  
 The lion's paw is all the law,  
 Accordin' to J. B.,  
 Thet's fit for you an' me.

"Shall it be love or hate, John?  
 It's you thet's to decide.  
 Ain't *your* bonds held by Fate, John,  
 Like all the world's beside?  
 Old Uncle S. sez he, 'I guess  
 Wise men forgive,' sez he,  
 But not forget; an' some time yet  
 Thet truth may strike J. B.  
 Ez wal ez you an' me."

The satires of Hosea Biglow had been appreciated by antislavery men and by judges of poetic art—a very select company in any age—but the ballad "Jonathan to John," appealing to a natural patriotic pride, became immediately popular.

The author, who had patiently waited for recognition, could now be satisfied, if fame had been his desire. Many literary reputations have been built up with as much forethought and tact as go to the making of fortunes. Lowell would not be human if he did not relish a good word better than an ill one; but he never asked for the one or deprecated the other.

Mr. Sawin was next heard from in a letter to Hosea detailing his "conversion," descanting upon the superior strain of Southern blood, and anticipating the creation of a batch of nobles as soon as secession should be established. His new wife, he says, was a Higgs, the "first fem'ly" in that region—

"On her ma's side all Juggernot, on pa's all Cavileer."

After some ridicule of "Normal" blood and Huguenot descent, we have an inside view of secession—salt selling by the ounce, whiskey getting "skurce," and sugar not to be had. Meantime the corner-stone of the new state is a powder cask, and Jeff Davis is "cairn the Consti-tooshun roun' in his hat." The ironical compliments of Mr. Sawin to the national Congress conclude the letter.

One of the most justly celebrated of the series was entitled "Sunthin' in the Pastoral Line." It is wonderful to see how the dialect is moulded by the thought. When the sights and sounds and odors of spring come to mind, the crabbed speech becomes poetical, as a plain face glows into beauty on the sudden impulse of the heart.

So in this unique pastoral we pause over

the loveliest images and hints of tantalizing likeness, and while the pleasure still lingers we find that Hosea has gone on whittling away at some problem, and using his mother-wit with unconscious and aphoristic art.

After a while Hosea, declaring himself "unsoshle as a stun" because his "in-nard vane" has been "p'intin' east" for weeks together, starts off to lose himself in the pine woods. He comes to a small deserted "school'us," a favorite resort when in a bluish reverie, and sitting down, he falls asleep. A Pilgrim Father appears.

"He wore a steeple hat, tall boots, and spurs  
 With rowels to 'em big ez chesnut burrs."

This was Hosea's remote ancestor, once a colonel in the Parliamentary army. He makes himself known, and tells his descendant that he had

"worked roun' at sperrit-rappin' some,  
 An' danced the tables till their legs were gone,  
 In hopes of larnin' what was goin' on.  
 But mejums lie so like all split,  
 Thet I concluded it was best to quit."

In his youth, he tells Hosea, he had youth's pride of opinion:

"Nothin', from Adam's fall to Huldys bonnet,  
 That I warn't full cocked with my judgment on it."

He makes a parallel between the cause of the loyal North and that of the Commonwealth against King Charles, and exclaims:

"'Slavery's your Charles, the Lord has gin the  
 exe—'  
 'Our Charles,' sez I, 'has got eight million  
 necks.'"

He likens the rebellion to the rattle of the snake, and adds:

"It's slavery thet's the fangs an' thinkin' head,  
 An' ef you want selvation, cresh it dead."

In the preface to the next poem the death of the Rev. Mr. Wilbur is announced, and shadow though he be, the reader feels his loss like that of a friend.

The thought of grief for the death of an imaginary person is not quite so absurd as it might appear. One day, while the great novel of *The Newcomes* was in course of publication, Lowell, who was then in London, met Thackeray on the street. The novelist was serious in manner, and his looks and voice told of weariness and affliction. He saw the kindly inquiry in the poet's eyes, and said, "Come into Evans's, and I'll tell you all about it. *I have killed the Colonel.*" So they walked



in and took a table in a remote corner, and then Thackeray, drawing the fresh sheets of MS. from his breast pocket, read through that exquisitely touching chapter which records the death of Colonel Newcomb. When he came to the final *Adsum*, the tears which had been swelling his lids for some time trickled down his face, and the last word was almost an inarticulate sob.

Let us go on with Mr. Wilbur.

In the letter which gives the news of his death the writer declares that the good clergyman's life was shortened by our unhappy civil war.

The poem sent with the good parson's last letter is a vigorous appeal for ending the war—a protest against vacillation and half-heartedness. The prelude shows the heart's desire:

"Ef I a song or two could make,  
Like rockets druv by their own burnin',  
All leap an' light, to leave a wake,  
Men's hearts an' faces skyward turnin'."

The key-note of the poem is in the last couplet of the first stanza:

"Wut's wanted now's the silent rhyme  
'Twixt upright Will and downright Action."

If the test of poetry be in its power over hearts, the tenth in this series must be placed in the highest rank. The beginning is quaint, simple, and even humorous, but with a subdued tone: there is no intimation of the coming pathos; nor are we conscious of the slow steps by which we are led, stanza by stanza, to the heights where thought and feeling become one.

It is with some apprehension that the present writer ventures to quote a stanza in the native dialect; though full of delicate feeling, expressed with the inimitable art of a great poet, the unlettered style suggests only what is ridiculous "to the general," who can see nothing touching in the sentiment of a rustic, and are not softened by tears unless shed into a broidered handkerchief:

"Sence I begun to scribble rhyme,  
I tell ye wut, I hain't ben foolin';  
The parson's books, life, death, an' time  
Hev took some trouble with my schoolin';  
Nor th' airth don't git put out with me,  
That love her 'z though she wuz a woman;  
Why th' ain't a bird upon the tree  
But half forgives my bein' human."

The poet goes on recalling

"Sights innercent as babes on knee,  
Peaceful as eyes o' pastured cattle";

the "yaller pines,"

"When sunshine makes 'em all sweet-scented,  
An' hears among their furry boughs  
The baskin' west wind purr contented";

then

"The farm smokes, sweetes' sight on airth,  
Slow thru' the winter air a-shrinkin',  
Seem kin' o' sad, an' roun' the hearth  
Of empty places set me thinkin'."

This brings to mind the poet's slain nephews:

"Why, hain't I held 'em on my knee?  
Didn't I love to see 'em growin'—  
Three likely lads ez wal could be,  
Hahnsome an' brave an' not tu knowin'?"

"Wut's words to them whose faith an' truth  
On War's red tech-stone rang true metal,  
Who ventered life an' love an' youth  
For the gret prize o' death in battle?  
To him who, deadly hurt, agen  
Flashed on afore the charge's thunder,  
Tippin' with fire the bolt o' men  
That rived the rebel line asunder?"

In this last stanza the direct, weighty words, the intensity of feeling, and the force of the bold images create a sensation that is nothing less than sublime. It refers, as readers perhaps know, to the poet's nephew, General Charles Russell Lowell, at the battle of Winchester, who, though he had received a wound which he knew must be mortal, mounted his horse and led his troops in a brilliant charge, was again mortally wounded, and shortly after expired.

Here the sorrowing Hosea exclaims,

"'Tain't right to hev the young go fust,  
All throbbin' full of gifts an' graces."

But the lines are palpitant like naked nerves, and every word is like the leaf plucked by Dante, which trickled blood.

The last of the Biglow papers is a speech of Hosea in the March town-meeting. The preface is by the Melibœus Hipponax himself, and is a delightful *ragout* of Yankee phrases peppered with pungent wit. His summary, or "argymunt," of a popular speech has been often copied, and has done service in many comic readings, but its irresistible drollery keeps it fresh.

#### "THE ARGYMUNT."

"Interdueshin, w'ich may be skipt. Begins by talkin' about himself: thet's jest natur', an' most gin'ally allus pleasin', I b'lieve I've notist, to one of the company, an' thet's more than wut you can say of most speshes of talkin'. Nex' comes the gittin' the good-will of the orjunge by lettin' 'em gather from wut you kind o' ex'dentally let drop thet they air about East, A one, an' no mistaik; skare 'em



up, an' taker 'em as they rise. Spring interdooced with a few approput flours. Speech finally begins, witch nobuddy needn't feel oblygated to read, as I never read 'em, an' never shell this one agin."

In the course of the speech Mr. Biglow observes:

"N.B.—Reporters gin'lly git a hint  
To make dull orjunces seem 'live in print,  
An' ez I hev t' report myself, I vum  
I'll put the applauses where they'd *ough* to come."

Little did the orator of Jaalam suppose that his shrewd plan would be copied years afterward by a great lecturer.

The President, Andrew Johnson, comes in for the hardest hits:

"'Nobody ain't a Union man,' sez he,  
'Thout he agrees, thru thick an' thin, with me.' . . .  
Is this 'ere pop'lar gov'ment that we run  
A kin' o' sulky, made to kerry one? . . .  
Who cares for the Resolves of '61,  
Thet tried to coax an airthquake with a bun? . . .  
He thinks secession never took 'em out,  
An' mebbly he's correc', but I misdoubt;  
Ef they warn't out, then why, 'n the name o' sin,  
Make all this row 'bout lettin' of 'em in? . . .  
[*Derisive cheers.*]

O did it seem 'z ef Providence  
Could ever send a second Tyler?  
To see the South all back to once,  
Reapin' the spiles of the Free-s'iler,  
Is cute ez though an ingineer  
Should claim th' old iron for his sheer  
Coz 'twas himself that bust the b'iler."

[*Great laughter.*]

From this comparatively long but really brief and inadequate synopsis the reader may infer the high aim and definite moral purpose of the *Biglow Papers*, and their intimate connection with our national history. Poetry seldom needs comment; the lightning flash explains itself; and, in truth, comment rarely carries admiration along with it into the mind of the reader. But the *Biglow Papers* are in a foreign tongue for all city folk, and even in the country the *patois* has for a long time been faithfully grubbed up by school-ma'ams, like the Canada thistle.

As at the beginning Lowell was mentioned as one of the forces and products of the age, an actor and sympathizer in its moral and political movements, it has been deemed essential to dwell more upon the works which have become a part of our history. The usual topics of poetry, nature and man, have been illustrated in many graceful and noble poems by many loved and honored poets, by Lowell also; but in the ordinary acceptation of the meaning and use of poetry he is but one of several eminent masters, each having

his own great merits, while in this new field he is wholly without a rival, the sole laureate of the native unlettered speech, and the shining exemplar of the mother-wit of New England.

The introduction to the series is a learned and masterly account of the dialect, as a legitimate derivative of the spoken English of the Elizabethan age, and a protest against the prevalent "fine writing" as tending to weaken prose and stifle poetry. The whole essay is pervaded by the intense individuality of genius.

"Fitz-Adam's Story" was printed in the *Atlantic* for January, 1867, but has not yet been included in any "complete" edition. A note informs us that it was intended as a part of a longer poem to be called "The Noonning." It stands like the wing of a projected edifice, waiting for the main structure to give it countenance.

This poem has many traits in common with the best of the *Biglow Papers*. Like them, it is exuberant in feeling and secular in tone, and its movement is breezy, out-of-doors, and natural. The portrait of Fitz-Adam himself is a masterpiece, an instantaneous view of a complexity of character and motive, genius and whim, kneaded together, and made real flesh and blood.

Fitz-Adam tells us,

"Without a Past you lack that southern wall  
O'er which the vines of Poesy should crawl."

He pays his homage to our great romancer:

"You have one story-teller worth a score  
Of dead Boccaccio's—nay, add twenty more,  
A hawthorn asking spring's most southern breath,  
And him you're freezing pretty well to death."

He takes us to Shebagog County, where the summer idlers

"Dress to see Nature in a well-bred way,  
As 'twere Italian opera, or play,  
Encore the sunrise (if they're out of bed),  
And pat the Mighty Mother on the head."

Fond of the frontiersmen and their natural ways, he puts them in a line:

"The shy, wood-wandering brood of character."

He paints the landlord of the rustic inn. The picture seems as deep-lined and lasting as one of Chaucer's. We see the tanned cheeks and the "brambly breast," and how

"a hedge of gray  
Upon his brawny throat leaned every way  
About an Adam's-apple that beneath  
Bulged like a bowlder from a furzy heath."

The landlord gives an axiom for the kitch-



en for which the epicure will hold him in affectionate remembrance:

"Nothin' riles me (I pledge my fastin' word)  
Like cookin' out the natur' of a bird."

The bar is painted as if by Teniers, with its great wood fire, and the coals in which was heating

"the loggerhead whose hissing dip,  
Timed by nice instinct, creamed the mug of flip."

Then follows the encounter of teamsters' wits, and the sketch of Deacon Bitters, a mean and avaricious wretch, whose tricks brought him to a sulphureous end. The audacity of the story is forgotten in its absurdly comic keeping. It is the only approach to a Canterbury Tale we remember.

The period in which Lowell's most popular works appeared ended with the late war. They can not be classified, however, in a chronological order, because he sometimes allowed a considerable period to pass before giving a poem to the public. The collection entitled *Under the Willows*, published in 1869, contains "A Winter-Evening Hymn to my Fire," printed originally in *Putnam's Monthly* fifteen years before. "Fitz-Adam's Story," which has just been considered, belongs to a similar period, as do the gay and characteristic acknowledgment of Mr. John Bartlett's trout, and the well-known pathetic ballad, "The First Snow-Fall."

As a critic Lowell has been more unsparing upon his own productions than upon the works of others. Genius and Taste are twin-born; the one creates, the other tests. Many a day Genius produces nothing that Taste will allow. Taste corrects or blots out, so as to leave nothing that Time will destroy. Happy is the Genius with whom Taste continues to dwell as a friend and helper. Too often he goes over to the enemy, and sits in judgment with the reviewers.

The original traits of Lowell's genius are unmistakable; and in spite of the gravity of his later poems, the reader often comes upon the turns of thought which marked his verse twenty years before. But along with the continued likeness there has been a slowly growing divergence. In the development of a scholar and poet we expect to see the evidences of maturing powers, varied experience, and mastery of expression: that is to say, force, wisdom, and skill are the natural gains of twenty years. This is true in the

case of Lowell; but what is more remarkable is the steady lifting of his intellectual horizon, and the spiritualizing of thought, so that, as in the celestial mechanics, words become the symbols of ideas that reach toward the infinite.

In "The Foot-Path" the reader begins with a view that is within his not infrequent experience:

"It mounts athwart the windy hill  
Through fallow slopes of upland bare,  
And Fancy climbs with footfall still  
Its narrowing curves that end in air."

But the poet's aerial way only begins where mortal vision ends. The mind follows clews and glimpses, conscious of sensations for which there are no words, and of an upward motion into a realm where ideas are as fluent as air, and as impalpable.

Humboldt said that the vegetation upon the sides of Chimborazo exhibits at successive elevations all the characteristic flora from the equator to the arctic circle: the boundless luxuriance of the tropics at the base, and the eternal ice of the pole at the summit. Poetry likewise comprehends many zones. Its lower level is in scenes of lavish beauty, and it concerns itself in the joy of the senses in external nature. Higher up there are fewer flowers and hardier growths, "but purer air and broader view." Still higher are the brown and lichened steeps that tax strength and demand self-denial. Above, and reaching into the infinite sky, is the silent peak, inaccessible, eternal.

The "Commemoration Ode" (July 21, 1865) naturally succeeds the poignant grief of the later Biglow papers. The dedication is one that only a poet could have written: "To the ever sweet and shining memory of the ninety-three sons of Harvard College who have died for their country in the war of nationality." In the privately printed edition of the poem the names of eight of the poet's kindred are given. The nearest in blood are his nephews, General Charles Russell Lowell, killed at Winchester, Lieutenant James Jackson Lowell, at Seven Pines, and Captain William Lowell Putnam, at Ball's Bluff. Another relative was the heroic Colonel Robert G. Shaw, who fell in the assault upon Fort Wagner. The commemoration services took place in the open air in the presence of a great assembly. Prominent among the speakers were Major-General Meade, the hero of Gettysburg, and Ma-



for-General Devens. The wounds of the war were still fresh and bleeding, and the interest of the occasion was deep and thrilling. The summer afternoon was drawing to its close when the poet began the recital of the ode. No living audience could for the first time follow with intelligent appreciation the delivery of such a poem. To be sure, it had its obvious strong points, and its sonorous charms; but, like all the later poems of the author, it is full of condensed thought, and requires study. The face of the poet, always singularly expressive, was on this occasion almost transfigured, glowing as if with an inward light. It was impossible to look away from it. Our age has furnished many great historic scenes, but this commemoration combined the elements of grandeur and pathos, and produced an impression as lasting as life. Of the merits of the ode it is perhaps too soon to speak. In nobility of sentiment and sustained power it appears to take rank among the first in the language. To us, with the memories of the war in mind, it seems more beautiful and of a finer quality than the best of Dryden's. What the people of the coming centuries will say, who knows? We only know that the auditors, scholars and soldiers alike, were dissolved in admiration and tears.

The writer remembers that, as the people were dispersing, a fresh-looking, active, and graceful man, of middle age, in faultless attire, met the poet with an outstretched hand. There was a hearty greeting on both sides, so hearty that one wonders how it could have happened between two Bostonians, whose marble manners the public knows from our fashionable novels. It was not the formal touch of gloved hands, but an old-fashioned, energetic "shake"; and it was accompanied by spontaneous, half-articulated words, such as the heart translates without a lexicon, while eager and misty eyes met each other. The new-comer was William W. Story, the sculptor and poet.

"When did you come?"

"I reached Boston this morning. I heard you were to read a poem; there was just time to make the trip, and here I am."

"And so you have come from Rome merely to hear me recite an ode? Well, it is just like you."

"The Cathedral" is a profound meditation upon a great theme. A poet is not

held to the literal meaning of the motto he selects, but the lines prefixed to this poem (Euripides, *Bacchæ*, 196-199) are strongly significant of a growing conservatism in thought: "Not at all do we set our wits against the gods. The traditions of the fathers, and those of equal date which we possess, no reasoning shall overthrow; not even if through lofty minds it discovers wisdom." This is perhaps a fair indication of the feeling of the poem. The incidents of the day at Chartres are unimportant except in connection with the poet's admiration for Gothic architecture, and his musings upon the associations of the cathedral, the old worship, the old reverence, and the old ways.

It would seem that the intellectual movement in which the poet had been borne on for so many years was latterly becoming too rapid and tumultuous, according to his thinking—ready to plunge into an abyss, in fact. In particular, it may be observed that though the physical aspect of evolution had engaged his attention, as it has that of all intellectual men, and had commanded perhaps a startled and dubious assent, yet his strong spiritual nature recoiled in horror from the materialistic application of the doctrine to the origin of things. Force could never be to him the equivalent of spirit, nor law the substitute for God. In conversation once upon the "promise and potency" phrases of Tyndall he exclaimed, with energy, "Let whoever wishes believe that the idea of Hamlet or Lear was developed from a clod; I will not."

A couplet from "The Foot-Path" makes a similar protest against the theory of the universe which leaves out a Creator:

"And envy Science not her feat  
To make a twice-told tale of God."

Intimations of the Berkeleyan theory appear in "The Cathedral," not as matters of belief, but of speculation. But the granitic basis of the poem is the generally received doctrine of the being of God, of His works, and His dealings with men. The clear purpose is seen by the attentive reader, although at times through a haze of poetic diction. Its strong points are in the simplicity and suggestiveness of its illustrations, its strong hold upon the past, and its tranquil repose in the care of Divine Providence. The style is for the most part scholastic, nervous, and keen-edged. There are some lovely rural pic-



tures near the beginning, so characteristic that if they were done in color we should not need to look at the corner for the "J. R. L. pinx<sup>t</sup>."

Two instances of the harmony of sound and sense are quite remarkable. One is the description of the falling of an ash leaf—

"Balancing softly earthward without wind"—

an inimitably perfect line. The other suggests the swinging of a bell blossom—

"As to a bee the new campanula's  
Illuminate seclusion swung in air."

True to its name, "The Cathedral" is a grand poem, at once solid and imaginative, nobly ornate, but with a certain austerity of design, uplifting and impressive. These edifices are perhaps the most wonderful productions of mind, but they are gloomy also, and in some moods strike a chill to the very marrow.

Three odes have since appeared, written for important occasions, all characterized by a lofty tone of sentiment and grand poetic diction. First is the one read at Concord, April 19, 1875; the next is that read at Cambridge under the Washington Elm, July 3, in the same year; the third an ode for the Fourth of July, 1876. The Concord ode contains the most exquisite music, and shows the most evident inspiration. The Cambridge ode is remarkable for its noble tribute to Washington, and to the historic commonwealth of Virginia. The last is beautiful also, and strong, but scarcely so clear and fortunate as the others. But these with the Commemoration Ode are an Alpine group, an undying part of our national literature.

The prose works of Lowell consist of the *Fireside Travels*, already referred to, and three volumes of essays, published in 1870, 1871, and 1876. Of these the one entitled *My Study Windows* will be found most interesting to general readers. The other two are entitled *Among My Books*, and are of a purely literary character. A large number of his essays have appeared in magazines and reviews, and have not been as yet reprinted.

It is a common but baseless supposition that the poetic faculty must exist singly, as if the brain, like a flower-pot, could hold but one plant. It is true, great poets are rarely men of affairs, but every genius is an absolutely new combination of traits and powers, and no one knows the possi-

bilities. Four arts owned Michael Angelo master, and he was almost equally great in all. We have seen that in the mind of Lowell there is an unfailing spring of analogy and suggestion, and a power of illustrating subtle and profound thoughts. And side by side with this undeniable poetic power is to be seen the solid understanding, the ready wit, and the practical sagacity that are more commonly the birthright of unpoetic men. It is as if the souls of Shelley and Ben Franklin had blended.

The prose of a true poet, if one reflects upon it, must have some marked peculiarities. That which is of the essence of poetry is not in its musical cadence, not in its shining adjectives and epithets; it is in substance as well as in form different from the ordinary productions of mind. And as the power of appreciation is really rare, though often assumed, the distinctive prose of a poet is necessarily quite removed from general apprehension. The difficulty lies in following the movement of the poetic mind, which is by nature erratic, if measured by prose standards—taking many things for granted which the slower-footed expect to see put down in order, and often supplying the omission of a premise in a logical statement, or the want of a formal description, by a single flashing word. Those people who need to have poetry expounded to them will require similar help to understand the prose of poets. Certain of Lowell's essays—especially those upon Shakspeare, Dante, and Milton—will be fully appreciated by only a limited number of readers in any generation.

The prose essays of Lowell (*Among my Books*, two volumes; *My Study Windows*, one volume) cover a wide range of thought and observation, but all have the inevitable family likeness. Mention has been made of the delightful "Fireside Travels." Of a similar tone are "My Garden Acquaintance," "A Good Word for Winter," and "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners." The last is a specimen of pure irony, keen as a Damascus blade, and finished to the utmost. It is doubtful if there is another essay in modern English superior in power, wit, and adroitness. The essay upon Lessing is a charming piece of writing, full of bright passages, but interesting mainly to scholars. "New England Two Centuries ago" is a powerful historical article, in which the Puritans



and Pilgrims are boldly sketched—neither unduly flattered nor summarily condemned.

Bookish men will delight more in the literary essays. They are redolent of learning. They have an incommunicable flavor. The essay on Shakspeare is the best. There will always be some new light radiating from the works of that great poet, and each succeeding generation will be satisfied only with its own estimate; but the most comprehensive estimate to-day is Lowell's.

In general it may be said that the quality which prevents the general appreciation of Lowell's prose is its exceeding richness. It is like cloth of gold, too splendid and cumbrous for every-day wear.

It is upon his poems that the sure foundation of Lowell's fame will rest. Some of them are the clear and fortunate expression of the noblest modern thought, and others are imbedded in the history of an eventful time.

In person Lowell is of medium height, rather slender, but sinewy and active. His movements are deliberate rather than impulsive, indicating what athletes call staying qualities. His hair at maturity was dark auburn or ruddy chestnut in color, and his full beard rather lighter and more glowing in tint. The eyes of men of genius are seldom to be classified in ordinary terms, though it is said their prevailing color is gray. Colonel Higginson mentions Hawthorne's gray eyes; while the present writer, who once studied them attentively, found them mottled gray and brown, and at that time indescribably soft and winning. That they were sometimes *accipitral* we can readily believe. Lowell's eyes in repose have clear blue and gray tones with minute dark mottlings. In expression they are strongly indicative of his moods. When fixed upon study, or while listening to serious discourse, they are grave and penetrating; in ordinary conversation they are bright and cheery; in moments of excitement they have a wonderful lustre. Nothing could be finer than his facial expression while telling a story or tossing a repartee. The features are alive with intelligence, and eyes, looks, and voice appear to be working up dazzling effects in concert, like the finished artists of the *Comédie Française*.

The wit of Hosea Biglow is the native wit of Lowell—instantaneous as lightning; and Hosea's common-sense is Low-

ell's birthright too. When the same man, moreover, can extemporize chuckling puns, and blow out a breath of poetical reverie as naturally as the smoke from his pipe, the combination becomes almost startling. Other men may have been as witty, though we recall but three or four in our day; some may have had a similar fund of wisdom mellowed with humor; others have talked the staple of idyls, and let off metaphors like soap-bubbles; but Lowell combines in conversation the varied powers of all. His resources are inexhaustible. It is no wonder that he has been admired, for at his best he is one of the most fascinating of men. There is but one compeer—the immortal "Autocrat"—and it would be difficult, and perhaps impossible, to draw a parallel between them.

Steele said of a lady that to have known and loved her was a liberal education. More than one man who enjoyed Lowell's society found that the wise and witty converse of years did much to supply lamented defects in his own study and training, and perhaps warmed even late-flowering plants into blossom and fruitage. This also should be said, that every man who has known Lowell well considers him much greater than the aggregate of his works. He always gives the impression of power in reserve.

He used to enter upon the long walks which have aided in making him one of the poets of nature with the keenest zest. There was no quicker eye for a bird or squirrel, a rare flower or bush, and no more accurate ear for the songs or the commoner sounds of the forest. Evidences of this the reader will find in the *Study Windows*. But those who have visited Fresh Pond, Clematis Brook, Love Lane, or the Waverley Oaks in his company remember an acuteness of vision and a delight in every form of beauty of which the essay gives no conception.

His habits were scarcely methodical—reading, correspondence, composition, exercise, and social converse coming often hap-hazard; yet, being incapable of idleness, he accomplished much. His works show the effective use he has made of the intellectual treasures of the world.

Mrs. Hawthorne relates that before her husband completed *The Scarlet Letter* there was a visible *knot* in the muscles of his forehead, caused by the intensity of thought. When a great theme was in



mind, Lowell has always gone to his desk with all his might. Like Sir Walter Raleigh, he could "toil terribly." It has been already mentioned that "Sir Launfal" was written in about two days. The production of a poem like "The Cathedral" or the "Commemoration Ode" taxed his faculties to the utmost, and always left him exhausted in body and mind.

Between 1850 and 1860 Lowell was not much in society, in the present restricted sense of the word. The dinner parties and receptions of the fashionable appeared to have little attraction for him. He never enjoyed being lionized. In Cambridge there were several men with whom he was on intimate terms, and to them he gave his society ungrudgingly. Chief among these was his brother-in-law Dr. Estes Howe, a man of liberal education and delightful social qualities. He is "the Doctor" referred to in the preface to the "Fable for Critics." "The Don" was a pleasant nickname for Mr. Robert Carter, formerly Lowell's coadjutor in the short-lived *Pioneer*, and employed at that time as secretary by Mr. Prescott, the historian. Carter was a remarkable man, principally on account of his great reading and retentive memory. He was an able writer also; and he had read more out-of-the-way things than any man living. Lowell used to say that he would back Carter on a wager to write off-hand an account of a journey in the fifth century B.C. from Rome to Babylon or Peking, with descriptions of all the peoples on the way. Carter lived at first in a modest house near the Willows (celebrated in Lowell's verse), and afterward in Sparks Street, not far from the Riedesel house. The Sparks Street house has associations such as belong to the tavern of Kit North's friend Ambrose, lacking, however, the overplus of toddy and the coarseness which smirched the discourse of the *Blackwood* coterie. Carter's house was often a rendezvous for whist parties; but whist was the least of the business or pleasure of the evening. The new books—or old ones—magazines, pictures, reminiscences, and stories occupied the available intervals. The silence and severity of Mrs. Battles were unknown. Charles Lamb and his venerable dame were often quoted by Lowell; but the "rigor of the game" was a transparent joke. When a story came to mind, or an epigram, or double-shotted pun, the cards might wait. When

the story was told, or the puns had coruscated amid roars of laughter, the Professor would blandly ask, "What are trumps?"

Other players must rest in shadow. Two of them may be named in whom the reading world has an interest. One was John Bartlett, author of the book of *Familiar Quotations*, a charming companion, and a man of refined taste. The other, who was the delight of all companies, was John Holmes, brother of the poet-professor. He was the songless poet, the silent Autocrat. It is difficult to say what he might have done if shut up with pen, ink, and paper; for he had the rarest humor, and a genius for the unexpected. He always had the art of showing the *other side* of a statement, and of bringing a joke out of the impossible, like a conjurer.

Changes in the whist parties occurred, as was natural, owing to illness or absence, but they continued for several years. The members are all living except Carter, who died in Cambridge about a year ago, universally regretted. May he rest in peace! The recollections of that period form a bond not to be sundered while life and thought continue.

Of other intimate friends of Lowell much might be said if there were room. Some of them are named in his books.

The edition of poems published in 1849 was affectionately dedicated to the eminent painter William Page. The second series of the *Biglow Papers* was appropriately inscribed to E. R. Hoar, who is

"the Jedge, who covers with his hat  
More wit an' gumption an' shrewd Yankee sense  
Than there is mosses on an ole stone fence."

*Fireside Travels* is a series of letters addressed to Story the sculptor. *Under the Willows* bears the name of Charles E. Norton, Professor of the History of Art at Cambridge. *The Cathedral* is inscribed to Mr. James T. Fields; *Three Memorial Poems* to Mr. E. L. Godkin, editor of *The Nation*; *My Study Windows* to Francis J. Child, Professor of English Literature; *Among my Books* to the present Mrs. Lowell; the second volume of the same series to the illustrious Emerson. The chief honor appears to have been paid to George William Curtis, to whom the complete edition of the poetical works is dedicated.

Arthur Hugh Clough, an English scholar and poet, lived in Cambridge for about



a year (1855), and appears to have made a deep impression upon Lowell. The public knows little of Clough, but all poets know the author of "The Bothie" and "Qua Cursum Ventus." He had a beautiful, spiritual face and delicate, shy manners: such a face and such manners as are dimly seen in morning dreams. One may be sure that such a rare being, if real flesh and blood, would at some time be found at Elmwood. Clough strongly advised Lowell to continue and develop the Yankee pastorals. In the introduction to the *Biglow Papers* Lowell says, apropos of the approval of friends: "With a feeling too tender and grateful to be mixed with any vanity, I mention as one of these the late A. H. Clough, who more than any one of those I have known (no longer living), except Hawthorne, impressed me with the constant presence of that indefinable thing we call genius."

The artists Stillman and Rowse were frequent visitors. Many of their pictures and sketches adorn Lowell's house. President Felton was a staunch friend, and had great delight in Lowell's society. He and his brother-in-law, Agassiz, were alike hearty and natural men, fond of social pleasure, and manifesting the unaffected simplicity of children.

Longfellow's house is but a short distance from Elmwood, perhaps a quarter of a mile; and the relations of the two poets have always been intimate, as every observant reader knows. Holmes lived in Boston, but he was a frequent visitor in Cambridge at the old house near the college, especially while his mother lived. Lowell always paid tribute to the consummate art and finish of his friendly rival's verses, and to the vigor and freshness of his style. The father of Dr. Holmes was a stout orthodox clergyman; Lowell's father was a mild and conservative Unitarian. The Autocrat has developed into a liberal, and our poet has been growing more conservative, until now the relative positions of the sons are nearly the reverse of those of their fathers.

The historian Motley and the genial essayist Edmund Quincy were among Lowell's firm friends; but there is no room even for these incomparable persons.

In the course of this sketch there has been little attempt to follow order. The events of Lowell's life since 1860 have been few. The important dates are the dates of his books. One year has been

like another, passed at the same residence, cheered by the same friends, engrossed in the same studies and pleasures. He visited Europe with Mrs. Lowell in 1873. He had never held office, not even that of justice of the peace; and though he has always had a warm interest in public affairs, he has not been a politician. It was therefore with some surprise as well as gratification that his friends heard of his appointment as Minister to Spain. He had been offered the Austrian mission, and had declined it; but a good spirit (or Mr. Howells, a relative of the President) suggested that Vienna was, perhaps, not the place to attract a scholar and poet, and that Madrid would be preferable, even with a smaller salary. After the retirement of Mr. Welsh, Mr. Lowell was transferred to London. His reception in the metropolis of letters has been in the highest degree flattering to him, and a matter of just pride to his countrymen.

He still holds his rank as professor at Cambridge, evidently expecting to resume his duties there.

Perhaps in the Indian summer of his life he may put his heart into a poem that will be even more worthy of his genius than any he has yet written.

## DOES LIFE-INSURANCE INSURE?

### I.—THE AMOUNT OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS.

CHANCELLOR KENT said, in 1828: "Nothing can appear to an English or American lawyer more idle than the alarm of the French jurist, or more harmless than an insurance upon life, which operates kindly and charitably in favor of dependent families."

Chancellor Kent had in mind the idea of a life-insurance business which should be strictly confined to life-insurance, which should be built upon just arithmetic, and managed honestly, wisely, and economically by upright and able men. "Life-insurance," wrote a Massachusetts commissioner in 1873, "consists mainly in receiving premiums, investing them at compound interest, and out of the accumulation paying the sums when deaths occur." Surely nothing could be more harmless or more beneficial in the way of a public trust than life-insurance; and the trust has grown to proportions which indeed call for upright and able men in its management. During the fifty years



since Chancellor Kent wrote as above, Great Britain and Ireland have come to assure 1935 millions of dollars on 810,000 lives; the United States assures 2705 millions on 1,100,000 lives; while the French, who save more money annually than any other country, assure but 390 millions on only 198,000 lives. Is the Frenchman's caution or the American's confidence the better justified by experience? "There are in this country more than half a million families who have voluntarily subjected themselves to a tax amounting in the aggregate to about 100 millions of dollars a year, and are under bonds, more or less, in the aggregate amount of about 400 millions to continue to pay this tax for life or for a long period."\*

Let us look at some of the facts in their experience. I will keep mostly to recent dates, in order to avoid the objection which may be made that life-insurance is an essentially different thing to-day from what it was a few years ago. How far it has been bettered, and how far it still needs improving, I will try to show.

Since 1861 thirty-six companies have started in New York State alone: in March of this year only four of them remained. From 1859 to 1878, fifty-two companies ceased doing business in this State: the most of them failed. Of all American life insurance-companies, two have failed, thus far, to one that survives; while not one of our surviving large companies has yet reached the critical period of its career—the age when heavy pressure from death claims might be expected. But that pressure, it must be added, is not likely to be put upon any of our companies very soon, for the sufficient reason that our companies confiscate the vast majority of the policies for non-payment of premiums. This is done generally at an early period in the so-called investment. *The average duration of an American policy is only about seven years.* Of the multitude of policies which terminate yearly in our companies, only "one in ten matures by death; the other nine mature by causes other than death."† Or, as a searching critic of the subject, Profess-

or Van Amringe, of Columbia College, has put it: "Of every ten policies which cease, but one will cease by death and expiry. One and a half will be given up for a slight compensation, and seven and a half will be absolutely thrown away by the holders."

The amount now at risk in the American companies, 2705 millions, though less than it was a few years ago, is more than one-twelfth of the entire capital wealth of the Union. Their yearly income is more than half the yearly accumulation of wealth in the German Empire. In New York State thirty-four companies were doing business at the end of 1878. They had over 600,000 policies outstanding, assuring 1481 millions. Their assets were 404 millions—more than the value of the entire cotton crop of the world. Their income for the year was 80 millions—a sum equal to twice the American tobacco crop of the year, and to more than the entire potato crop; or equal, again, to the entire silk crop of India, China, and Japan.\*

## II.—THE GETTING OF THE MONEY.

How have the companies come into the possession of this money? By inducing the public to pay it to them in premiums, and by the interest from investments. Most of their bargains with the public are made in the shape of life policies; and endowment assurance policies constitute about a fifth of the business. The first question is, Do the insurance companies make fair bargains with the public? Our annual accumulation of wealth is greater than that of any other nation, and we are paying about one-ninth of it to the life-insurance people. Is that too much or too little? Have the companies charged an equitable price, say within forty millions per year, for the insurance that they have promised?

1. They make a large profit on receiving interest at a higher, and paying it (when they pay it) at a lower rate. They calculate the interest which they promise to pay at four per cent.; they receive six or seven per cent. This is legitimate enough, but the policy-holders are commonly led to think that they are to get much more than four per cent.

\* *Traps Baited with Orphan.* By ELIZUR WRIGHT, Ex-insurance Commissioner. Boston, 1877.

† Testimony of Sheppard Homans. Assembly Documents for 1877, No. 103, pp. 348-350. Mr. Homans adds, "The odium attached to the forfeiture of so many policies has made it very difficult to get new business." One would hope so.

\* Mulhall's *Progress of the World.* London, 1880. In this article I give the nearest round numbers, whether of cents or of millions of dollars, whenever round numbers will help to make the case clearer.





ACCESSION No. ....

ADDED ..... 187.....

CATALOGUED BY .....

REVISED BY .....

MEMORANDA.

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WILLIAM B. OGDEN;

AND

EARLY DAYS IN CHICAGO.

By HON. ISAAC N. ARNOLD.

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WILLIAM B. OGDEN;  
AND  
EARLY DAYS IN CHICAGO:

A PAPER  
READ BEFORE THE CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY,  
TUESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1881.

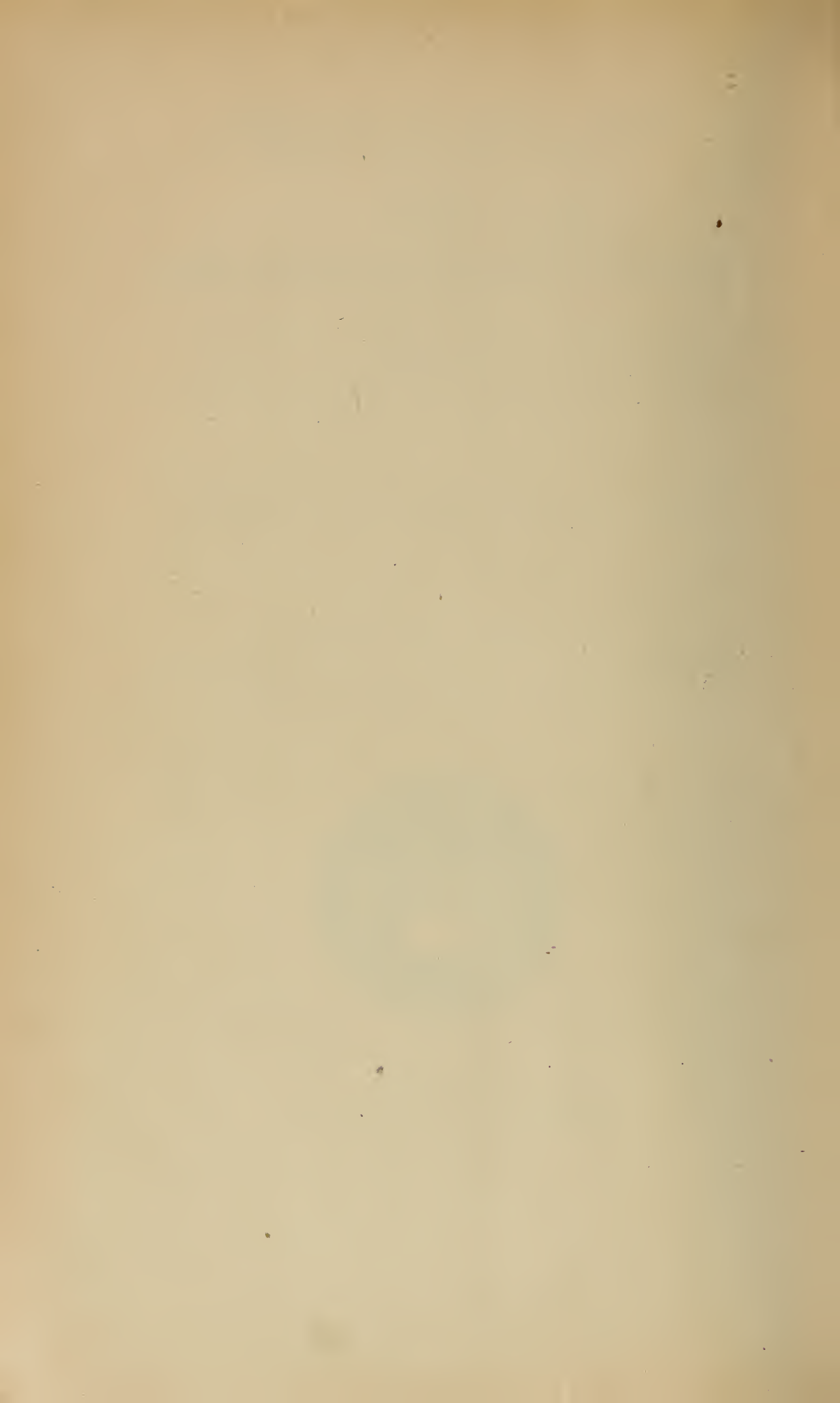
(ON THE PRESENTATION BY MRS. OGDEN OF A PORTRAIT OF  
HER LATE HUSBAND, PAINTED BY GEO. P. A. HEALY.)

BY  
HON. ISAAC N. ARNOLD,  
PRESIDENT OF THE CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY, AND HONORARY FELLOW  
OF THE ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY, LONDON.



CHICAGO:  
FERGUS PRINTING COMPANY.  
1881.





## CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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THE Hall of the Chicago Historical Society was filled by prominent citizens and old settlers to witness the proceedings on the presentation of the portrait of William B. Ogden.

On the platform were the Hon. Elihu B. Washburne, Judge Thomas Drummond, ex-Chief-Justice John Dean Caton; and on the right were the ex-Mayors of Chicago, B. W. Raymond, Isaac L. Milliken, John C. Haines, Julien S. Rumsey, Roswell B. Mason, Joseph Medill, and Thomas Hoyne, and many old settlers of Chicago.

Edwin H. Sheldon, Esq., on behalf of Mrs. Ogden, said :

“MR. PRESIDENT:—The Chicago Historical Society, some months since, passed a resolution, requesting Mrs. Ogden, the widow of the late William B. Ogden, to give to the Society a portrait of her late husband, who had been one of its founders, and always, during his life, a liberal benefactor. The resolution referred to Mr. Ogden, in appropriate terms, as one of the founders of the City, and as one who had projected and largely aided the execution of many great enterprises, the benefits of which the people of Chicago, and the North-West, are reaping in such full measure today.

“It is the special duty of this Society to preserve the history and faces of those who have conspicuously aided in developing and building up this great Western Empire, and in this spirit the resolution referred to was passed.

“Mrs. Ogden very generously gave the commission for the desired picture to Mr. George P. A. Healy, an artist of high repute in the art-centres of the world, who for a generation had been a personal friend of Mr. Ogden, and to whose pencil the Society, in years gone by, had been indebted for many valuable contributions to its collections. The picture before us is the result of that commission. Mr. Healy had painted Mr. Ogden from life a number of times; but, of all these pictures, only one survived the



disastrous fire of 1871. The present portrait is painted from a photograph taken some ten or twelve years ago, and is the best presentation we have of Mr. Ogden, as he appeared in his later years.

"In all that has been said and written of Mr. Ogden, his public spirit and enterprise have stood forth prominently. This is but a fair tribute to a noble trait, so useful in a new country. Although a man of large fortune, his spirit was not one of accumulation, but rather of development; and his improvements and active enterprises were always, not only fully up to, but often in advance of, his ready means. His fellow-citizens have done full justice to this feature of his character.

"But there is another trait, of which I feel impelled to speak—one not so well known, to which I wish briefly to allude. I lived under the same roof with Mr. Ogden for a quarter of a century, and for nearly all that time we carried on our house jointly, thus enforcing a very close and long-continued intimacy. These years brought to each of us, as they do to all, days of trial, of suffering, and of sorrow, and yet in all that time, looking back with careful scrutiny, I can not recall one harsh or unkind word received from him. His patience and forbearance were great; his friendship steadfast; and his good will unbounded. I speak strongly, perhaps; but only as I feel justified in doing, from an acquaintance of over forty years.

"I am charged with the pleasant duty of presenting this portrait, in behalf of Mrs. Ogden, to the Chicago Historical Society, in response to its resolution, which I now gladly do."

At the conclusion of Mr. Sheldon's remarks, Mr. Arnold said:

"On behalf of the Chicago Historical Society, I accept with grateful thanks this valuable present.—Thanks are due to Mrs. Ogden, not only from the members of this Society, but also from the citizens at large, all of whom will be glad to see upon these walls the portrait of the first Mayor of the City."

Mr. Arnold then proceeded to read the address, which follows:

# WILLIAM B. OGDEN;

AND

## EARLY DAYS IN CHICAGO.

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The most prominent figure, in the history of Chicago, from 1835 until his death in 1877, was William B. Ogden. For the first forty years of our existence as a City, he was our representative man. His active mind originated most, and aided largely, in the execution of nearly all our public improvements. He built, or caused to be, the first draw-bridge across the Chicago River. He laid out and opened many miles of streets in the north and the west divisions of the City; aided in digging the Illinois-and-Michigan Canal; advocated, with ability, laws necessary for its construction and enlargement; projected and built hundreds, nay, thousands of miles of the Railways which have built up Chicago; he had much to do with our water-supply, our sewerage and park systems, and, indeed, nearly all our great enterprises of public improvements. It is, therefore, peculiarly appropriate that his portrait should have an honored place on these walls; that his life and character and great public services should be recorded here; and here his history should be perpetuated. Besides, he has special claims on this Society, as one of its founders, one who liberally contributed to its support, and one who felt it an honor to preside over its deliberations.

He was born June 15th, 1805, at Walton, a town in the wild and mountainous county of Delaware, New York, and died August 3d, 1877, at his country-seat, Boscobel, near High Bridge, on the Harlem. His father died while he was yet a lad, and, being the oldest son, he was early



placed in a position of responsibility, as the head of a large family, and very soon developed those qualities of executive ability, sagacity, and courage, good sense, energy, and determination which made him always a recognized leader among men, and caused his influence to be powerfully felt in this City and State, and throughout the North-West.

WILD ADVENTURES AS A LUMBERMAN ON THE  
DELAWARE. DEER-HUNTING.

His boyhood was passed in the picturesque valleys and among the hills of Delaware County, which were then covered with a dense and magnificent forest of sugar-maple, beech, birch, and elm, while the sides of the mountains were thickly clothed with pine and hemlock fir. Vast rafts of logs and lumber were, with the spring floods, sent down the Delaware to Philadelphia.

The raftsmen had rude and sometimes dangerous experiences in running the dams of the swollen river, and Mr. Ogden had many a tale of exciting adventure occurring in these rough days. But it was in hunting the deer among the hills on the Delaware, and on the Unadilla and other tributaries of the Susquehanna, which furnished the most exciting stories of the days of his youth. Clubs of hunters then existed in the Counties of Otsego, Chenango, and Delaware; packs of hounds were kept, and the hunters who gathered at the annual autumn hunts, coming often from forty to sixty miles, were as well mounted with horses of as good blood and equal endurance as the best English stock. Judges, lawyers, and gentlemen-farmers joined in the exciting sport, and among them all there was no keener sportsman, no more fearless rider than young Ogden. I have heard him repeat some doggerel verses describing these hunting parties, as nearly as I can recall the lines, something like the following:

“Chenang, Otsego, and Old Delaware invites  
To join in the chase for six days and six nights.”

## THE MEET OF THE HUNTERS WAS THEN DESCRIBED.

“There is Throop ready mounted upon a fine black,  
But a far fleeter gelding does Starkweather back.  
Cox Morris’ bay, full of metal and bone,  
And gayly Skin Smith, on a dark-sorrel roan,  
But the horse, of all horses that hunted that day,  
Was Ogden’s fleet charger, and that is a gray.  
Their horses were all of the very best blood;  
They’ll make the snow fly, and they’ll dash through the mud;  
And for hounds, their merits with thousands they’ll back,  
Not Deveraux, Storrs, nor Livingston can show such a pack.  
Forty stags are laid low, at forty rods how they fall!  
Forty bucks are made venison, by the keen hunter’s ball.  
Forty saddles now smoke, on the plentiful board,  
Forty corks are now drawn, from Bacchus’ hoard;  
Forty hunters’ club wits—every man in his place.  
Forty stories are told of the *Unadilla Chase*.”

I have often heard Mr. Ogden describe these hunts, and he said the music of the fox-hounds reverberating and echoing from hill to hill, now the lone cry of a single hound, and then swelling into the full chorus by the whole pack—with the wild speed of the horses, and the frequent crack of the rifle at the run-ways, was a scene of adventure and excitement never to be forgotten.

Here he became familiar with wood-craft, and a very skilful shot with the rifle. Some of his feats would rival those of Cooper’s Leatherstocking. I have heard of a scene at a shooting-match in Delaware, very like that so graphically described in the “Pioneers,” as occurring in the adjoining County of Otsego. A negro put up his live turkeys, as a mark, at one hundred yards, at a quarter of a dollar a shot. If the turkey was hit in the head, it belonged to the person shooting, but if hit anywhere else, it was still the negro’s property. So certain was Ogden’s aim, that the negro insisted on his paying double price for his shot. It was amusing to see the negro’s antics as Ogden was about to fire. He would dance up in dangerous proximity



to the turkey, shouting, "Gib a niggarr fair play!" "Dodge, dodge, ole gobbler, Ogden is going to shoot." "Shake ye head, darn ye, don't ye see dat rifle pointing at ye?"

But it was rare that the old negro saved his turkey when Ogden held the rifle.

#### EDUCATION.

It was amidst such scenes and without the advantages of college-training that Ogden was educated. I recall an incident which illustrates his energy, and is characteristic. On one occasion, in conversation with a lady who, born to affluence, was reduced to poverty, and who was asking his advice how her inexperienced sons and daughter could earn a livelihood, to the question, "What *can* they do?" He replied, "If I was in the position of your sons, if I could do nothing better, I would hire myself out to dig potatoes with my fingers, and when I had earned enough to buy a hoe, I would dig with it, and so I would climb up."

"Madam," said he, "don't have the least concern. If your sons are healthy and willing to work, they will find enough to do, and if they can not begin at the top, let them begin at the bottom, and very likely they will be all the better for it."

He meant that persons obliged to earn their own livelihood must not be too fastidious, and that work, if ever so humble, was honorable. He was then a prosperous and wealthy man, and to encourage her, he said:

"I was born close by a saw-mill, was early left an orphan, christened in a mill-pond, graduated at a log-school-house, and, at fourteen, fancied I could do any thing I turned my hand to, and that nothing was impossible, and ever since, madam, I have been trying to prove it, and with some success."

#### SPEECH AT ALBANY, 1835, ON THE ERIE RAILWAY BILL.

In 1834, Mr. Ogden had become a leading man in his native county, of great and deserved popularity, and was selected to represent Delaware in the New-York Legisla-

ture. Here, as a member of the Assembly, he became intimately acquainted with the able and distinguished men who, under the name of the "Albany Regency," so long controlled the politics of New York. Among these remarkable men were, Martin Van Buren, Silas Wright, William L. Marcy, Benjamin F. Butler, Azariah C. Flagg, Edwin Croswell, and John A. Dix. Mr. Charles Butler, a brother of Benjamin F. Butler, Attorney-General of the United States, under Jackson and Van Buren, married a sister of Mr. Ogden.

He was selected as the special advocate and champion of the New York and Erie Railroad, then lately projected, and on the 20th, 21st, and 22d days of March, 1835, he made a very remarkable speech in favor of the road. It was reported in full in the *Albany Argus*, of those dates. He was then less than thirty years old, and the railway system, now grown to such wonderful proportions, was in its early inception.

It was a bold, sagacious, prophetic speech, and, as I lately read it, I was surprised at the wonderful foresight and ability of the speaker. He made a most earnest appeal to the state-pride of the Empire State to aid in the construction of the Erie road. "Otherwise," said he, "the sceptre will depart from Judah. The Empire State will no longer be New York." "Philadelphia," continued he, "is your great rival, and, if New York is idle, will gather in the trade of the great West." He alluded to Maryland's efforts in behalf of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and then looking to the future, he said, "Continuous railways from New York to Lake Erie, and south of Lake Erie, through Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, to the waters of the Mississippi, and connecting with railroads running to Cincinnati, and Louisville in Kentucky, and Nashville in Tennessee, and to New Orleans, will present the most splendid system of internal communication ever yet devised by man." He continued, "to look forward to the completion of such a system, in my day, may be considered visionary," but he expressed "the hope that he should live to see it realized."



He did live to see all, and more than all, this "splendid system" realized. Not only roads from New York to the Mississippi, but continuing north to St. Paul and Lake Superior, and crossing the continent itself, to the shores of the Pacific. And I add, in language carefully considered, that he himself contributed to that consummation more than any other man, and it is not extravagant to say that Wm. B. Ogden did for the North-West what DeWitt Clinton did for New York.

#### COMES TO CHICAGO.

In 1835, Mr. Ogden became associated with a company of Eastern capitalists, who, under the name of the "American Land Company," were making very large investments at Chicago, and elsewhere in the West. At their instance, he removed to this City, to manage their large interests. Coming myself to Chicago in October, 1836, I formed the acquaintance of his brother, Mahlon D. Ogden, and in the spring of 1837, we became law partners, and for many years managed the legal business of this company, and also of the very large real-estate investments of the late Frederick and Arthur Bronson, of New York—all of which were in the immediate charge of William B. Ogden.

#### ST. JAMES' CHURCH.

The first time I ever saw Mr. Ogden was in the early spring of 1837, at St. James' Church. This was the pioneer Episcopal Parish in Chicago, and for it was built the first brick-church erected in this City. It stood on the s.w. corner of Cass and Illinois Streets. The Rev. Isaac W. Hallam was the rector. John H. Kinzie and J. W. C. Coffin were the wardens, and among the prominent members, in addition to the Kinzie family, were, William B. Ogden, Gurdon S. Hubbard, Eli B. Williams, John Rodgers, George W. Dole, General David Hunter, Dr. Phillip Maxwell, James B. Campbell, Alonzo Huntington, Hans Crocker, and others. Mrs. Mark Skinner and her sister, Mrs. Barstow, then the Misses Williams, with their cousin, Mrs.

Balestier, then Miss Wolcott, then the belles of the City, led the choir, and I need not say the singing was good. After church, I was presented by Mahlon D. Ogden to his brother. As we waited for him to come out of church after service, it seemed that he had a kind word and friendly greeting for every man, woman, and child in the congregation. He was evidently a great favorite. He had lately arrived from the East, and every body stopped to shake hands with and welcome him home. The cordial manners of the early settlers, and the founders of St. James' would contrast favorably, I think, with the cold, reserved, and somewhat frigid manners of some of its members in these days. Those were the days of open-handed hospitality and friendship, and every one was willing and anxious to aid and help his neighbor. Mr. Ogden was, from the beginning, a most liberal member of the congregation.

#### HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

He was at this time about thirty-one years of age. You might look the country through and not find a man of more manly and imposing presence, or a finer-looking gentleman. His forehead was broad and square; his mouth firm and determined; his eyes large dark gray; his nose large; hair brown; his complexion ruddy; his voice clear, musical, and sympathetic; his figure a little above the medium height, and he united great muscular power with almost perfect symmetry of form. He was a natural leader, and if he had been one of a thousand picked men cast upon a desolate island, he would, by common, universal, and instinctive selection, have been made their leader.

#### ANECDOTE OF DR. WILLIAM B. EGAN.

The church was built on lots donated, for that purpose, by John H. Kinzie. Indeed, St. James' in those early days was so associated with the Kinzie family that it was sometimes called the Kinzie Church. Above the very high and conspicuous mahogany pulpit, in the dim and religious light, were painted on the wall the letters I. H. S., not very



unlike J. H. K.—the initials of J. H. Kinzie. Soon after the church was finished, Mrs. Kinzie invited the witty and genial, and not over reverent, Dr. William B. Egan to attend church. He accepted, and, after service, accompanied Mrs. Kinzie home to dinner. On the way, she said, "Well, Doctor, how do you like our church?"

"Very much, indeed," he replied; "but is it not a little egotistical, and won't the people think it a little vain in John to put his initials so conspicuously over the pulpit?"

#### THE OLD LAKE HOUSE.

Until the erection of his own beautiful residence on Ontario Street, Mr. Ogden lived at the old Lake House. This was a large, brick structure, far in advance of the times, and would have been deemed a comfortable hotel even in these days of luxury and extravagance. It was built in 1835, and opened in 1836, situated on Rush Street and, running through from Michigan to Kinzie Street, it faced across the river, on the south, the neatly-kept and bright whitewashed stockade, pickets, and buildings of old Fort Dearborn. The river was spanned by a rope-ferry, and across it then this military post, with its grass-plot shaded by the old historic honey locust, and within the pickets stood the granite boulder, which tradition said "had been the Indian stone of sacrifice and death," and on which Daniel Webster, in 1837, stood, while the great orator mingled his words with the murmur of the waves of Lake Michigan. There from all parts of the ambitious little City could be seen, above the low, wooden buildings, the flag of the Fort, its bright and beautiful colors waving in the breeze.

How much more beautiful and romantic was Chicago then than now! The river, now choked with filth, and offensive alike to smell and sight, was then a clear, transparent, running stream, its grassy banks fringed with foliage and flowers. Toward the east, from the Lake House, there was nothing to hide the bright waters of the Lake, except the fine old cotton-wood, which had long shaded

and sheltered the residence of the Kinzie family. The grounds of this old-Kinzie house, the home of the father of John H. Kinzie, sloped gently toward the river, and the banks were grassy, and the broad piazza was pleasantly shaded by four large Lombardy poplars.

The young ladies, in those days, were accustomed to the saddle, and horseback-riding was a common amusement. Virginia and New England, as well as the daughters of some French and Indian families, furnished equestrians of great beauty, grace, skill, and fearlessness. There was a fine natural forest between Clark and Pine Streets, and north on the lake shore, and along its grassy paths lay fallen and decaying trees. Over these, we practised our horses and Indian ponies in leaping. Our favorite steeds were Ogden's old Delaware parade-horse, "Paddy"; Garrett's "Eagle," a beautiful cream-colored animal, with black mane and tail; and Capt. Allen's splendid chestnut charger.

One day, Ogden and I were riding along the beach, on the lake shore, between Twelfth and Eighteenth Streets. Ogden was riding "Paddy," and I was mounted on "Eagle," when my horse on the edge of the water plunged into a bed of quicksand. Fortunately, one of his forefeet struck firm ground, and, with a tremendous spring, he reached *terra firma*, and saved me from the awful fate of the Master of Ravenswood, so graphically described by Sir Walter Scott.

Few now living can recall those gay scenes, but those who can, will not have forgotten the almost unequalled beauty of a daughter of Col. Whistler, nor those black-eyed, dark-haired Virginia girls, nor the belles of mixed French and Indian races, who united the grace and beauty of both; and I am quite certain that no one, who was so happy as to participate in these rides, will have forgotten that rosy-cheeked, golden-haired lass, the most fearless and graceful of all, whom the Indians in their admiration called,

"O-go-ne-qua-bo-qua,  
The Wild Rose."



## THE RACE TO DANVILLE.

In May, 1837, Mr. Ogden sent for me one day, saying he had a claim of \$10,000 against a resident of Danville, in this State, who had just failed. He wished me to go to Danville as soon as possible and try to secure it. He also advised me that Henry G. Hubbard, as one of the firm of Hubbard & Co., was also a large creditor, and that it was important that Hubbard should not know of my departure, for if Hubbard reached Danville first, the debtor would probably turn over all his property to secure the Hubbards, but if I could get to Danville first, and attach the property of the debtor, the claim, very large in those days, might be secured. I was instructed to get my attachment writ, go to Nickols, who kept the best livery in Chicago, and get a famous gray saddle-horse, Nickols then had, of great speed and endurance, and beat Hubbard to Danville. There was not then any road to Danville, except a path called "The Hubbard Trace," which Gurdon S. and Henry G. Hubbard had made in taking goods from Chicago to that place, where for several years they had kept a trading-post. When the sun was an hour high, I had obtained my legal process, and the gray stood impatiently pawing before my office door, on Dearborn Street, between Lake and South-Water Streets. As I threw myself into the saddle, I said, "My gallant gray, you will be quiet enough before you get back."

I hoped to reach Rexford's tavern, at the Calumet, that night, and, if I could get away, and cross the Calumet and Kankakee swamps before Hubbard overtook me, I felt pretty sure I should beat him. Arriving at Rexford's, I saw that special care was taken of my horse, and ordered an early breakfast, and that my horse should be ready in the morning at sunrise. But, to my surprise and chagrin, when I started to mount, Henry Hubbard's sulky, with his fast trotter before it, stood at the door. We greeted each other, but not as cordially as usual.

"Go ahead, Henry," said I; "you know these swamps and sloughs, and you must be my guide and pilot. I'll follow you."

And so, each knowing the business of the other, but neither speaking of it, we started. Nothing of special interest occurred, except, I fancied, from the places through which he led me, he was quite willing I should be stalled, swamped, or thrown into the mud. But my horse had long legs, and was accustomed to these prairies and sloughs, and would often stand with all his feet on a bunch of rushes, or other hard space, twelve or twenty inches in diameter, and then reach out one of his forward feet and actually feel for a firm footing before he would move. I gave him his head, and he took me safe across. On the way, we had to cross the "Grand Prairie," thirty miles without house, cabin, tree, or bush, as far as the eye could reach. Nothing but blue sky above, and the green, tender grass of early May and wild flowers beneath. It was a lonely ride. Hubbard was far ahead. I remember, after riding for hours, I dismounted, lay down upon the turf, and let my horse crop the new grass and fragrant violets, and, I think, never before or since have I had such a sense of solitude and lonesomeness. I was miles away from a human being, and I realized that such a prairie is more solitary than the ocean or the forest.

Hubbard generally took the lead, and I got sight of him only two or three times a-day. It was obvious both were saving the strength of our horses for the last 15 or 20 miles. The last night, we stopped about fifteen miles from Danville, and slept in the same log-cabin. The morning sun saw us both ready for the final struggle; both of our horses being in pretty good condition. As Hubbard went to the stable, a man dressed in blue jeans, with a coon-skin cap on his head, came up to me, and said, "Stranger, I do n't know ye, nor kere much about ye; but I do n't like t' other fellow. He is troubled with the *big head*; and he has been uncivil to me. I hearn say, 't is a tight race be-



tween ye, which shall git to Danville first. Now, Stranger, I'll help ye. But don't let on. Let him," pointing to Hubbard, "start ahead; I'll put my boy there on your gray, and let him follow slowly behind, not too far, a mile or more behind, so your gray horse can be seen, but the rider won't be known." He continued, "I've got a pair of colts I'll hitch up, and I'll take ye by another road into Danville, thirty to sixty minutes ahead of that big-headed fellow."

I saw it was my only chance. My gray was saddled, and when Hubbard had got too far ahead to distinguish the rider, the boy was mounted, and told not to shorten the distance, but just keep the sulky in sight. Hubbard, seeing the gray behind him, traveled slowly, saving his horse for the last five or six miles. Meanwhile, the colts had been harnessed, and attached to a light wagon, and making a circuit, we struck a cross-road, and, traveling at a three-minute pace, passed on ahead of Hubbard into Danville. Arriving, I found the sheriff; had him quickly seize and attach the store and property of the defendant, and when, an hour later, Hubbard came in, you may judge of his surprise and vexation when he found me, whom he had supposed far behind, with the sheriff, in possession of all the debtor's property. And it was thus I won the race and secured Ogden's debt. The gallant gray did not long survive, and I missed him sadly, for I had often ridden him; but Ogden did not object to pay Nickols liberally for the gray horse with which I beat Hubbard.

#### A FLAG FOR THE STEAMER ILLINOIS.

On Tuesday afternoon, July 23d, 1839, forty-two years ago, there lay, just below where Rush-Street Bridge now is, at the wharf of Newberry & Dole, a magnificent steamer, that in size, model, and external appearance might be compared with the finest "Cunard" or "White Star" ship that now traverses the Ocean. At that time, we had no completed line of railways to the Atlantic coast, and our inter-

course with the East, socially and commercially, was by means of steamboats.

The steamer that lay at the wharf of Newberry & Dole was the "Illinois," named for our State. She was new, and this was her first season on the Lakes. The citizens of Chicago had purchased and were now to present to Capt. Blake, her commander, and to Oliver Newberry, her owner, a suit of colors worthy of such a splendid boat. Wm. B. Ogden, then, as ever, one of our most prominent citizens, was selected to make the presentation speech. It was a lovely summer afternoon, and our little City of scarcely 4000 people turned out, *en masse*, to witness the spectacle. Fort Dearborn, directly opposite, and all the shipping in the river were gay with the national colors floating from every flag-staff, peak, and mast-head.

Mr. Ogden was a natural orator, and his manly voice, on this occasion, could be distinctly heard by the crowd on the wharf as well as on the deck of the steamer. After complimenting the "splendid specimen of naval architecture" on which he stood, and expressing his pleasure in being the organ of presenting the "appropriate gift" to the steamer bearing the name of our State, he spoke of the wonderfully rapid advance of our country, and the means of communication, bringing the East and the West, the Hudson and the Great Lakes, and the Mississippi into convenient neighborhood. I remember a bold and striking figure in which he compared the "prairie fires," which at that time annually were seen to invade our wide, and then unsettled, city limits, to the "pillar of fire by night," lighting the "path of Empire on its westward way." He then paid a glowing tribute to the memory of Robert Fulton, but for whose genius, he said, "the lake and the prairie around us would have still remained in the wild solitude of nature. There would have been, but for Fulton, no Steamer 'Illinois,' no Chicago, and the broad and beautiful prairies around us would have continued long 'to waste their sweetness on the desert air'." Turning to Capt. Blake,



and unfurling a splendid silk banner, fit for an admiral, Maj.-Gen. Scott standing at his side, he said: "We present to you our country's flag. \* \* \* To you it is no stranger; under a most valiant chief (bowing to Gen. Scott), whom a grateful people have not forgot to praise, bravely and honorably have you defended it in war. \* \* \* Stand by it in peace—stand by it forever." In conclusion, he said: "For this noble craft, we would ask of Him who rules the raging storm and bids the rising waves be still, to save her from storm and tempest, from rocks and shoals, and bring her in safety to her destined haven. \* \* \* Oft shall she bring to us, as she cuts through the swelling waves, many that we love, and when, with eager haste, it shall be our privilege to return once more to scenes of childhood's happy hours; once more to seek a parent's blessing, a sister's, brother's fond embrace; once more to view our native hills, and valleys, and streams; where, when a child, we gambolled wild and free, through every wooded glen; safely, swiftly, will she bear us, until we greet again our Fatherland."

\* Walter L. Newberry, on behalf of his brother, Oliver Newberry, replied, and then, with Gen. Scott and a gay and merry party, she steamed north to Gross-Point, near where now is Evanston, thence down to the Calumet, and returned to her dock.

While on her way, Chicago's earliest ballad-singer, Geo. Davis, sung a beautiful song, composed by himself, for the occasion, from which I extract the following:

"We bid thee God-speed, thou beautiful boat,  
Queen of the Prairie Sea.  
Oh, long may thy fame on the billows float,  
And thy colors wave high on the breeze.

Here's a health to the boat and her gallant crew,  
From shoals may she ever steer free,  
And long may Blake sail, till the wild waves ring  
As she sails o'er the Western sea."

## GENERAL SCOTT.

Speaking of Gen. Scott brings to my mind an incident which, although having no relation to Mr. Ogden, I trust you will pardon me for mentioning. A few years after the presentation of these colors to the "Illinois," and before there was any railway communication with the East, I sailed around the Lakes with Gen. Scott and his brilliant staff of young officers. He had been much talked of for the Presidency, and was gracious and affable, and added greatly to the pleasure of the long voyage. We arrived on Friday evening, Aug. 2d, 1844, the General stopping at the Lake House. Soon after our arrival, Mrs. Kinzie sent for me, and stating that the rector of St. James' was out of the City, and, as Gen. Scott would be at church on Sunday, some one must read a sermon. She asked if I would do so? "If so, I will send you," she continued, "a volume of sermons from which you can make your own selection." I promised to read the sermon, some one else having been selected to read the prayers and service. I found a most brilliant sermon upon "Vanity," a weakness for which Gen. Scott, with all his great qualities, was notorious. As a good joke, and without much consideration, I thought I would improve the opportunity to preach what my clerical friends, I suppose, would call a practical sermon. On Sunday, the church was filled with a great crowd, eager to see Gen. Scott. He came in, attended by a numerous and brilliant staff, in full uniform, and they were assigned places in the front seat, directly before the reading-desk. I began the sermon, and, as I read, I could not help emphasizing the passages which seemed applicable to the General. Soon I noticed his staff exchanging sly glances with each other, and then others giving indications that they were applying the sermon to my distinguished hearer. With too little reverence I thought it all a good joke, and went on and finished my sermon.

On Monday, I called to pay my respects to Gen. Scott,



and after a courteous interview, he said, "Mr. Arnold, you read a very good sermon yesterday, but some of my young men have been saying you intended to make a personal application to me; but I have assured them it was a mere accident that your sermon was on vanity."

I replied, "that like the clergy, I simply read the sermon, leaving the hearers to make the application." "If the coat should fit, let him whom it fitted put it on."

"Well," said the noble old soldier, "the world and the newspapers call me vain. Perhaps I am, and perhaps I have done some things of which a man might justly be proud, if not vain—of this posterity will judge." "But," continued he, after a pause, "it seems to me the newspapers are harsh in their judgments. Clay has his vices," and he named some of which that statesman was accused. "Webster has his faults, and the world knows what they are—faults graver than vanity; and yet some people make much more ado about my vanity, which, if I am vain, only injures me, than about the graver errors of Clay and Webster."

#### GENERAL WORTH.

Will you pardon me for another reminiscence of these early days, illustrating, shall I say, the deterioration of manners. Gen. Worth was a warm, personal friend of Mr. Ogden. He visited him in Chicago. I remember that, in those days, when a steamer signalled its approach, and when distinguished strangers were coming, we used to go down to the wharf, some to welcome and others to see those who came. I witnessed on the landing of Gen. Worth one of the saddest spectacles I ever saw. Among the crowd of citizens, who met him, was a retired army officer, his old classmate, as I was told, at West Point. He had been intrusted by the Government with a large sum of public money, and, in the tempest of speculation, had used it, doubtless with the expectation of making it good; but disastrous times came on, and he proved a defaulter to a large amount. He went forward with others

to greet and welcome his old comrade and schoolmate. As he extended his hand, I shall never forget the look of Worth. Drawing his tall martial form up to his full height, and throwing his military cloak over his shoulders, he stood a moment, looking at the defaulter, and then turning upon his heel, seemed to say, "I can not touch the hand of a defaulter." Scott's lines in *Marmion* came to my mind:

"The hand of Douglas is his own,  
And never shall in friendly grasp,  
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

The act seemed cruel. It was terrible in its severity. In those days, and with such a high sense of personal honor, a defaulter among officers of the army was rare indeed. If those who cheat and plunder the Government were today, as in those early days, visited with absolute social ostracism, such offences would become far less numerous.

THE CASE OF M'CAGG, REED AND CO. *vs.* GALENA, CHICAGO UNION RAILROAD.

The father of the vast railway system in the North-West, a system which has done so much to develop and build up this portion of our country, was Wm. B. Ogden. Beginning with the Galena and Chicago Union Railroad, from Chicago to Fox River, with a far-seeing sagacity and bold enterprise, and a faith which led him to invest in these works not only his private fortune but his credit, he kept pace with, or anticipated, the growth of the West; until from the strap-railway, from Chicago to Elgin, he went on step by step until he was the President of the Union Pacific, being connected more or less with all the great roads from the East by the Lakes to the Mississippi, and on to Lake Superior.

In the earlier of these great enterprises he met many associates who were more conservative, less sagacious, and more prudent than he. Some of them thought him wild and extravagant, and his schemes most hazardous. These



views and their influence caused a division in the Stockholders and Board of Directors of the old Galena Road, of which Mr. Ogden was the first, and for some time, President, and, during a severe depression in all business affairs, he was dropped from the presidency, and an attempt was made to injure his reputation. When president or acting-director of the Galena Road, he was also special partner of the firm of McCagg, Reed & Co., a firm largely engaged in the manufacture and sale of lumber. The Road having little money, this lumber firm, of which he was a partner, at his request, furnished *on credit* a large number of ties for the *Road*. When Mr. Ogden retired from the presidency, the ties not having been paid for, the new officers refused payment, on the ground that Mr. Ogden as president had contracted with himself as a member of the firm of McCagg, Reed & Co. for the ties, and that such contract was tainted with fraud, and therefore void.

On behalf of McCagg, Reed & Ogden, I brought a suit against the Road for the ties, and proved not only that the price charged was below the market price, but, also, that the Road, in its crippled condition, could not procure the materials elsewhere, and that without this purchase it could not have been built, and, of course, a recovery and judgment was obtained for the amount claimed. The suit was most bitterly and obstinately contested, and the defence was ably conducted by Messrs. Collins & Butterfield and Judd & Wilson. Mr. Ogden was then my most intimate friend; he had given his time, his money, and his credit to push on the Road, and had risked in it his private fortune, and I regarded the defence of this case, and the attack made upon his integrity, as most unjust and ungrateful. I remember few, if any, cases in my professional life, in which I felt a deeper personal interest. A verdict against him would have left a stain upon his character. In the course of the trial it came out in evidence that the officers of the Road, after he had been compelled to retire, had received a public dinner (I think at Elgin), in which they drank

toasts to each other and every body, except Mr. Ogden. The omission of his name, the man who every one knew had built the Road, only made him the more prominent. This dinner and the omission of Mr. Ogden's name among the benefactors of the Galena Road was the subject of much comment on the trial. His case was compared to that of Cromwell, whose omission among the kings of England had only made him the more conspicuous.

Mr. Ogden's triumph and vindication were complete, and his opponents, on this occasion, became afterward his warm friends, aiding him in conducting to success many important enterprises.

#### SPECULATION.

As illustrating the wonderfully rapid advance in the value of property in our City, which, in forty years, grew from a population of about 4500 in 1840, to 500,000 in 1880, let me quote two or three examples from Mr. Ogden's notebook. He says "I purchased in 1845, property for \$15,000 which, twenty years thereafter, in 1865, was worth ten millions of dollars. In 1844, I purchased for \$8000, what, eight years thereafter, sold for three millions of dollars, and these cases could be extended almost indefinitely." This rapid advance turned the heads of many sober-minded men, and produced a frenzy which unfitted them for ordinary business.

We had, in those days, the jocose, genial, witty Dr. Egan before mentioned, whose real-estate transactions were bold, off-hand, and sometimes as reckless as the wildest gambling. The result was, that the Doctor had his ups and downs from poverty to wealth, from luxurious extravagance to bankruptcy; today, a Jay Gould, tomorrow, ruined. In those days, "Canal Time" had a clear and universally understood meaning, and signified one-quarter of the purchase-money in hand, and the balance in one, two, and three years, the terms on which the Canal Trustees sold canal lots and lands. One day, in the midst



of this excitement, Dr. Egan was called to see a lady, who was very ill. After examining her, he left such medicine as he thought she required, and, as he was hastening away, the lady discovered he had left no directions. Calling him back, she said, "Why, Doctor, you have given me no directions, how much or how often I am to take the medicine." "Oh!" replied he, as in his impatience he held the door open, his mind evidently on some land purchase, "Oh, one-quarter down, balance in one, two, and three years!"

#### OGDEN'S HOME.

There is not, today, in our wealthy and luxurious City, there never has been, a residence more attractive, more home-like, more beautiful than that of Mr. Ogden, and which, with all its treasures of art and books, was destroyed in the great fire of 1871. I wish I could reproduce it, or create such a picture of it as would enable those who never gathered around its hospitable fireside, to realize its simple elegance and comfort.

The house, built in 1836, stood in the centre of block 35, in Kinzie's Addition to Chicago, and was bounded on the east by Rush, on the south by Ontario, on the west by Cass, and on the north by Erie Streets. W. L. Newberry's residence directly east and occupying an entire block; my own house, the only building on Block 41, one street north; and St. James' Church on Block 40, between Erie and Huron; Judge Mark Skinner's home directly south; and diagonally south-west was the fine residence of H. H. Magee, with the majestic elm near State Street; all these grounds being covered with a natural forest, gave to the neighborhood a rural, suburban aspect, novel for a locality so near the centre of the City. Indeed, so dense was the foliage around us that standing in my front door in June, and looking south, I could see nothing but a mass of green leaves, except at times a flag from the top of a high mast in the river.

The block occupied by Mr. Ogden was covered with a

fine growth of maple, cotton-wood, oak, ash, cherry, elm, birch, and hickory trees, in the centre of which stood his large double house, built of wood. A broad piazza with a projecting pediment, supported by pillars, extended across the south front. On the north-east, and extending from Rush on Erie one hundred and fifty feet, was a conservatory always bright and gay with flowers, also, fruit houses, consisting of a cold grapery and a forcing house in which he raised exotic grapes, peaches, apricots, and figs. A drive around the house, and neatly-kept gravelled walks, traversed the natural forest of noble trees, festooned with the wild grape, the American ivy, and other wild vines; and everywhere were ornamental shrubs, climbing roses, and other flowers. His flower and fruit-houses were not made bright and fragrant, "to waste their sweetness on the desert air." He grew fruits and flowers for his friends and especially for the sick. He never forgot in his busiest days to visit the suffering, and he always took with him the choicest products of his fruit and green-houses, and his cheering smile, his encouraging words, and his exhilarating tonic presence, were better than medicine.

Within his house was a good working library, a few pieces of statuary, and many fine pictures and engravings. Durand, Cropsey, Wier, Kensett, Church, Rossiter, Powers, Healy and others were all well represented.

In this home of generous and liberal hospitality was found no lavish or vulgar exhibition of wealth, no ostentatious or pretentious display, such as is too often seen, exhibiting alike the owner's riches in money and poverty in culture and intellect, and utter lack of taste. On the contrary, here were refinement, broad intelligence, kind courtesy, and real hospitality. Here he gathered from far and near the most worthy, the most distinguished representatives of the best American social life. Here all prominent and distinguished strangers were welcomed and entertained, and here, too, the most humble and poor, if distinguished for merit or culture or ability, were always most cordially



received. Here he entertained Van Buren, Webster, Poinsett, Marcy, Flag, Butler, Gilpin, Corning, Crosswell, Tilden, as well as Bryant, Miss Martineau, Fredrika Bremer, Margaret Fuller, the artist, Healy, Anne C. Lynch, and many others, comprising some of the best representative men and women of our own country, and the most distinguished visitors from abroad. The guest always found good books, good pictures, good music, and the most kind and genial reception. Mr. Ogden himself, however, was always the chief attraction; he was in his way without an equal as a conversationalist. His powers of narration and description were unrivalled.

In this connection, let me read a note from Mr. Healy:\*

With the clear good sense of Mr. Ogden there was mingled a vein of sentiment, of poetic feeling, and an ap-

\* NEW YORK, Park Avenue Hotel,  
October, 31, 1881.

"MY DEAR MR. ARNOLD:—I shall long remember your agreeable visit to this Hotel to see my works, and your conversation with my sitter, a mutual friend of long standing. You mentioned that you were on your way to see Mrs. William B. Ogden, who has given to the Chicago Historical Society my portrait of her late husband, on the presentation of which, to that noble Institution, you are to make some remarks, in memory of Mr. Ogden. You expressed a wish that I should write you a note giving some traits of Mr. Ogden's great charm of manner.

"In the summer of 1855, Dr. Brainard presented me to Mr. Ogden, who also sat to me. I found him in conversation a worthy rival of the three best I ever met, *viz.*: Louis Phillippe, John Quincy Adams, and Dr. O. A. Bronson. M. Guizot once called at my *atelier*, in Paris, accompanied by the Duc de Montebello, to see the whole-length portrait of Mr. Ogden, that was lost in the Chicago fire. Said the great historian and statesman, "That is the representative American, who is a benefactor of his country, especially the mighty West: he built and owns Chicago."

"I remarked, 'Pardon me, M. Guizot, doubtless he owns much, but not all.' He answered, with spirit;

preciation of the beautiful in nature and art, which made him exceedingly attractive. While there was no formality, and while everybody was made to feel quite at home and perfectly at ease, there was always a high-bred courtesy and consideration for others, a respect for age and reverence for God and religion, a tone of elevation and regard for worth and merit, which made his home a positive influence, a real power for good. He early brought to his house his mother and sisters, and it is difficult to overestimate the influence of such a home in moulding the early social life of our City. No one ever saw excess or intemperance at his abundant table; a glass of good wine, but no excess. I think this example had considerable influence in establishing that freedom from intemperance and vice for which the best society in Chicago has always been distinguished.

“‘Yes; all, all.’

“I am indebted to Mr. Ogden and Dr. Brainard, more than to any others, for my visit to Chicago, in the autumn of 1855. My intention was to remain a month or six weeks, and I was delightfully entertained for fourteen years! My first patrons were the late Dr. Brainard and Hon. I. N. Arnold, those works, alas, were lost in the fire.

“Mr. Ogden invited me to pass my first winter there in his house, where I had a full opportunity to observe how charmingly he entertained. In his conversation with ladies, I was reminded of what the Dutchess of Argyle said of Robert Burns — She never derived so much pleasure from an hour’s conversation with any one, as in the company of that gifted man. Mrs. Henry D. Gilpin of Philadelphia, absolutely made use of her Grace’s words, in regard to Mr. Ogden.

“I am afraid, my dear friend, that I shall be unable to see you and my many other friends in Chicago, before I return to Europe. My son, of the firm of Healy & Miller, is with you, where my heart will ever be.

“Present my affectionate regards to your family.

“Faithfully yours,                      GEO. P. A. HEALY.

“HON. ISAAC N. ARNOLD.”



He was a lover of music and painting and poetry. Indeed, he possessed a sensibility to beauty in every form, and to the expression of noble sentiment in the arts and in literature, very rare in a man so absorbed in business and in great enterprises. He was never more attractive than in his library reciting the poetry of Bryant, Halleck, Holmes, Burns, Moore, and Scott; or at his piano, playing an accompaniment to his own voice as he sang with expression, if not with artistic skill, the simple ballads of Burns and Moore, and other songs popular thirty years ago.

Perhaps I ought to make an exception, when he was driving his own carriage, filled with guests, over the prairies of the North-West, for then he would make the longest day short by his inimitable narration of incidents and anecdote, his graphic descriptions, and his sanguine anticipations of the future. His was one of those sympathetic natures that brought gladness into every circle he entered. His smile was like the sunshine to the landscape. He developed and brought into action whatever was good in those with whom he associated. I fear, those of you who did not know him intimately, will think me extravagant, but it was really true that those who saw much of him were so helped that they were capable of doing more and better than they could otherwise have done. His nature was an inspiration and a stimulant. We sometimes meet those whose faces and presence are like a sombre cloud upon a landscape, it was the reverse with him. He brightened the path of every one with whom he walked. No one entered his presence who was not made happier, and made to think better of themselves, and of others, of life and humanity. He was a warm-hearted, generous man, and his attachment to his family and friends was rarely equalled. I know of some circumstances, exhibiting his tenderness and affection almost too sacred for public disclosure. But there is one incident I will venture to mention. His intimate friends knew of his early and romantic attachment to a beautiful girl, whose death, after their engagement and

before the day fixed for their marriage, cast a shadow upon, and tinged with a tender sadness, much of his after-life.

I recall a dark, stormy night, in Dec., 1843, when we were living together, at his house on Ontario Street. The wild winter wind was moaning through the trees, which stood close to the building, a great wood-fire was burning upon the old-fashioned andirons. It was late in the evening, we were alone, and had been narrating to each other incidents of boyhood—on the Delaware and the Susquehanna. We had been speaking of schoolmates and early friends.

Earlier in the evening, he had been humming old and half-forgotten ballads. In this way, time passed on, but he took no note of it, and seemed wholly absorbed in his memories. The fire burned low, the hour grew late, but still he kept on speaking of the past, and, finally, he went to his own room, and soon returned with a parcel of carefully-preserved, but long-ago-faded flowers; roses, pansies, some old garden flowers,—a ribbon, a glove,—some notes, and a little poem,—all tenderly-cherished relics of one from whom, many and long years before, he had been separated by death, and around whose grave, amidst all the active and absorbing scenes, in which he was still living, his memory still lingered fondly and faithfully. He never forgot the Sabbath chimes, with which her voice had mingled. Half-a-century after her death, when making his last "will and testament," he remembered this romance of his youth, and made liberal and generous provision for the nearest-surviving relatives of one to whose memory he was so faithful. If Ogden had faults and failings,—and who has not,—if there are any who would harshly recall them, let such remember his fidelity and affection, and in the recollection of his noble nature forget his failings.

#### HIS LOVE OF NATURE.

He was a real lover of nature, and Bryant was his favorite poet, because in his poetry he found such graphic



descriptions of natural objects. The "scolloped hills" and the murmuring streams, in the picturesque valleys of old Delaware and Otsego and Chenango, were to him never-ending scenes of pleasant recollection. As illustrating his love of nature, I recall a visit we made together in 1838, to the Calumet and its neighborhood. His observing eye had marked it as peculiarly rich in wild and ornamental flowering shrubs and vines. One morning in early May, we started, with picks and spades, with a pair of strong horses, to dig up and bring to his new home a wagon-load of this wild shrubbery. We found and brought back the Carolina rose, the dog-wood, the red ozier, the kinnekanink, the Virginia creeper, the bitter-sweet, and many other wild vines.

At another time, we made an excursion to the Calumet for that queen of lilies, the Lotus (*Nelumbium Luteum*). Not the Nile itself could exhibit a more magnificent spectacle than the Calumet in those early days, with acres and acres—nay, miles—of this glorious flower, with its broad leaves floating upon the water, and its gorgeous color illuminating the surface. Here one might linger,

"Eating the Lotus day by day.

But life in the West, and especially in Chicago, was far too active for us to linger more than a few hours in "Lotus dreams." We realized it was for us rather to act amid

"A race of men that cleave the soil,

Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil."

We felt that success could be obtained alone by those

"Who scorn delight,

And live laborious days."

#### WHAT HE DID FOR CHICAGO AND THE NORTH-WEST.

I have thus far given you a narrative of personal incidents, with the hope, in this way, of making you better acquainted with Mr. Ogden than I could by attempting to describe in detail the active and useful life he lived and the great and important works which he initiated and carried forward to success.

In the spring of 1837, he was elected mayor—the first mayor of Chicago. From that time until his death, in 1877, he was constantly engaged in public works. He made miles upon miles of streets; he zealously advocated the public parks; he was a leading contractor on the Illinois-and-Michigan Canal, and ever one of its ablest and most efficient advocates; he was President of the Board of Sewerage Commissioners; and there is scarcely a railroad leading to or from Chicago, east, west, north or south, with which he has not had important association, and to which he did not render efficient service, so that his acts are written in lines of *iron* all over the West.

I shall not attempt to enumerate these, his important services, in detail. But there is one circumstance which, in this connection, can not in justice to him be omitted. We have to-day great railroad kings, as they are called: Vanderbilts, Jay Goulds, and others; but they build, manage, and sometimes some of them, it is said, wreck railroads, to accumulate and control vast fortunes. Mr. Ogden's great work in constructing railroads was as a *pioneer*, and his services were to a great extent gratuitous and unselfish. In June, 1868, he retired from the Presidency of the Northwestern Railroad, one of the greatest, if not the greatest, railroad corporations in the world; and when retiring, stated that he had been connected with the Road for twenty-one years, since 1847. On that occasion, the following resolution was unanimously adopted by the Stockholders:

“*Resolved*, That his (W. B. Ogden's) connection with this Company, dating back for a period of twenty-one years, his disinterested labors in its behalf without fee or reward during the whole time, the benefit he has conferred upon it and the country, demand our grateful acknowledgments, and we hereby tender him our warmest thanks for his long services and our best wishes for his long-continued health and prosperity.”

One other fact in this connection: In 1859, he was offered the Receivership of the Fort Wayne and Chicago Railway, pending its consolidation, at a salary of \$25,000 per annum. He declined on account of other important



public and private obligations; but finally, when told that the parties interested could agree upon no other person, he accepted the position, refusing the salary, \$25,000, because, he said, the Road could not afford to pay it, and accepting only \$10,000, when pressed upon him.

"STRIKE, BUT HEAR ME."

Let me recall an incident illustrating his power over men. When building some of his Wisconsin railroads, he and others had obtained large stock-subscriptions from the farmers and villagers along the line. Hard times came on; the subscriptions had been paid, but the Road was not finished, and the people became extremely exasperated against him. They thought they had been swindled, and they declared they would shoot him if he ever came into that part of the country. He heard of these threats, and sent hand-bills along the line, calling a public meeting and announcing that he would address the people. A great crowd of excited men gathered. Believing themselves wronged, they were ready for any violence. His friends tried to prevail on him not to go. They thought his life was in danger. He declared he had no fear, and went to the meeting. He was received with hisses, and groans, and denunciation. He was alone and unarmed, and appealed to their sense of justice and fair-play to give him a hearing, and adding, after that, they might condemn and shoot if they pleased. In his own clear and candid way, he detailed the facts; told them of his own sacrifices and losses for the Road, and by what unavoidable disasters it had been delayed; and then, in his sanguine manner, he painted its success in the future, pointed out that it would double the value of every farm, and when he concluded, instead of lynching him, they appointed a committee to wait upon him, which said—

"Mr. Ogden: We are authorized by the farmers, and other stockholders along the road, to say, if you wish it, we will double our subscriptions."

#### HIS POLITICS.

In early life, he was, as he called himself, a Jeffersonian

Democrat. He went into the New-York Legislature as a Democrat, and was elected Mayor of Chicago by the Democratic party, defeating John H. Kinzie, who was the Whig candidate for that office. But he was never a partisan; and when the question of slavery became prominent by the annexation of Texas, he was an earnest anti-slavery man. He was in full sympathy with those of us from Illinois who, in 1848, went to the Buffalo Convention and organized the Free-Soil Party, and he headed the electoral ticket in this State, in favor of Van Buren and Adams; and from that time on, to 1860, he was an active member of the Free-Soil and Republican parties. He supported earnestly Mr. Lincoln for the Presidency, and was elected to the Illinois Legislature on the same ticket.

Between 1860 and 1862, he seems to have fallen under influences which finally alienated him from the policy of Mr. Lincoln. He expressed, and I doubt not entertained, fears that the Administration, by the exercise of what were called the "War Powers," was revolutionizing the government. He did not approve of the "Emancipation Proclamation." These considerations brought Mr. Ogden into political antagonism with many of his old personal and political friends in Chicago.

He was liberal and generous in his contributions to the various charitable and literary enterprises of the City. As head of the Ogden family, he was a most devoted brother, uncle, and relative. Somewhat late in life, Feb. 9th, 1875, he married Miss Arnot, a daughter of Judge Arnot, of Elmira, New York. He had been a warm personal friend of her father, and intimate in her family for many years, and they had known each other, in the most friendly way, from her school-days, and the only mistake about the marriage was, that it did not take place twenty or thirty years earlier.

#### THE FIRES OF 1871.

In 1871, Mr. Ogden was living in quiet at Boscobel. He had, as his friends supposed, done his work. He had built a City, and had helped to create an Empire



in the North-West. He was still interested in many and vast and various enterprises; but he had entrusted their direct management to others, and he had retired to his country-seat and was seeking, after a long and active life, well-earned repose. His picturesque home, situated on a rocky hill, overlooked the Harlem and Hudson Rivers, and the arches of High Bridge; and, in the distance, Washington Heights. He was realizing Downing's ideal of the beautiful in landscape gardening. No one had earned, by long and successful work, a better title to his "*otium cum dignitati*." He had placed the helm of his great enterprises in other hands. He was indulging in this repose, when, on the 8th of October, at Boscobel the startling intelligence came thrilling along the wires, "All Chicago is on fire!" "Chicago is burning!" "Chicago is burned up!" "A whirlwind of fire is sweeping over Peshigo."

It has been wisely said that nothing tries a man like adversity—like some crushing calamity. I know of few scenes in history or fiction more thrilling than Mr. Ogden's arrival in Chicago, on the 10th of October. At ten o'clock on Tuesday evening, he reached the smoking ruins of what had been Chicago. He had received despatches along the railroad of the progress of the flames, but he was unprepared—no one could be prepared, for no one could conceive—the utter and complete desolation which met him on every side. Coming in on the Fort Wayne Road, he had to traverse the track of the ocean of flame, as it had swept with annihilating vehemence over the south side of City. Public buildings, City Hall, churches, banks, hotels, stores, warehouses, offices, homes—every thing gone. He had been informed that his own house was the only one in the North division which had escaped. Crossing the river into that part of the city which he had built and in which he had lived, he drove to Ontario Street, eagerly seeking his old home. He could not find it; he could not find anybody's home, nor place of business. Every house—every structure—from the river to Lincoln Park, *in ashes*. He

was bewildered and lost in this scene of utter desolation. All was gone except, not *his* house—but the house of his brother, Mahlon D. Ogden. This stood solitary and alone amidst the smouldering ruins, where a few hours before had been the homes of 100,000 people. Do you remember Milton's description of Hell, in "Paradise Lost?" Recall it, and it will help you to realize the fiery ruin which surrounded him. As he drove north along the still-smoking wooden pavements of Clark Street,

"On all sides around  
As one great furnace flamed.

\* \* \* \* \*

The dreary plain, forlorn and wild,  
The seat of desolation. Void of light  
Save where the glimmering of the lurid flames  
Cast pale and dreadful."

At last, and late at night, he found the house of his brother; and as he approached he was halted and challenged by the guard on duty. The criminal classes had been plundering the burning city, and they had threatened to burn this house also, where it was supposed money and treasure had been stored, and it had been decided to set a guard, with rifles, around the premises. Mr. Ogden, on announcing his name, was passed in by General Strong.

As in the obscurity of night he took his lonely, gloomy drive, he must have recalled Chicago as he first saw it—this scene, now so black and lurid, where not a tree, nor shrub, nor leaf, could be found—every thing charred—all ashes—fragments of charcoal and melted iron—he had first seen green with grass, foliage, and forest. With the aid of others, he had transformed it into a beautiful city, and now all was destroyed—the work and toil of half a century was annihilated. But he met all—I will not say like a hero, but like a Christian hero. The following day, he received intelligence of the utter destruction of his immense lumber establishment at Peshtigo, and this was aggravated by a horrible destruction of life. His individual



loss, in the two fires, exceeded two millions of dollars. Staying in Chicago only long enough to inspire hope, courage, and energy, in the stricken people, on Saturday he started for Peshtigo, where he was much more needed by the almost despairing survivors. He was accompanied by General Strong, who has written a most graphic description of the Peshtigo fire, from which I quote, and which I trust will be printed, so as to perpetuate so powerful a sketch of one of the most terrible calamities which ever befell any village.

They paused, in their approach, on an elevation which overlooked the burnt district. All was gone! Factories, mills, shops, stores, hotels, boarding-houses, dwellings, warehouses, sheds, fences, bridges—every thing burned. And so clear and complete had been the destruction, not enough was left to mark localities. The poor animals also, the horses and mules, and the domestic animals, all burned, and still more shocking, three hundred and fifteen of the men, women, and children perished in the cruel flames. I quote a few sentences from General Strong's description. He says:

“At 9 o'clock, on the evening of October 8th, many of the Peshtigo people were returning to their homes from their respective churches. The night was dark, and the smoke hung in low and heavy masses over the doomed village. Not a breath of air was stirring. The stillness of death prevailed. Suddenly away to the South-West could be heard a roar like the roar of the sea. Men, women, and children stopped in the streets to listen with wildly-beating hearts. The roar increased. It came nearer and nearer—it spread out—it grew louder, and more continuous, and more frightful in its tone. Something terrible was about to happen, but of what nature? \* \* \* It was fire, and it was close by, and yet there was no blaze, no flame, but the terrible roaring was there, and away to the South-West it grew in volume at every breath, at every throb of the heart. The people in the streets rush wildly now for their homes and loved ones. \* \* \*

The buildings, on both sides of the river, seemed to be on fire at the same instant. Many of the survivors claim to this day, that the fire came straight down from the clouds. Many of the

citizens made no effort to escape, thinking the Judgment-day had come; and, it is said, that a number of elderly persons knelt in prayer in their homes, and were burned to death in the act of praying. The village was on fire about 9:30 o'clock, and in less than two hours was destroyed. The mass of the people were paralyzed with fear. It is known that a large number of women and children were burned in the Company's boarding-house. They were urged to leave it, and take refuge in the river, which was but a few hundred feet away, but would not make the effort. Many were burned in the churches, and near the river, north of the village."

In the face of his terrible calamity—of these tremendous losses, sweeping away the accumulations of a life of almost unparalleled activity and enterprise—Mr. Ogden was calm. He did not murmur nor complain. "It is the act of God," said he; "we are not responsible." "We will," continued he, "rebuild this village—the mills, the shops—and do a larger winter's logging than ever before."

And so, with the energy of early manhood, he took off his coat, and went to work to restore what was gone. He remained all through October, November, into December, superintending and directing the work. At daylight in the morning, he was up, and worked with the men till dark; constantly exposed to the rain and sleet and snow. When night came, he would go on an open car, drawn by mules, eight miles to the harbor. All the evening, until late in the night, he was engaged with his clerks and assistants, in drawing plans, writing letters, and sending telegrams to his agents, and the next morning, break-of-day would find him again at the head of his men at Peshtigo. During all this period, he was cheerful and pleasant, and inspired every body with courage and faith in the future. This terrible strain upon him, and overwork, for a man of his years, probably shortened his life. I can not forbear quoting the closing paragraph of General Strong's paper. He says:

"Thus far in life, I have been associated with no one equal



to him, in business capacity, in energy, in perseverance. He possessed many of the qualities of a great and successful General, *viz.*: Unflinching courage, coolness in times of danger, rare presence of mind in emergencies, decision, a constitution of iron, great physical strength, executive power of a high order, ability to master quickly the details of any thing he had on hand, firmness of purpose, faith in his own judgment and plans, and an unbending will to carry through to completion, and against all opposition, *any thing* he undertook. In the planning and management of large enterprises, while in the prime of life, he had no superior, and I believe few equals."

Mr. Healy has attempted to represent on canvas this princely man. Mr. Healy is a great artist; he has painted more distinguished men, perhaps, than any artist living. In this country, he has painted Governors, Generals, Senators, Presidents, Heroes, and Statesmen; abroad, Earls, Dukes, Field-Marsals, Princes, Kings, Popes, and Emperors have sat to him, but it may well be doubted, if among them all, he ever had a finer subject than Ogden. But yet how little of such a man can be reproduced by pen or pencil.

Come good times—come bad times—come prosperity or adversity—Chicago booming, or Chicago in ashes, its great future was to him a fixed fact.

The fame of the founders of Cities and States grows as time passes on, and so it will be with him. When, some centuries from now, after obscurity shall have gathered over the present, when fable and legend and myth shall obscure our early history, as moss gathers over the ruins of ancient temples, the first Mayor of Chicago will be remembered. Who dare prophesy what Chicago will be then? But this we know, when, centuries from now, the the birth of Chicago as a City, and the inauguration of its first Mayor shall be commemorated, the name of William B. Ogden will be honored and cherished by the millions who shall join in that celebration.

Since the foregoing was written, I have received the following note, which with your permission I will now read. The incident mentioned strikingly illustrates Mr. Ogden's wonderful power over men, and his ability to inspire personal attachment and confidence in those with whom he associated :

403 LASALLE AVENUE,  
CHICAGO, Dec. 18, 1881.

DEAR SIR:—I gladly respond to your request to furnish an incident that may help to set forth the characteristics of our late distinguished fellow-citizen and neighbor, Mr. W. B. Ogden.

Perhaps there was no one feature of his character more marked than his wonderful power of attracting people to him. How great this power was, the following incident attests. As you are aware, Mr. Ogden spent some time abroad about the years 1833-7; in the course of his travels he met, and for a day or two traveled with, a Scotch lord, whom he so attracted as to bring from him, when a few years later Mr. Ogden was in somewhat stringent financial surroundings, the following note:

“MY DEAR MR. OGDEN:—I hear you are in trouble. I have placed to your credit in New York, £100,000. If you get through I know you will return it, if you don't, Jeanie [his wife] and I will never miss it.”

This note, which Mr. Ogden read to me, I believe, on the day of its reception, so impressed me that I think I have given it nearly *verbatim*, except the names, which I don't remember.

Allow me, my dear sir, to express to you my thanks as a citizen for your efforts to preserve for coming generations the incidents in the life of one to whom Chicago owes so much.

Very truly yours,

HON. I. N. ARNOLD,  
104 Pine Street.

O. B. GREEN.

Several of his friends in this country made similar offers. Among others, Mathew Lafin, of Chicago, sometimes said to be a close and penurious man, offered him \$100,000. One would almost be willing to fail if it were the occasion of such exhibitions of friendship and confidence.



At the conclusion of the Memorial Address by Mr. Arnold, the Hon. Thomas Hoyne was called to the chair.

Whereupon, the Hon. Elihu B. Washburne said:

"MR. PRESIDENT:—I feel that I may be the interpreter of the sentiments of all the members of the Society, and all those who are present here tonight, in expressing the gratification and pleasure every one must have felt, in listening to the admirable memoir of Mr. Ogden, from the gifted and facile pen of our worthy President, Mr. Arnold. Nothing, in my judgment, can be more fitting than the tribute here paid to Mr. Ogden. It is worthy of that distinguished man, who was so long and so honorably identified with Chicago, and who had left the impress of his name and character, not only on this City, but on the State and the North-West.

"I knew Mr. Ogden longer and better than any prominent business man in Chicago, during his time.

"The gracious gift to the Society, by his widow, of his splendid portrait, which now adorns these walls, where the cunning fingers of Chicago's most distinguished artist, Mr. Healy, have so faithfully delineated the marvelous features of the man, will be prized so long as the Society shall exist.

"Mr. Ogden was a man of education, intelligence, and refinement. As a business man, he had broad and enlightened views, a bold spirit, and unerring sagacity. Of courtly and polished manners, there is no society in the world he would not have adorned.

"As a conversationalist, I have hardly ever known his superior, or even his equal. If a public speaker is to be measured by results accomplished, there were but few men ever more happy or more successful. I have never known a man who could better address himself to the intelligence, the understanding, the judgment, and the sympathy of men, than Mr. Ogden. I had occasion to know how successfully he could move men. The audience have been told of his connection with the pioneer railroad of Chicago,

the 'Galena and Chicago Union Rail-Road,' and all his contemporaries knew of the zeal and energy with which he entered into that work, destined to have such a vast influence on the future of Chicago and the State. It was in the first throes of that enterprise, strange as it may seem today, that Chicago turned to Galena and the Lead-mines for help, and that little city, then so full of enterprise, with its unrivalled business men, its merchants, its bankers, its lead-brokers, its miners, and its smelters, together with the neighboring villages, contributed more money in the first instance, if I mistake not, to the building of the road, than Chicago. It was the '*Galena* and Chicago Union Rail-Road,' and now, alas! even the name does not exist!

"It was in a crisis in the affairs of the road that Mr. Ogden, the president, with some other Chicago gentlemen, appeared at Galena, to solicit additional subscriptions to the stock of the road, and raise money to go forward with the work. Great interest was felt in the road all through the mining region, and meetings were called, not only at Galena, but at Hard Scrabble, New Diggings, and Schultsburg, to consider the subject, and to be addressed by Mr. Ogden. I attended all the meetings, and I never heard so effective speeches as those made by him. A master of the whole subject, he presented all the considerations so fully, so clearly, and so intelligently, as to carry conviction home to every mind, resulting in subscriptions to be paid in gold and silver, for that was the currency of the mining region, to an extent that not only amazed our Chicago friends, but surprised the Galenians, who thought they knew something of the wealth of the lead-mining region at that time.

"The Galenians of that day will always hold the memory of Mr. Ogden in respect. In the difficulties which grew up afterwards in the Board of Directors of the Company, and which resulted in the most grievous wrong to Galena that was ever inflicted on any town, and which proved a great misfortune for the Company, Mr. Ogden always stood by Galena, and fair play, and honest faith. Not-



withstanding all the money and influence Galena contributed to the work, in the hour of its weakness and trial, the road never reached there. Instead of being pushed forward to its destination, and becoming the pioneer road to the Mississippi, it made its terminus at Freeport, where it remains today, a reminder of a colossal mistake, such as was rarely ever made, even in the case of a corporation. For Mr. Ogden's course in that matter, as well as for the high respect in which I have always held him, I am glad to join in this tribute to his memory."

At the conclusion of his remarks, Mr. Washburne offered the following resolutions, which were seconded by Julien S. Rumsey, and unanimously adopted, to wit:

"RESOLVED, That the sincere and grateful thanks of the Chicago Historical Society be and are hereby tendered to Mrs. Mari Arnot Ogden, for the splendid portrait, by Healy, of her husband, the late Hon. William B. Ogden, a former member of the Society.

"RESOLVED, That the said portrait shall be hung in the rooms of the Society, where it shall ever be treasured as a *souvenir* of Mr. Ogden, as a liberal and enlightened patron of the Society.

"RESOLVED (further), That the Secretary of the Society be directed to transmit the above resolutions to Mrs. Ogden.

"RESOLVED, That the thanks of the Society be hereby tendered to the Hon. Isaac N. Arnold, the President of the Society, for the very able, interesting, and instructive memoir of the late Hon. William B. Ogden, former member of this Society, read before it this evening; and also to E. H. Sheldon, for his very appropriate remarks.

"RESOLVED, That Messrs. Arnold and Sheldon be requested to deposit the same in the archives of the Society, and also furnish copies for publication."

*Boston Public Library  
from Essex Institute*

MEMOIR

OF

BENJAMIN PEIRCE.

---

BY

ROBERT S. RANTOUL.

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[ FROM HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS OF ESSEX INSTITUTE, VOL. XVIII. ]

SALEM :

PRINTED FOR THE INSTITUTE.

1881.



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[See third page of cover.]

MEMOIR  
OF  
BENJAMIN PEIRCE.

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BY ROBERT S. RANTOUL.

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READ AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ESSEX INSTITUTE,  
MONDAY, MAY 16, 1881.

THE birth-place of an eminent man has a certain proprietary interest in his memory and fame. The Chinese, it is said, pay their homage to the progenitors, rather than to the descendants, of the great, and in this they are not wholly wrong; for the accident of birth, the accident of early surroundings, are weighty factors in that complex product which we call greatness.

Fifty-six years ago, a boy of sixteen left his home in Salem to enter Harvard. He did not set out alone, for his comrades Francis B. Crowninshield, Nathaniel F. Derby, Nicholas and George H. Devereux, and Joshua Holyoke Ward entered the old University from Salem with him. He met there such classmates as Elbridge



Gerry Austin, William Gray, Park Benjamin, George T. Bigelow, William H. Channing, James Freeman Clarke, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Benjamin R. Curtis. The class of 1829 is a famous one, and a very great share of its renown is due to Benjamin Peirce, a son of Salem.

Of his ancestry and early years it becomes us especially to speak. From his first breath he had been surrounded with persons of character and culture. His descent was from the purest of Puritan stock. He was born, April 4, 1809, in the westerly house of the Tontine Block, so called, now the residence of the Hon. Stephen G. Wheatland, in Warren street. His father, who afterwards, and at the time of his leaving home for Cambridge, occupied the easterly house in the brick block in Chestnut street, now the residence of Dr. William Mack, was Benjamin Peirce, born also at Salem, Sept. 30, 1778, the son of Jerathmael, who came from his birth-place, Charlestown, in early life, to Salem and established here, as senior partner with Aaron Wait of Malden, the well-known business house of Peirce and Wait. Jerathmael's brother Benjamin, a great uncle of the mathematician, was the only Salem man killed at the battle of Lexington. Benjamin, the father of the mathematician and namesake of the martyr of Lexington, was graduated at Harvard, the first scholar of his class, in 1801, and in 1826 left Salem, where he had been a merchant, to become Librarian of Harvard College. While filling this office he wrote a history of the College from its foundation to the Revolutionary Period. He had married, in Salem, his cousin Lydia R., daughter of Ichabod and Lydia (Ropes) Nichols. Dr. Ichabod Nichols of Portland, an eminent liberal divine, much versed in mathematical science, was her brother, and her sister was the wife of Charles San-

ders, for some years a Steward of the College, whose munificence endowed the Sanders Theatre. I do not know that either of the mathematicians' parents showed any notable development of the mathematical faculty, but in the maternal uncle, a man of varied accomplishments and powers, the peculiarity was manifest. Dr. Wheatland has kindly traced for me the interesting genealogies of both the parents from the beginnings of our colonial history. The record shows an unmixed lineage drawn from the best New England sources.<sup>1</sup>

Born into the Salem of 1809,—the Salem of Dr. Prince and Dr. Bentley—the Salem of Dr. Bowditch and Dr. Holyoke, of Pickering and Prescott, of Barnard and Reed, it was predestined that a mind naturally leaning towards mathematical pursuits should find a stimulus in the bracing atmosphere of the place. Under the dominating influence of such men as these, Salem had sustained a "Social Library" since 1760, and before 1770 we find young Thompson, whose colossal statue as Count Rumford, a hero of Bavaria, adorns the fairest street in one of the fairest capitals of Europe, calculating eclipses, as an apprentice of fifteen, over his master Appleton's counter in the little shop in Essex street, which occupied the site of Choate's block, and blowing himself up with his own precocious pyrotechny in the general jubilation over the repeal of the stamp-act. Ten years more brought the lucky windfall of the "Kirwan Library" and, with these books as a nucleus, we soon had the best collection of works on Science to be found in any city save Philadelphia on this continent. This was the "Philosophical Library" to which Bowditch in his will makes such substantial acknowledgment of his debt, and this Philosophi-

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<sup>1</sup> See Appendix, p. 10.



cal Library, merged with the Social Library in 1810, under the guidance of the large-minded scholars of that day, contributed its quota to the more generous foundation of the Salém Athenæum.

The life of Peirce in Salem was not without its incidents. He attended, for three years or more, a private school taught by John Walsh, an accomplished scholar whose father was the author of the approved elementary arithmetic of the day. In this school, kept in a wooden structure which occupied the site of the garden and green-houses of the late John Fiske Allen in Chestnut street, and which is now a dwelling house in Hathorne street, young Peirce sat near Henry I. Bowditch, the third son of the already famous mathematician of that name, and these two boys, just entering their teens, were the acknowledged leaders of the school in the working of figures.

The fame of Bowditch, it will be remembered, was already ripening. From his birth until 1823 he resided in Salem. In that year Peirce was fourteen, and Dr. Bowditch fifty. Some twenty years before, he had produced his "Practical Navigator," recognized in both hemispheres at that day as the best work of the kind in print, and had ceased to follow the sea. He had declined the chair of Mathematics at Harvard in 1806,—at the University of Virginia in 1818 and at West Point in 1820. He had finished, in 1817, the monumental work upon which his reputation rests, namely, the translation and annotation of the *Mécanique Céleste* of Laplace, so far as that unique production was then complete. Not three persons in America,—according to the *Edinburgh Review* not twelve persons in Great Britain,—were then supposed capable of reading, with critical appreciation, the original

text. It remained for his young pupil, Benjamin Peirce, to do for a fifth volume of Laplace, published many years later, what Bowditch had done for the four volumes then in print.<sup>2</sup>

Dr. Bowditch had early perceived the bent of Peirce's mind, and interested himself in its development and progress. He secured the young man's aid, at the close of his college course, in reading the proof-sheets of the *Mécanique Céleste*, and there is little doubt that he had predicted, before Peirce left Salem for Cambridge, the very extraordinary career which has just been finished.

Passing the last year of his preparation for College at the Putnam School in North Andover, Peirce was graduated at Harvard, in the class of '29 at the age of twenty. He next taught mathematics for two years at the famous Round Hill School at Northampton, then in charge of the historian Bancroft. Here he made the acquaintance of a daughter of the Hon. Elijah Hunt Mills, a leader of the bar of Hampshire County and a Representative and Senator in Congress, and this lady he subsequently married. In 1831, at the end of these two years at Northampton, he returned to Cambridge, where his father had just died, and became successively tutor in Mathematics, Hollis professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy the next year, and in 1842 Perkins professor of Astronomy and Mathematics, a chair which he filled at his death. No one since the seventeenth century has filled, for so many years, an official position in Harvard College. And in the whole College history but one officer has exceeded in length of years his round half century of devoted service. But while he was adorning these places of use-

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<sup>2</sup> I do not find this volume in the libraries. The statement rests upon Appleton's *American Cyclopædia*, article "Bowditch," and gains some support from N. I. Bowditch's memoir of his father.



fulness and honor at home, his name was earning the wider recognition of his country and the world of science.

In 1847 he received the honorary degree of LL.D. from the University of North Carolina. In 1849, he became consulting astronomer to the American Nautical Almanac as well as an associate member of the Royal Astronomical Society of London. In 1852, in the 43d year of his age, he had achieved the very marked distinction of being selected as one of the fifty "Foreign Members" of the Royal Society of London, an honor which had been reached at that time by only one other American, since we had ceased to be English. That American was Dr. Bowditch. In 1853, he was made president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, of which organization he had been, from the start, a vigorous promoter. He was also a founder of the National Academy of Science and a valued contributor to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. In 1867, he succeeded the distinguished Bache as Superintendent of the United States Coast Survey, receiving in that year the degree of LL. D. from his own University. At his death he was also Honorary Fellow of the Imperial University of St. Valdimir at Kiev, and a member of the Royal Societies of Göttingen and Edinburgh. And so it came about that the bright-eyed boy who beat his hoop on Salem Common, and coasted down the Lookout, and tacked his boat among the islands of our sparkling harbor, had grown to such a stature that it could be said of him by no less a witness than the Rev'd Thomas Hill of Portland, "No man would select from among the successors of Descartes, Leibnitz, and Newton, twenty names of those who had shown the greatest genius in pure mathematics, down to 1875, without including Benjamin Peirce."

It is not for us to assign to Peirce his rightful place among the master-thinkers of the day. Probably his name and that of Dr. Bowditch will be coupled as those of the foremost mathematicians yet born in America. And while the Essex Institute can but share, with the scientific world, the regret with which his death has been received, it cannot omit to record a sorrow peculiarly its own, in that the illustrious American, like his predecessor in that great fame, was a son of Salem.

In taking leave of the patriarchal presence, the searching eye, the genial smile, it is fitting to record on this closing page some outline of the career which made our townsman the welcome associate of the great intelligences of his time. It is not given to us—it is given to but few men of any generation—to roam those Alpine solitudes of science to which his genius reached. But we may rejoice for him that finding his country among the lowest of civilized nations in astronomical achievement, he left her among the first—and that he has been able to do more than any American of our day, to show how Nature may be read by the same mind as a problem and a song, and how science, rightly pursued, may dispute with fiction the domain of poetry.

The first vigor of his manhood was devoted to his work as teacher and framer of text-books. To impart is as much a necessity for a mind like his as to acquire. In these efforts, in which he was much absorbed until the year 1846, he did not hesitate to override Euclid and the accepted authorities, and by shortening, condensing, and recasting their processes of demonstration, to make them more consonant with that simplicity and directness which characterized all his methods of thought. His text book on the integral calculus and other productions of this



period bore a stamp of powerful individuality which could not be mistaken. Every problem which presented itself to him, he examined for himself by original methods, before having recourse to the labors of other minds. In 1839 he attacked with success, by a system of his own, some of the impregnable problems in curves, and in 1842 he published an analytical solution of the motions of the top, which challenged the attention of the American Academy. During this period, while making innovations which are now commonplaces, in European and American methods of instruction, he burthened himself with the task of reviewing Leverrier's herculean labors for the discovery of the planet Neptune. And this led him to challenge that astronomer's explanation of the perturbations of Uranus with such confidence that, when requested by Mr. Everett, then President of the Academy, to suppress the announcement of his results because no words could express the improbability of his statement, he could calmly reply, "But it is still more improbable that there can be an error in my calculations." This was in 1846, when Leverrier was in the first flush of triumphant achievement, and showed that Peirce was then able to meet, upon their own ground, the greatest minds engaged in astronomical research. For time has vindicated the American astronomer.

In 1840, Professor Peirce produced an elementary treatise on plane geometry, arranged and printed for the blind.

By a few striking lectures delivered in Boston in 1843, he was able to arouse such a degree of interest in the comet of that year as led to the erection of an observatory at Cambridge, and the subsequent organization of the Dudley observatory at Albany, in 1855, owed much to his care.

Becoming, in 1849, consulting astronomer to the Nautical Almanac, he directed the theoretical part of the work with such ability as to bring the publication at once to the high position of authority it now enjoys. In this connection he produced, for a temporary purpose, a system of Lunar Tables, which proved so valuable that they have never been superseded by the works for which they were designed as provisional substitutes merely.

From 1851 to 1856, Peirce was engaged in a laborious computation, based upon observations of Prof. Bond of Cambridge, from which it was made sure that the rings of Saturn are not solid, as had been supposed, but fluid, and are sustained by satellites and not by the planet itself.

From 1867 to 1874, he superintended the United States Coast Survey, and in this showed an executive capacity for dealing with men, not unworthy of his reputation for dealing with the problems of science. This great national work was begun in 1845. For many years before he was called to the head of the organization, he had been one of its guiding spirits, and it has earned for itself a respect and authority which pay tribute to his fame.

In 1870, he produced a memoir,<sup>3</sup>—the manuscript was lithographed and but a hundred copies made, so abstruse was the subject, — demonstrating that while only three algebraic systems have thus far been developed and used in all the triumphant achievements of modern science, upwards of seventy such are possible, and this number he

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<sup>3</sup> Soon after, Professor Peirce took this memoir abroad, and the manuscript French translation of it is now in the hands of a lady of Salem, to whom he gave it.



foreshadowed and classified. One flash like that lights up the horizon of intellectual vision as the lightning lifts the cloud-veil of the midnight tempest.

I attempt no characterization of this extraordinary man, nor is it for me, holding no place in the world of science, to offer tribute beyond an expression of personal regard. But the Essex Institute can ill afford to forget the fame of one, born on our soil, who sat at the feet of Bowditch, and who worked so grandly, both in spirit and result, to realize the infinite possibilities of applied as well as abstract science.

#### APPENDIX.

This account of the ancestry of Prof. Benj. Peirce was compiled from gleanings collected during a cursory examination of several family, church, town, and county records and a perusal of various works on local history and genealogy, and from tradition.

Benjamin Peirce, born in Salem, Mass., 4 April, 1809, studied in the schools of Salem and Andover, graduated at Harvard in 1829, an instructor in the Round Hill School, Northampton, Mass., 1829 to 1831, tutor in Harvard College, 1831-1833, professor of mathematics and natural philosophy, 1833-1842, professor of astronomy and mathematics, 1842 to his decease, which occurred Oct. 6, 1880. He was also Superintendent of U. S. Coast Survey, 1867-74; a member of various scientific societies, in some of which he held official positions; author of many works on his specialties, some of which were used as textbooks in colleges and high schools; also of memoirs and communications to scientific societies, periodicals, etc. The following may be specified: Gill's Mathematical Miscellany, Cambridge Miscellany of Mathematics, Transactions American Philosophical Society, Memoirs and Proceedings of American Academy of Science and Arts, Transactions of American Association for the Advancement of Science, Gould's Astronomical Journal, The American Nautical Almanac. From its commencement in 1849 the theoretical department of this work has been under his special direction.

The eloquent orator at the recent centennial commemoration of the *Ø. B. K.*, at Cambridge, thus happily alludes to him: "Professor Peirce, the largest natural genius, the man of the deepest reach, and

firmest grasp and widest sympathy that God has given to Harvard in our day; whose presence made you the loftiest peak and farthest outpost of more than mere scientific thought; the magnet, with his twin Agassiz, made Harvard for forty years the intellectual mecca of forty states."

He married 23d July, 1833, Sarah Hunt Mills of Northampton (b. 14 Sept., 1808), a daughter of Hon. Elijah Hunt and Harriet (Blake) Mills. Mr. Mills was born 1st Dec., 1776, a graduate of Williams College in the class of 1797, a lawyer of eminence in Northampton, Representative U. S. Congress 1815-19, U. S. Senator 1820-7; in 1823 opened a law school in Northampton with Judge Samuel Howe and Mr. John Hooker Ashmun, which numbered at one time forty students; he died May 5, 1829; he was a son of Rev. Benjamin and Mary (Hunt) Mills. Rev. Mr. Mills was born at Killingby, Conn., 18th Oct., 1739, graduated at Yale College in 1762, settled at Chesterfield, Mass.; died March 14, 1785, having been a member of the Provincial Congress, and afterwards member of Massachusetts General Court.

His father, *Benjamin Peirce*, born at Salem 30th Sept.; 1778, graduated at Harvard College in 1801; m. 11th Dec., 1803, his cousin Lydia Ropes Nichols (b. 3d Jan., 1781; d. Oct. 16, 1868); after graduation he was a merchant in Salem until 1826, when he removed to Cambridge to enter upon the duties of Librarian of Harvard College; in this position he continued until his decease, which occurred 26 July, 1831. During his residence in Salem his family attended the North Church successively under the pastorates of Rev. Thomas Barnard, D.D., Rev. John E. Abbott, and Rev. John Brazer, D.D.; at different times he received gratifying proofs of the confidence of his fellow-citizens; he was senator in 1811 in the State Legislature, and several times a representative. On the 4th July, 1812, he delivered, upon invitation of a committee of Federal Republicans, of which Nathaniel Bowditch was chairman, the address, which was duly printed. During his connection with the library he prepared and printed, in four 8vo volumes, a catalogue of the books, which was a work greatly to be desired. He also left in a considerable degree of forwardness a history of the University, which was printed two years after his decease under the editorship of John Pickering.

His father's father, *Jerathmael Peirce*, born in Charlestown, Mass., January, 1746, served an apprenticeship to the trade of a leather dresser, moved to Salem in early life, and engaged in business with Aaron Waite, under the name of Peirce & Waite, who continued together in the pursuit of commerce for a long series of years. Messrs. Peirce and Waite were both conspicuous members of the South Church. In 1782 he built the house on Federal street, a few doors west of

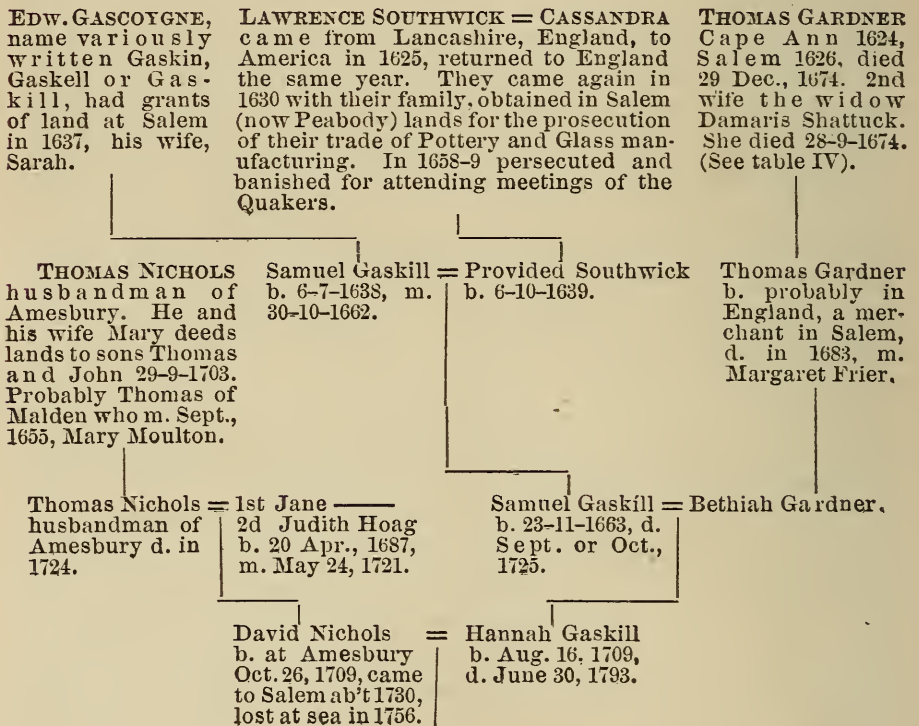


North street, and near the wharf and counting-room of Peirce & Waite on North River, now occupied by several of his granddaughters, the Misses Nichols, where he lived till his decease, 19th August, 1827. He married 9th Feb., 1772, Sarah Ropes (b. 7th Oct., 1752; d. 6th August, 1796). He was the son of Jerathmael and Rebecca (Hurd) Peirce (see table on page 13).

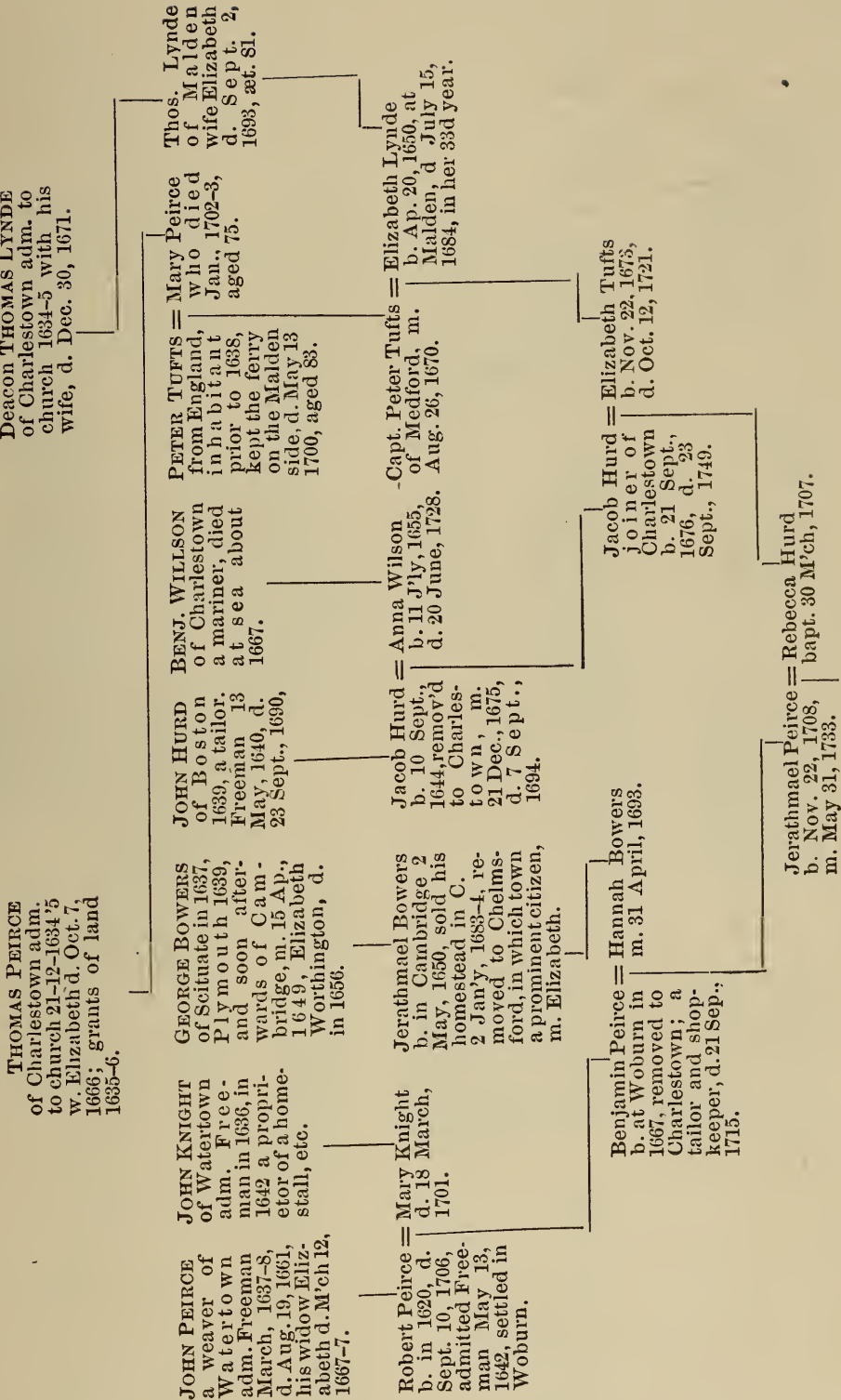
His mother's father, *Ichabod Nichols*, was born in Salem, 20th April, 1749. In early life he served an apprenticeship to the blacksmith's trade, which he left at the age of twenty for the sea. He was for many years master of a merchant vessel, afterwards a merchant residing principally in Salem; for a period of his life he lived at Portsmouth, where several of his children were born. Married, April 12, 1774, Lydia Ropes (b. Dec. 4, 1754; d. Feb. 15, 1835). He died July 2, 1839. He was son of David and Hannah (Gaskill) Nichols. (See table I on this page).

His grandmothers, *Sarah (Ropes) Peirce and Lydia (Ropes) Nichols*, were sisters and daughters of Benjamin and Ruth (Hardy) Ropes. (See tables on pages 14 and 15).

TABLE I.

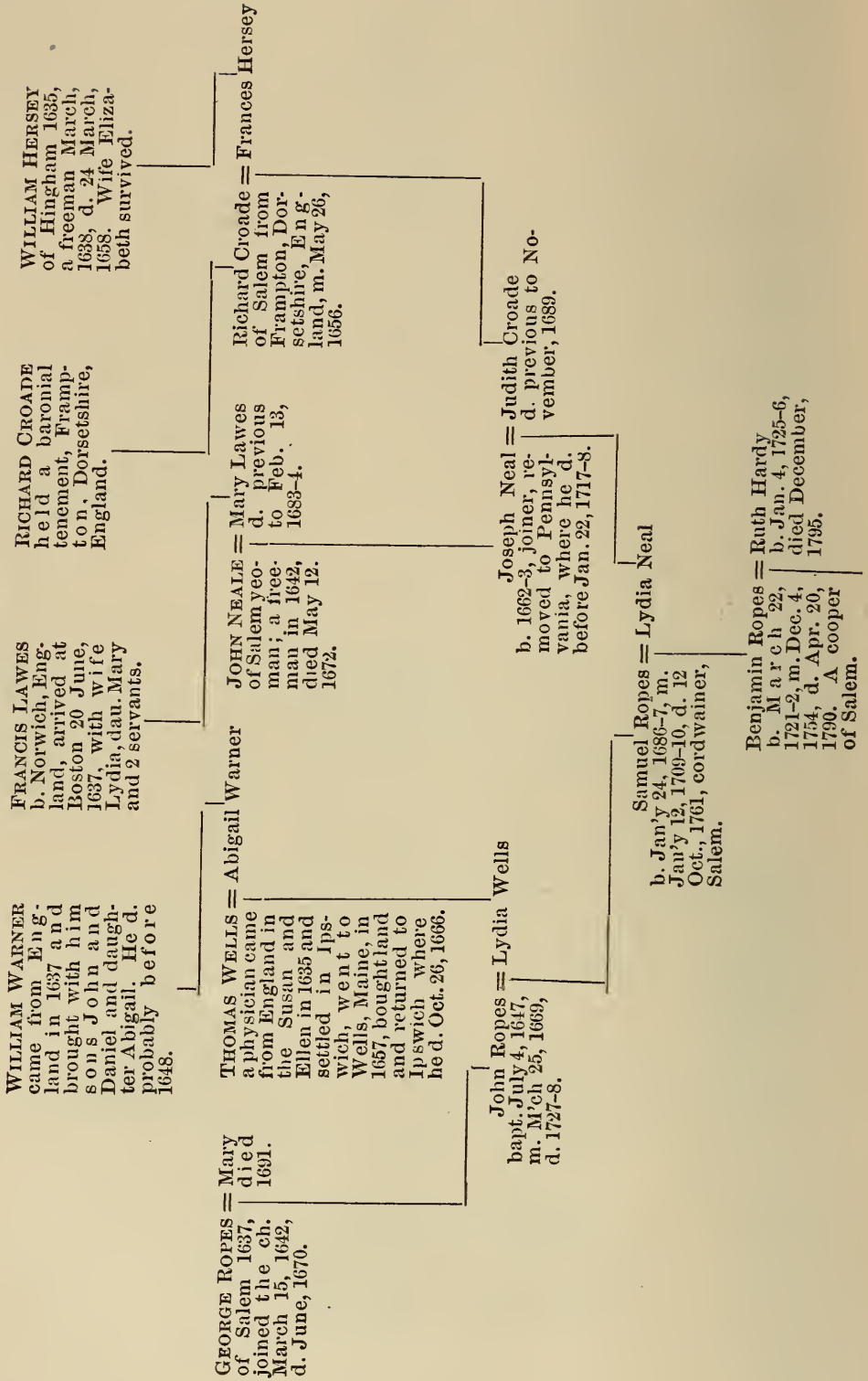


# TABLE II.

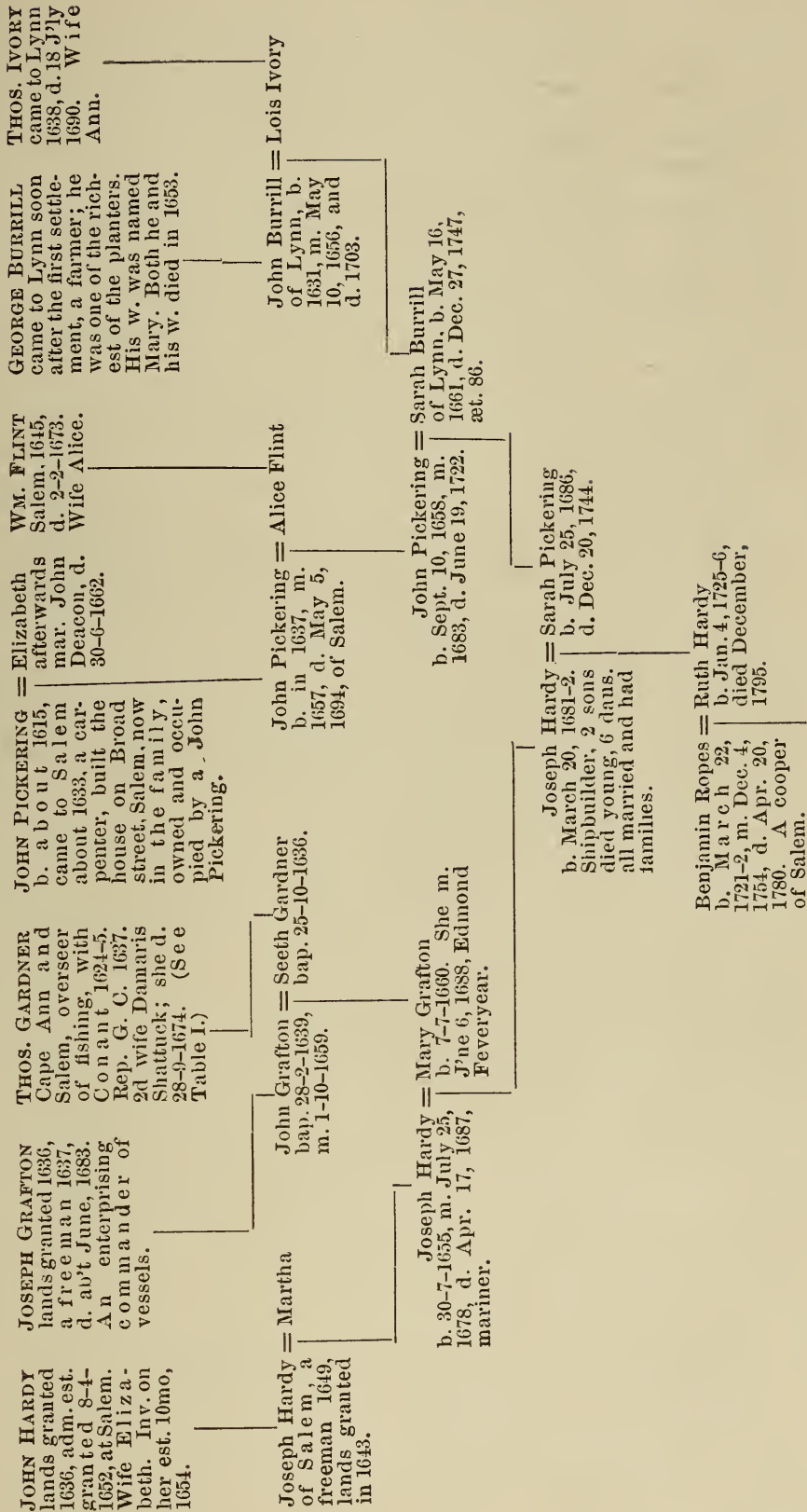




## TABLE III.



## TABLE IV.



Thus the striking fact appears that the astronomer Peirce had no less than twenty-five ancestors, heads of families, known to have been settled in New England before 1663, at least twenty of them before 1640, as follows, viz. :—

JOHN PEIRCE, of Watertown, weaver, freeman March, 1637-8; died August, 1661.

JOHN KNIGHT, of Watertown, a maulster, freeman 1636.

GEORGE BOWERS, of Scituate, 1637; afterwards of Cambridge.

JOHN HURD, of Boston, 1639, a tailor.

BENJAMIN WILLSON, of Charlestown, mariner; died 1667.

PETER TUFTS, an inhabitant prior to 1638; kept the ferry on the Malden side.

THOMAS PEIRCE, of Charlestown; lands granted 1635-6.

THOMAS LYNDE, of Malden, admitted to chh. 1634-5; died Dec. 30, 1671, in 77th yr.

THOMAS NICHOLS, of Salisbury, 1663; afterwards of Amesbury; husbandman.

EDWARD GASKILL or Gascoigne, of Salem; lands granted, 1637.

LAWRENCE SOUTHWICK, came first to America in 1625, returned to Salem 1630; potter and glass-blower.

THOMAS GARDNER, Cape Ann 1624, Salem, 1626.

GEORGE ROPES, Salem, 1637.

THOMAS WELLS, physician, Ipswich, 1637.

FRANCIS LAWES, Salem, a weaver; born at Norwich, Eng., arrived at Boston, 1637; freeman 1641; died about 1666.

JOHN NEALE, Salem, yeoman, 1642.

WILLIAM WARNER, Ipswich, 1637.

RICHARD CROADE, Salem, 1656.

WILLIAM HERSEY, Hingham, 1635.

JOHN HARDY, Salem, 1636.

JOSEPH GRAFTON, Salem, 1636.

JOHN PICKERING, Salem, 1633.

WILLIAM FLINT, Salem, 1645; died May, 1673.

GEORGE BURRILL, Lynn about 1630.

THOMAS IVORY, Lynn, 1638.

H. W.



FEWKES, J. W. On the Myology of <i>Tachyglossa hystrix</i> ,*	\$0 35
FIRST CHURCH in Salem, 1634. pp. 29. 1 cut,	10
FITTS, J. A. History of Thomas' Farmers' Almanac, *	20
GOODE & BEAN. A List of the Fishes of Essex County, Mass.,*	30
GOODELL, A. C., Jr. Centennial Address, Oct. 5, 1874, *	30
GOULD, B. A. Ancestry of Zaccheus Gould of Topsfield, *	1 00
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KIMBALL, JAMES. Journal of Rev. Daniel Shute, *	15
KIMBALL, JAMES. Exploration of Merrimac River, with a map, 1638, *	35
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KIMBALL, JAMES. Notes on the Richardson and Russell families,	30
LORD, OTIS P. Memoir of Asahel Huntington, *	25
MANN, HORACE. Flora of the Hawaiian Islands, *	50
MEARNS, EDGAR A. Birds of Hudson Highlands, * parts 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7, each	15
MILLS, ROBERT C. Biographical notice of Mr. James Upton*,	10
MOULTON, J. T. Notices of Intentions of Marriage in Lynn, Mass. *	25
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SALEM, JULY 1, 1881.

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THE JOURNAL  
OF  
DR. CALEB REA.

WRITTEN DURING THE EXPEDITION AGAINST TICONDEROGA IN 1758.

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EDITED BY HIS GREAT GRANDSON.  
F. M. RAY.

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SALEM, MASS.:  
1881.



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DR. CALEB REA, the author of the following Journal, was born in Danvers, in the province of Massachusetts Bay, July 17, 1727, being the eldest son of Zorobabel and Margaret (Rogers) Rea, and of the fifth generation from Daniel Rea, who, in the superscription of an instrument which was intended to be his will, but failed of that dignity for want of proper execution, is styled "the first from England." There is a family tradition that this Daniel Rea was a native of Scotland; but this, like many other family traditions, is of doubtful authority. On coming to America he first resided at Plymouth, where, in 1630, he purchased a garden plot of Anthony Annable; but soon afterwards, doubtless, he removed to Massachusetts; for we find him mentioned under date of Feb. 6, 1631, o. s., in a letter of Governor Bradford to his contemporary Winthrop, commending to the favorable notice

of the latter several persons who had then lately gone from Plymouth to the Massachusetts Colony. He was probably a kinsman, and perhaps a brother, of Caleb Ray,<sup>1</sup> whose name appears in the early records of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Church in Boston. Daniel Rea died at Salem Village (now Danvers), in 1662, leaving a widow, whose name was probably Bethiah and who survived him one year and three months, and children :

2 Joshua, b. 1628 (?); d. 1710.

3 Bethiah b. \_\_\_\_\_ ; d. Dec. 6, 1686; m. 1st, Capt. Thomas Lothrop who was killed by the Indians at the battle of Bloody Brook, Sept. 18, 1675; 2nd, Joseph Grafton; 3rd, Deacon William Goodhue.

N. B.—By some authorities daughters Rebecca and Sarah are given in addition to the above; but for reasons which I need not state in detail, I think our emigrant had but two children in all. Certainly there can be no doubt that the Rebecca and Sarah, named in his will as under sixteen years of age, were children of his son Joshua, for they are expressly mentioned as such.

2 Joshua (*Daniel*<sup>1</sup>) died in 1710. There is considerable uncertainty attending the date of his birth, since the ages given in three different depositions would place this event in 1628, 1631 and 1637, respectively. He was a member of the First Church in Salem in 1662, and May 3, 1665, was admitted freeman. In 1689, he and his wife, Sarah Waters, to whom he was married Feb. 26, 1651, were original members of the church in Salem Village. In 1693, he is said to have kept the "Ship Tavern" in Salem. His wife died May 19, 1700, aged 70.

Their children were :—

4 Daniel, b. March 30, 1654; d. March 5, 1714-15.

5 Rebecca, b. Sept. 4, 1656; m. <sup>1</sup>Samuel Stevens who was killed Sept. 18, 1675, at Bloody Brook; <sup>2</sup>Simon Horne.

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<sup>1</sup>In the Boston family the name appears to have been written *Ray* from the first, while in the Danvers family *Rea* has remained the standard orthography to the present time; with an occasional digression, however, to conform to a pronunciation which has always been scrupulously, I might indeed say *devoutly*, adhered to.

- 6 Sarah, b. Nov. 10, 1658; d. young.
- 7 Elizabeth, b. Jan. 3, 1659-60.
- 8 Sarah, b. June 4, 1661; m. Thomas Haynes, and removed to Salem, West New Jersey.
- 9 Bethiah, b. Jan. 3, 1662; m. Joseph Gould.
- 10 Joshua, b. Aug. 6; 1664; m. Elizabeth Leach.
- 11 John, b. May 23, 1666; 3 times married.
- 12 Hannah, b. Aug., 1668.

**4 Daniel** (*Joshua*<sup>2</sup>, *Daniel*<sup>1</sup>), born March 30, 1654, married Apr. 10, 1678, died March 5, 1714, o. s., was a soldier in King Philip's war in 1676. His wife, Hepzibah, daughter of Lieut. Francis and Mary (Foster) Peabody, was born in 1652.

Their children, born in Danvers, were : —

- 13 Jemima, b. Dec. 29, 1680; m. Nicholas Hayward (or Howard).
- 14 Daniel, b. Nov. 23, 1682.
- 15 Zorobabel, b. May 12, 1684 (?); d. Jan. 22, 1739.
- 16 Elizabeth, b. Aug. 14, 1687.
- 17 Uzziel, b. March, 1693; d. November, 1754.
- 18 Pilgrim, b. Nov. 30, 1695; d. young.
- 19 Lemuel, b. ; d. 1749.
- 20 Keturah, b. ; m. William Douglass.

**15 Zorobabel** (*Daniel*<sup>4</sup>, *Joshua*<sup>2</sup>, *Daniel*<sup>1</sup>) was born May 12, 1684 (?), and died Jan. 22, 1739. His (second ?) wife was Margaret, daughter of Jehosaphat Rogers, to whom he was married Apr. 20 or 22, 1724. She died Aug. 25, 1744.

Their children were : —

- 21 Caleb, } Our Journalist.
- 22 Sarah, } Twins, b. July 17, 1727. Twice married. First to Bartholomew Brown, Feb. 26, 1745, at which time he was in his 24th and she in her 18th year. They had sons John and Bartholomew, who left distinguished descendants. After the death of her first husband she was married March 27, 1755, to Benjamin Porter, of Wenham, and by him became the mother of several children, among whom



was Gen. Moses Porter, distinguished in the military history of our country.

23 Moses, b. Oct. 2, 1728; d. Oct. 24.

24 Hepzibah, b. June 9, 1730; m. Joseph Elson.

25 Hannah, b. Dec. 1, 1732; m. Ebenezer Nurse, jr.

26 Mehitabel, b. June 14, 1735; m. Jan. 23, 1760, Jona. Porter, jr., of Wenham.

27 Aaron, b. June 24, 1739; d. at Gloucester, Aug. 25, 1756.

Although a young man at the time of his decease, our Journalist—if his position as surgeon of his regiment at the age of thirty may be regarded as proof—seems to have attained to more than an average share of professional distinction. But in what way his professional knowledge was acquired, we now have no means of determining. Probably, as there were no medical schools in the old Bay State in those days, he was “apprenticed” to some leading practitioner, and, in due time, went forth with the certificate of his master in his pocket a full fledged physician. And, although no person of the name had graduated at Harvard until late in the present century it would appear from the Journal, that he was very well educated for his time; while his name, written in the somewhat pedantic style of the last century,<sup>2</sup> upon the fly leaves of his medical and other books, still preserved by his descendants, would justify us in concluding that he prided himself not a little, on his attainments as a Latinist, and did not, like so many persons of the present day, regard a classical education as of no value to the practical man.

His earliest field of professional labor appears to have been that part of old Gloucester which has since been incorporated as Rockport. Here he found his first wife, Mrs. Abigail Sargent (*née* Parsons), widow of John

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<sup>2</sup> *Caleb's Rea—Ejus Liber.*

Sargent, jr.,<sup>3</sup> to whom he was married Nov. 14, 1748. She died on the 2d day of September of the following year, leaving a daughter, Abigail, born August 23rd preceding the mother's death.

On the 5<sup>th</sup> day of June, 1751, Dr. Rea was married to his second wife, Ruth, daughter of Jonathan and Lydia (Tyler) Porter, of Wenham, and sister of Benjamin and Jonathan Porter, jr., who subsequently married his sisters, Sarah and Mehitabel.

The children of DR. CALEB and Ruth (Porter) Rea were : —

28 Ruthy, b. in Gloucester, April 8, 1752; m. Stephen Marsh.

29 Pierce Rogers, b. in Gloucester, April 24, 1754.

30 Mary, b. in Gloucester, May 5, 1755; m. John Lambert, M'ch 4, 1777.

31 Caleb, b. in Danvers, March 8, 1758.

32 Jonathan Porter, b. in Danvers, March 25, 1760.

In a book of accounts, which appears to have served him as a day book from June 1756 until February 1759, I find the following entries of a journalistic nature which may be allowed to speak for themselves, viz. :

“ 1757 May 24<sup>th</sup>. Removed from Gloucester and on the 26<sup>th</sup> settled with my family at Danvers.

“ 29 May 1758. I sett off from Home on the expedition against Ticonderogue &c & on y<sup>e</sup> 11<sup>th</sup> of Nov.<sup>m</sup> following arrived Home to my family again.”

He died Jan'y 10, 1760, of small pox, at the age of a

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<sup>3</sup> John Sargent, jr., had a brother Thomas Sargent, some twenty years younger than himself who is said “to have gone in early life on some military expedition with Dr. Rea of Danvers.” This Thomas, after his return, settled in Gloucester as a physician, confining himself for his remedies mostly to roots and herbs and millipedes. He was twice married and had a numerous family. He died Aug. 28, 1828, in his 89th year. One of his sons settled in Sedgwick, Maine, where his descendants still live.

little less than 33 years. His widow, after his death, was again twice married,— to John Proctor, jr., by whom she left descendants, and to a Mr. Whiting. She died, well stricken in years, at the residence of her son, Johnson Proctor of Danvers, on the 12th day of March 1819, having been born on the 5th day of January 1731.

Of the living descendants of our Journalist but little information, comparatively, can be obtained, owing to the prevailing apathy in such matters which the genealogist finds it so difficult to overcome. Abigail, the child by the first marriage, I have not succeeded in tracing beyond the date of her birth. The eldest son, Pierce Rogers, at the age of twenty-one was a soldier in the battle of Bunker Hill. After the war he lived for a time at Danvers, where he kept an inn and probably worked at his trade as a house carpenter. He subsequently lived, and probably died, in Tewksbury, where some of his descendants are still living. The youngest son, Jonathan Porter, died unmarried soon after attaining his majority. The second son, Dr. Caleb Rea, jr., is said to have entered the colonial navy in the war of the Revolution as a surgeon, at the early age of seventeen. After the war, having travelled extensively in Europe and Asia, but in what capacity does not appear, he returned to his native county of Essex, and, after residing for brief intervals at Ipswich and Topsfield, removed with his family to Windham, Maine. Here he was the first settled physician, and entered at once upon an extensive and laborious practice to the hardships of which he fell an early victim. He died on the 29th of December, 1796, of a fever brought on by exposure while visiting a patient. His widow, Sarah, daughter of Capt. John and Abigail (Blaney) White of Salem, to whom he was married Oct. 4, 1781, died January 22, 1836, aged 78 years. Of his four sons



and two daughters, who were young at the time of his decease, all are now dead, although, with one exception, they lived beyond middle life, and two of them to a ripe old age.

The living descendants of Daniel Rea, "the first from England," who bear the family name, although not numerous, are widely scattered from the valley of the Penobscot in Maine to the prairies of the far west. Much of the genealogy of this family has been carefully collected by Mr. Perley Derby of Salem to whom, in closing, as well as to Rev. Dr. Putnam of Brooklyn and Col. Joseph W. Porter of Burlington, Maine, I desire to offer my most sincere acknowledgments for favors always so freely accorded, and, without which, this notice could never have been prepared.

F. M. R.

Westbrook, Maine, June 23, 1881.

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## JOURNAL.

Monday 29<sup>th</sup> of May A. D. 1758. Sett out from Danvers rode into Boston cold out wind, sea fogg & Misty.

30<sup>th</sup> Wether y<sup>e</sup> same as 29<sup>th</sup> Save 2 or 3 hours sunshine at midday took care of my Medicine chest and Privet chest ordered 'm aboard Quarter Master W<sup>m</sup> Tayler to be carryed to Albany.

31<sup>st</sup> Rainy Election at which all y<sup>e</sup> former Councillors were Chosen except Mr. Foxcroft who resin'd & Mr. Porter Dec'd in whose places were chosen Mr. Waldo & Mr Handkock. had advice y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Indians had killed several men at a Crick near Chegnecto. M<sup>r</sup> Frink<sup>4</sup> of Rutland preached y<sup>e</sup> Election Sermon from Isa<sup>h</sup> 32. 1. Behold a King shall reign in righteousness and Princes rule in

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<sup>4</sup> Rev. Thomas Frink graduated at Harvard College in 1722.

Judgment. he made an excellent historical sermon much admired. the Company of Cadets and officers of y<sup>e</sup> militia in Town, waited on his excellency, Counsel & Representatives fro y<sup>e</sup> Governor's House to y<sup>e</sup> Court house w<sup>th</sup> Drums & Trumpets, from thence to meeting, and after services from thence to Fanuel's Hall where they with y<sup>e</sup> Ministers and other Bidden Guests all Dined. after dinner a plentiful Portion of Victuals was sent to y<sup>e</sup> poor of y<sup>e</sup> Town.

this Day arrived at Boston our Chaplain, but the Col: being chosen Representative was obliged to attend court a Day or two.

Thursday first of June A. D. 1758 very Rainy all forenoon. having three Days Lodged in Boston att Proctor's y<sup>e</sup> sign of y<sup>e</sup> Schooner. Necessary Expence since I left home 15<sup>s</sup>. after Noon sett off from Boston in Company w<sup>th</sup> Mr. John Cleavland<sup>5</sup> our Chaplain and his Brother Ebenezer Rode thro Charlestown Cambridge (where they Lodg'd y<sup>t</sup> night) into Lexington Lodged att Jon<sup>a</sup> Ramond's as wee past thro Charlestown viewed the Negro hung on Gibbets for Poisoning his master C<sup>t</sup> Codman.<sup>6</sup>

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<sup>5</sup> Rev. John Cleaveland, chaplain of the Regiment of which our Journalist was surgeon, also kept a Journal which was published in vols. 12 and 13 of these Collections. He was the son of Josiah and Abigail Cleaveland and was born at Canterbury, Conn., April 11, 1722. He entered Yale College in 1741 and staid till a few weeks before the close of his senior year; at which time he and his younger brother Ebenezer, who had then just entered, were expelled for attending a "separatist" meeting with their parents while at home in Canterbury. Rev. John Cleaveland was a zealous preacher of the gospel, somewhat given to controversy, and was for many years pastor of the Chebacco parish in Ipswich. Among his descendants was the late excellent Professor Parker Cleaveland of Bowdoin College.

Dr. Rea seems to have been a devoted admirer of his chaplain, and in the original MS. of the Journal he has given frequent and somewhat lengthy synopses of his sermons before the Regiment; but as these contained little of historic value, it was thought advisable to omit them from the copy made for publication.

<sup>6</sup> John Codman, saddler and sea captain, born Sept. 29, 1696, was poisoned in 1755 by his three negro domestics for which crime two of them were executed and the third transported. One of his sons, Richard, settled in Falmouth, now Portland, Maine, where he was long a deacon in the first church and was the ancestor of most persons of the name in that vicinity.

his skin was but very little broken altho' he had hung there near three or four years.

2<sup>d</sup> Very Rainy taried all Day at Raim<sup>ds</sup> where I was hansomly entertained on free cost.

3<sup>d</sup> Cloudy, some showers. Rode from Lexington thro' part of Lincoln, Concord, part of Suttbury; Maulbor<sup>h</sup>, North Parish of Westbor<sup>h</sup>, South Parish Shrewsbury into Worster put up at Sterns's.—I had Tho<sup>s</sup> Presson's Company fro' Ramond's to Col<sup>o</sup> Williams where he parts for Sutton.

4<sup>th</sup> Sabbath, pleasant weather and warm, in Company w<sup>th</sup> Col<sup>o</sup> Bagly and C<sup>t</sup> Goodwin frō worster Rode thrō Leister, Spencer to Brookfield, Lodged at Buckminster's. This afternoon heard Mr. Cleaveland preach at Spencer for Mr. Eaton<sup>7</sup> who Baptized four girls & one Boy. M<sup>r</sup> Cleaveland's Text was in Philipians <sup>ye</sup> first C. 6. v. from which he made an exelent discourse.

5<sup>th</sup> Day of June A. D. 1758 this morn'g Foggy, very warm Day, Thunder & Showers after Noon. Col<sup>o</sup> Bagley<sup>8</sup> & Douty with others stands for North hampton the M<sup>es</sup> Cleavelands and myself for Springfield. Rode from Brookfield thro' Western a corner of Brimfield Palmer into Springfield. Lodged at Day's west Side of River. No Minister at Palmer, between Palmer & Springfield but few houses, for 10 miles but one, poor land, no' entertainment.

6<sup>th</sup> Rode from Day's Springfield thro' Westfield, Blanford and ye Greenwoods to N<sup>o</sup> I.— & Lodged at wid<sup>o</sup> Brewer's. Pleasant cool weather, extreme bad traveling thro' ye woods by reason of ye rain an<sup>d</sup> teams y<sup>t</sup>

<sup>7</sup> Rev. Joshua Eaton graduated at Harvard College in 1735, died in 1772.

<sup>8</sup> Jonathan Bagley was Colonel of the same regiment of which Rev. John Cleaveland was chaplain and our Journalist surgeon; but I can learn nothing further concerning him.



had passed just before. Mr Eben<sup>r</sup> Cleaveland hired a horse at Glasgow or Blanford.

7<sup>th</sup> very warm Thund<sup>r</sup> afternoon, no rain. Rode from Brewer's in N<sup>o</sup> I. thro' Sheffield over Housatonnick into Claveruck. Lodged at Hogeboom's ye Stone house. this Day Dined at Brigadier Dwite's in Sheffield.

8<sup>th</sup> Cool pleasant weather, some small showers afternoon with Thunder at a distance. Rode from Hogeboom's in Claverruck thro' Kinderhook into Greenbush Lodged at C<sup>t</sup> Douw's—about 12 miles from Greenbush met 2 or 3 Regiments . . y<sup>t</sup> came frō Pantusock into ye common rode from Kinderhook to Greenbush.

9<sup>th</sup> Day of June A. D., 1758 exceeding windy and very cool. Rode from Greenbush to flattbush thro' y<sup>e</sup> most Difficult rode 8 or 9 miles to advance five miles above Albany or Greenbush put up at C<sup>t</sup> Vanburan's where also arrived Col<sup>o</sup> Ruggles<sup>9</sup> and Col<sup>o</sup> Nicholl's Rige-ments—(soldiers killed Vanburen's sheep.)

10 Pleasant weather, tarried at C<sup>t</sup> Vanburan's waiting for our Col<sup>o</sup> to come up. I can't but observe here ye civility of the Dutch, they are most Curteous and obliging and if ever otherwise it is for abuses recei'd from our soldiers or it may be there is some Banditti among them as with all other People.

11<sup>th</sup> Sabbath, pleasant morning about 10 o'clock came up a Thunder shower and followed with a rainy day. Mr Cleaveland Preaches to Col<sup>o</sup> Ruggles Rig'mt (from Luk. 3. 14), with whom he has officiated as chaplain

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<sup>9</sup> Col. Timothy Ruggles, son of Rev. Timothy Ruggles of Rochester, Mass., born in 1711 and graduated at Harvard College in 1732. Distinguished both in the legal and military profession, he rose in the former to be Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, and in the latter to be Brigadier General. On the breaking out of the Revolution he took sides with the mother country and, having settled at Wilmot, Nova Scotia, died there in 1795. See Sabine's American Loyalists.

ever since our arrival here, and his brother Eben<sup>r10</sup> with Col<sup>o</sup> Nicholls. I had this Day better opportunity of keeping y<sup>e</sup> Sabbath than y<sup>e</sup> last but bad is the best, and sad! sad! is it to see how the Sabbath is profaned in y<sup>e</sup> Camp! but however there are many y<sup>t</sup> seem pious who you may find often rebuking the profane and retiring for reading meditation &c. two men put under guard for stealing a Canoe. this day had advice that several hundred Indians which had been in y<sup>e</sup> French Interest had joined Sir Johnston to serve in our Interest, that a party of our men with my Lord How were gone to South Bay to rout y<sup>e</sup> French who had taken possession there. Col<sup>o</sup> Billy Williams Regm<sup>t</sup> arrived at Flatt Bush brave men in good Health.

12<sup>th</sup> Pleasant cool Weather, p<sup>r</sup> ord<sup>r</sup> from y<sup>e</sup> General Col<sup>o</sup> Ruggles detached eighty odd men to y<sup>e</sup> great falls to build Block Houses &c. While at Flatt bush at evening Prayers, one Day, on pretence of a Number of Indians discovered in the edge of y<sup>e</sup> woods we were alarmed. A Hundr<sup>d</sup> men immediately sent out who soon returning reported it was rather as they supposed some soldiers who killed Capt. Vanburan's sheep and made an alarm in order to prevent themselves being suspected all circumstances evidenced this to be y<sup>e</sup> case, but on y<sup>e</sup> Strictest serch y<sup>e</sup> Rogues could not be discovered. this Day Mr. E. Cleaveland returned to Greenbush in order to proceed Home with at least half a Bushell of Letters. by two Deserters from y<sup>e</sup> French camp had advice that y<sup>a</sup> had Detached Seven Thousand Troops to Cape Briton

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<sup>10</sup> Rev. Ebenezer Cleaveland was by no means the equal, his biographers tell us, of his more zealous brother John. He served during this campaign as chaplain of Col. Preble's Regiment. He was settled in the ministry at Sandy Bay (now Rockport) for many years. At one time, however, he went far into the wilds of New Hampshire and pursued his calling there: but subsequently returned and died at Sandy Bay. His life was a struggle with hardship and want.

that a small portion of horse beef is their best allowance in y<sup>e</sup> French Camp, but others say that they have provided well for y<sup>e</sup> Camp and thereby have so impoverished y<sup>e</sup> inhabitants y<sup>t</sup> they are nearly starving and of 60 or more store ships expected from France to Quebeck not one had arrived.

13<sup>th</sup> Windy, small showers with some thunder and pretty warm. the Reg<sup>mts</sup> march from flattbush to join the General at Fort Edward. a Number of y<sup>e</sup> connecticut troops arrived at Flatt Bush, and marched on y<sup>e</sup> next Day. Col<sup>o</sup> Nicholls with his chaplain and Surgeon joined his Regiment at flattbush & marched next day. by an express had advice that on 12<sup>th</sup> near Salatogue a man was shot by the Indians had his Legg brok, but a number of Battoe men near y<sup>e</sup> shore was so spry as to obtain y<sup>e</sup> man and bravely beat off y<sup>e</sup> Indians. we hear y<sup>e</sup> wounded had his Legg cut off.

14<sup>th</sup> very warm clear weather Col<sup>o</sup> Prebble<sup>11</sup> with part of his Regiment Passes thro' flattbush toward y<sup>e</sup> General and a part sent to Scheneckteda.

15<sup>th</sup> Cool and shews of rain, went from Flatt Bush by water to Greenbush & returned with C<sup>t</sup> Fuller's officers in a whale boat. this day arrived at Flatt Bush Col<sup>o</sup> Bagley's Regiment, generally in health and high spirits, tho' some was very much beat out by their march from Northampton, by the way of Pantusock to Flatt Bush, on which march many companys hadn't one fourth allowance of Bread nor any Rum for four or five Days nor was there any to be had on y<sup>e</sup> Rode. this Scarcity of Bread &c occasioned them to march very fast so that many thro' difficulty of the way got broken shins, spraint

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<sup>11</sup> Col. (afterward Brig. Gen.) Jedediah Preble of Falmouth, now Portland, Me. A man of much note in his time. Edward Preble the great Commodore and naval hero was one of his twelve children.



joynts Bruised feet and other accidental wounds by falling over stones [&] stumps into quagmires &c and many by their over heating & suddenly cooling was taken y<sup>e</sup> night after their arrival at Flatt Bush with Pluratick Symptoms, others with Head achs and some with intermittents, very few or none with the regular symptoms of the Camp Fever. I can't but remark here the universal complaint there was among all y<sup>e</sup> Bay Regiments of their being march'd thro' the woods by Pontusock, a way so bad that it is become a Proverb. no one need pass muster or any other Proof of their fitness for a Campain but to march thro' these woods; this Rout was said to be contrived by the two Col<sup>o</sup> W<sup>m</sup>'s <sup>12</sup> Billy and Jose, but what end they had in it I wont pretend to guess but only observe that they have a great Interest that way.

16<sup>th</sup> Clear cool N. W. Weather forenoon Cloudy & Southerly wind toward Night. this Day I was much fatigued in tending y<sup>e</sup> Lane & Sick as they lay'd a mile's Distance one from another and neither of my mates were arrived. Christopher Hodgkin attempting to ride a young Dutch Horse was thrown off & very much bruised. Col<sup>o</sup> Whitcomb <sup>13</sup> and my two mates Ward Norse and Alexnd<sup>r</sup> Thompson arrived. Six men of C<sup>t</sup> Marrow's company put under Guard on suspicion of killing a young Beef and 2 Calves of C<sup>t</sup> Vanburan's viz. Retire Bacon, Joseph Brown, W<sup>m</sup> Lyncoln, Jona. Sprague W<sup>m</sup> Willson & Abimilick Peabody.

17<sup>th</sup> An exceeding fair pleasant Day. Major Inger-

<sup>12</sup> Col. William Williams, son of Rev. Wm. Williams of Weston, Mass., was one of the early settlers of Pittsfield.

He was distinguished in civil and military affairs and died in 1788, aged 75 years. Col. Joseph Williams seems to have been his brother.

<sup>13</sup> John Whitcomb was of Lancaster, Mass., and was Lieut. Col. of Bagley's Regiment. In the war of the Revolution he rose to be a Major General and on the 19th of June 1775 was next in command to Gen. Ward. He lived until 1812.

soll arrived at flattbush with Ord<sup>r</sup> fro' Col<sup>o</sup> Bagly to call a Court Marshall to try y<sup>e</sup> men under Guard for killing ye Beef, who upon examination discovered one Samuel Hutchinson to be an accomplice. the Court sett. their Result or Sentence was sealed & sent to y<sup>e</sup> Col<sup>o</sup> at Albany.

18<sup>th</sup> a South wind flying clouds with shews of Rain, Sabbath, Mr Cleaveland Preach'd in y<sup>e</sup> morning from Deut'y 23, 9, A good sermon tho' chiefly the same he delivered last Sabbath, but differently modified. in the after Noon from Math. 3, 8, in which he shewed what Repentance is and what ye fruits y<sup>t</sup> evidences it, and urged it upon y<sup>e</sup> Auditory as specially necessary to those engaged in a martial enterprise. there was a general attendance of y<sup>e</sup> Regiment on Divine Service and I doubt not but many Seriously affected. a gentle Shower about sunsett, order came for y<sup>e</sup> Regiment to march to Schenectady. y<sup>e</sup> Sentence of y<sup>e</sup> Court Martial on Brown, Bacon and others declared y<sup>t</sup> Brown Hutchinson and Sprage receive 50 stripes each, and Bacon 25, but y<sup>e</sup> Col<sup>o</sup>'s Clemency forgave all but Brown and Bacon who Received 10 Stripes each from a very light hand y<sup>e</sup> next morning.

19<sup>th</sup> Cloudy morn'g Cleared off warm at 10. y<sup>e</sup> Regiment mustered at 5 o'clock and about Ten had all Crossed y<sup>e</sup> River (at Flatt Bush in Battoes, Swimming their Horses) and began their march to Skenectady, very hot march'g thro' ye woods arived at Nistarjuna 10 miles from Flatt bush about 2 oclock halted and Dined, arived at Schenectada about 8 in y<sup>t</sup> evening, left but 2 or 3 sick att F. B. I Rode in Company with our Chaplain at y<sup>e</sup> Front of y<sup>e</sup> Rigemt. Col<sup>o</sup> Bagly overtook us about 4 miles off Skenectady where we left y<sup>e</sup> Reg't and Kept with y<sup>e</sup> Col. who passed on before to provid Billitting and

Barrecks for his Reg<sup>t</sup>. Lodged at Nicholaus Vanpatty's. While at Flattbush entertained kindly by C<sup>t</sup> Vanburan. lost our Horses. after three trials luckly found'm, ye hour we sett off by help of Isaac Haskeil and Broth<sup>r</sup> Benj<sup>n</sup> Porter<sup>14</sup>. George Bishop Ferry'd us over with a Scow. the Dutch are very kind and obliging where they take, but very unpolitic and easily affronted not labourious yet very industrious, lovers of money. Poor Houses and apparell but Eat and Drink y<sup>e</sup> best. Had our Horses put in out fields free of Charge. ye women have a peculiar value for Foreigners. they carry no Dung on their Ground. Sow wheat one year and Peas y<sup>e</sup> next Plant very little Indian.

20<sup>th</sup> A very Hott Clear Day & Night following. Got acquainted with Parson Johnston at Corry's Brook and many other Irish who call themselves N. England People and treated with all y<sup>e</sup> kindness possable. y<sup>e</sup> Dutch have no Beds but [sleep] on boards and most comonly straw. this Day by Col<sup>o</sup>s order hired a room of one Del de Groffe for y<sup>e</sup> field officers and Chaplain and surg<sup>n</sup>.

21<sup>st</sup> A Hot Day a Plentyful shower & Thunder Towards Night. Rode to Corry's Brook with Mr. Johnston his Spouse and Doct<sup>r</sup> Thomson, this is 10 miles W. S. W. from Schenectady a fine Tract of Land, M<sup>r</sup> Corry y<sup>e</sup> Pattantee. Settled by y<sup>e</sup> Irish a kind people. as we passed a Hill had a prospect of Skenectady Intervale (which y<sup>e</sup> Dutch call flatts y<sup>e</sup> Irish Homes) about 4 miles long & 3 wide on ye extreams, a mear Garden of Eaden. Cituate on y<sup>e</sup> mohawk River, y<sup>e</sup> Town Built on South Side. Stockaded about half mile square, King's Hospital & Barricks and fort.

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<sup>14</sup> Benjamin Porter was the brother of our Journalist's wife, and second husband of his twin sister Sarah. At this time he lived on the old homestead of the Rea family in Danvers.



22<sup>nd</sup> very hot, flying Clouds after Noon and more cool, returned to Schent'y at evening Prayers one Stanley of C<sup>t</sup> Fuller's company carelessly tho' accidentally fired a Ball thro y<sup>e</sup> Barrick nearly killed Rich<sup>d</sup> Dodge, two others and a girl milking, he was put under guard but on promising better obedience was forgiven.

23<sup>rd</sup> very hot and Showery all Day with out Thunder. obtained liberty of y<sup>e</sup> Col<sup>o</sup> to take 4 or 5 of y<sup>e</sup> best singers out of Each Company to stand by themselves the better to carry on y<sup>t</sup> dayly worship of Singing Psalms.

the Col<sup>o</sup> gave ord<sup>s</sup> y<sup>t</sup> no officer nor Soldier shou'd play at Cards or Coppers on pain of confinement and Trial by a Court Martial, and if any are convicted of pro[fane] Swearing or Cursing he or they shall [be] severely punished according to y<sup>e</sup> judgment of a Court Martial.

24<sup>th</sup> these three or four days ye wind in y<sup>e</sup> western Hemisphere varying often from N. to S. to Day W. S. W. flying clouds and showery, moderately warm. about 7 o'clock this morning, immediately after prayers one W<sup>m</sup> Herrick in Cpt. Taplin's Company, carelessly discharged his gun in y<sup>e</sup> Street and killed one Elisha Moody, of C<sup>t</sup> More's company and wounded one Enoch Marsh of Moor's company; ye Piece was charged with two balls and one went thro' y<sup>e</sup> Body of Moody who lived near two hours but was able to say no more than just to beg for help and mercy of God, Christ and y<sup>e</sup> spectators. Marsh who is Brother to y<sup>e</sup> Rev<sup>d</sup> Mr. Tappan<sup>15</sup> his wife of Man<sup>'s</sup> ter was struck on y<sup>e</sup> Leg y<sup>e</sup> Ball glancing 4 Inches on y<sup>e</sup> Bone & passed out. another man was shott thro his Jacket and Shirt but wounded not his skin,

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<sup>15</sup> Rev. Benjamin Tappan born at Newbury, Feb. 28. 1720, graduated at Harvard College in 1742, was ordained at Manchester Sept. 17, 1745, and died there May 6, 1790. He married in 1746 Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Deacon David and Mary (Moody) Marsh of Haverhill. Enoch Marsh was born Aug. 3. 1737. Elisha Moody was probably of Newbury and a kinsman of Marsh through his mother.

a great wonder, as ye Balls passed thro' or between fifteen or Twenty men all ranging in y<sup>e</sup> Street, more had not been killed or wounded.

Last Night Col<sup>o</sup> Rec'd ord<sup>r</sup> to March to Fort Edward, and Col<sup>o</sup> Jos. Williams to take our station this way. it was said this counter march of ours was ordered because our Regiment had been recommended to y<sup>e</sup> General as better for a Martial enterprise than Col. Will<sup>ms</sup>.

The following from a Dutch Almanak by Roger More y<sup>e</sup> Distance from New York to Philadelphia is 98 English mile from N. York to Staten Island 9, to Elizabeth-Town Point 7, to Woodbridge 12, to Brunswick 10, to Prince's-Town 15, to Trenton 12, to Bristol 10, to Neshaminy 3, to Frankford 12, to Philadelphia 5.

From N. York to Boston 274 miles from N. York to Kingsbridge 16, to East Chester 6, to Newrochell 4, to Rye 5, to Horseneck 6, to Stanford 7, to Norwalk 10, to Fairfield 12, to Stratford 8, to Milford 4, to Newhaven 10, to Branford 10, to Guilford 12, to Killingsworth 10, to Seabrook 10, to Champlin's 12, New London 6, to Col. Williams 8, to Westerly 11, to Hill's 11, to Towerhill 11, to Rode Island 5, to Bristol 10, to Warwick 12, to Providence 10, to Attlebury 14, to Wrentham 10, to Dedham 14, to Boston 10, from N. York to Albany 148 miles.

Van Albany tot Saragtoga zyn 9 Duytsche mylen tot Fort Edward 3, tot Lake George 4.

A court martial discharged Will<sup>m</sup> Herrick who accidentally kill'd Elisha Moody at whose funeral our Chaplain gave an exhortation very suitable to y<sup>e</sup> occasion and after evening Prayers he gave the Regim<sup>t</sup> another equall to a sermon by reason we were engaged to march y<sup>e</sup> next morn'g and no opportunity for Preaching. this morning Mr. Jonston of Corry's Brook made an exelent Prayer with y<sup>e</sup> Regiment.

25<sup>th</sup> Hot morning Clouded at 10 and a moderate cool Day after, at 6 o'clock Prayers, after which the Reg<sup>mt</sup> march'd as fast as possible; about 10 the Field officers with whom I Rode went off. March'd thro' Nistarjuna over Kings or Lowden's Ferry on y<sup>e</sup> mohawk River (about half way between Nistarjuna and Hudson's River) to y<sup>e</sup> half moon where y<sup>e</sup> Reg<sup>t</sup> arrived about 9 at Night 20 miles march 8 *ab* Nistar<sup>a</sup> *ad* Ferry 4 *ad* half moon at Nistarj<sup>a</sup> and at Ferry met Col<sup>o</sup> Will<sup>ms</sup> Regm<sup>nt</sup> very rude. I think Mr. Chaplain's exhortation last Night had a good influence on the Sabbath conduct of our Regiment. I put up this Night at one Lanipe's where I'd y<sup>e</sup> Field officer's Company this was y<sup>e</sup> first Day I lived on soldier's fare and had soldier's Lodging, for one of y<sup>e</sup> party with him belonging to Col<sup>o</sup> Jos<sup>h</sup> Will<sup>ms</sup> Reg<sup>mt</sup> had his legg shot to Peices by another's carelessly discharging his Gun; being at a great distance fro' any Surgeon y<sup>e</sup> Gangreen took it before any proper help was obtained after which notwithstanding it was cut off above y<sup>e</sup> knee He Died y<sup>e</sup> 26<sup>th</sup>

C<sup>t</sup> Vanburan shew me a writen evidence signed by Nathan Thomson and Will<sup>m</sup> Simmons witness'g that Bacon & Brown who were whiped here y<sup>e</sup> 19 Instant for killing a young Beef, had said they wou'd have revenge on C<sup>t</sup> Vanburan (who discovered them) when they Returned, this he desired me to represent to y<sup>e</sup> Col<sup>o</sup> y<sup>t</sup> He might prevent farther mischief.

28<sup>th</sup> Cloudy cool Morning wind West Northerly breaks away about Noon. Doct. Norse arived from Albany to C<sup>t</sup> Vanburan, about 12 o'clock, informed me he could noways do y<sup>e</sup> business till this morning, when he obtained a Quantity of Druggs on my Credit of Doct<sup>r</sup> Van Dyke to y<sup>e</sup> value of £2. 3. 6. York currency. As soon as I could get Diner, Sent Doct<sup>r</sup> Norse with my horse up to y<sup>e</sup> half moon, got myself and three or four others



who had been left Sick at Flatt Bush, into a Scow, but by means of y<sup>e</sup> strong N. wind we cou'd get no further then C<sup>t</sup> Antony Van Schaick's that Night, about a mile below y<sup>e</sup> upper Mohaak Sprout, here I fell in company with a Swedish and an Irish Gentleman bound on y<sup>e</sup> Campaign very Civil and Curteous Gentlemen. C<sup>t</sup> Schaicks is one of y<sup>e</sup> most inteligable Dutchmen I've had oppertunity to converse with, he being aquainted with gramer cou'd talk very proper English and was somewhat versed in French, German and several Indian Languages as well as the low Dutch, he told me it seemed almost natural to him to understand any Tongue he heard Spoken. to Day had an account by y<sup>e</sup> N. Hampshire Forces that they had a man killed at Northfield by another's accidentally firing his Gun. I remark y<sup>t</sup> three of y<sup>e</sup> like accidents happened within a day or two of y<sup>e</sup> same time. Lodged this Night very well with y<sup>e</sup> Cap<sup>t</sup> but went off in y<sup>e</sup> morn'g and left my Pocket hankerchief.

29<sup>th</sup> Pleasant, moderate warm Day. in y<sup>e</sup> Scow with difficulty got to y<sup>e</sup> half moon. Sent my Laced Hat by Doctr<sup>r</sup> Norse to C<sup>t</sup> Vanburan where I had left my Sword before, & gave him i. e. Norse a Dollar to Buy me Felt Hat, and order'd to bring my Great Coat from Vanburan's. After breaking fast with Dr Roby Sett off fro' half moon about 8 o'clock Rode alone as far as Stillwater, where I overtook several footmen. kept their company till about 4 or five miles of Saragtoga where we overtook C<sup>t</sup> Derumple, Osgood and their Companys, with whom was Mr. Spencer, N. York Chaplain. we purposed to Lodge at Saragtogue fourt but y<sup>e</sup> Small Pox being there C<sup>t</sup> Derumple march'd his Comp'y about a mile above inca[m]ped abroad. I was very kindly entertained by C<sup>t</sup> Derumple and the other Officers, having no refresh-

ment of my own, nor cou'd I get any any<sup>h</sup> Rode all Day for myself or Horse.

30<sup>th</sup> A pleasant coole Day. Sett out in Company with Mr. Spencer, Noah Burrough, y<sup>e</sup> Swedish Gentleman, and his Partner, being joined by C<sup>t</sup> Osgood's and Derumple's Companys.

halted at Fort Miller, where we was kindly entertained by y<sup>e</sup> Commiss<sup>rys</sup> Assistant at y<sup>t</sup> place. from hence we marched to Fort Edward where I joined our Regiment a little before Night, and was myself handsomly treated by y<sup>e</sup> Commissary Assistant, and my Horse by y<sup>e</sup> King's Waggon Master. Here was station'd C<sup>t</sup> Marrow of our Reg<sup>nt</sup> with 100 men. Drafted by 10 of each Company.

The first of July 1758. A pleasant Cool Day, our Reg<sup>nt</sup> marched from Fort Edward to y<sup>e</sup> Lake. Mr. Cleaveland and I obtained leave to send our horses fro F. E. to C<sup>t</sup> Vanburan's at Flatt Bush, there to be summered, accordingly Brother B. Porter and Isaac Haskell went with me this morn'g, we were impeded on our march very much by y<sup>e</sup> waggons w<sup>ch</sup> had sett out before us with Battoes &c of which there was 60 or 80. We arived at y<sup>e</sup> Lake an hour by Sun, and Col. Ruggles very kindly treated y<sup>e</sup> Field and Staff Officers, as Col. Nicholls also did at y<sup>e</sup> half way brook between F. E. and y<sup>e</sup> Lake, where he had been sometime stationed and had got a Piquated Garisson, here I borrow'd some medicine of Doct<sup>r</sup> Prince, viz., Pul. Rhei one dr., Crm Tartar one oz., Laud. Liquid one oz., Diascord one oz., Pil Cochia one oz., Pul. Corte one oz., had no oppertunity to pitch a tent this evening, but was kindly rec<sup>d</sup> by Doct<sup>r</sup> Flint of Colonel Ruggles Regiment.

2<sup>nd</sup> Sabath, Hott weather, a heavy Shower at evening without Thunder, y<sup>e</sup> Clouds wou'd roll over y<sup>e</sup> Mountains

near the Lake like a Pillar of Smoak. there was so much business to be done this Day y<sup>t</sup> there cou'd be no regular exercise of Divine Service tho' most of y<sup>e</sup> Provinc<sup>l</sup> Chaplains Preached one Sermon each. Mr. Furbush of Col. Ruggles' Regiment and our Chaplain Preached y<sup>e</sup> one in y<sup>e</sup> fore Noone y<sup>e</sup> other in y<sup>e</sup> after Noone Mr. Furbush text was in Exod. 17<sup>th</sup> which I did not hear, being engaged among y<sup>e</sup> sick. Mr. Cleaveland Preached from Eph 6. 18. which I heard he made an excellent discourse on Prayer Showing y<sup>e</sup> several sorts of Prayer. viz: Publick, Private, Family, Secret and Ejaculatory, then urged y<sup>e</sup> Duty.

3<sup>d</sup> pretty Hott, at Night Clouded up. the Regim<sup>t</sup> (exclusive of the men that were on Duty) Improved this Day cheifly in y<sup>e</sup> exercise of Bush Fiting which was very pritty Diversion. our Regiment in y<sup>e</sup> morning was paraded for y<sup>e</sup> General and Lord How, to view after which they were exercised, y<sup>e</sup> Sargents were all ordered to Draw up in a rank by themselves and be exercised by y<sup>e</sup> Ajutant who was ord<sup>rd</sup> thus to teach'm 2<sup>ce</sup> a Day till he had Learn'd them their Duty, about Noone part of Col Nicholls Reg<sup>t</sup> came in which was supposed to compleate 16 Thous<sup>d</sup> men at y<sup>e</sup> Lake. This Day was ordered by y<sup>e</sup> General that tomorrow the whole receive provision or allowance to last till y<sup>e</sup> 9<sup>th</sup> of July Instant inclusive and that y<sup>e</sup> biggest part be Dress<sup>d</sup> fitt for Eating, and all to hold themselves in readiness to Imbarque at Break of Day on Wednes Day y<sup>e</sup> 5<sup>th</sup> Instant. Accordingly. 4<sup>th</sup> Rec<sup>d</sup> our allowance and Dressed.

Cloudy, Foggy and Hott weather Faschines were erected Canon and Hoyts Tryed, Several Regm<sup>ts</sup> sent into y<sup>e</sup> woods to Discharge their peices in Vollys by Companies, the Sick all examined by D<sup>r</sup> Monroe and sent to Fort Edward.



Lieut<sup>t</sup> Col. Cummins and Major Gage<sup>16</sup> Stationed at y<sup>e</sup> Lake, as a guard to y<sup>e</sup> provision &c with 500 men. Two Piquited Forts or Garisons and a Hospetle. I this Day delivered one Johannes to Major Gage to keep till my return from y<sup>e</sup> expedit<sup>n</sup> or deliver my executor in case I return not. Present Doct<sup>r</sup> Prince and Capt. Moors. The Rangers and y<sup>e</sup> Light Infantry Imbarqued this evening.

5<sup>th</sup> The army decamped by break of day, and all Imbarked and on their passage at 7 in y<sup>e</sup> morn'g. a very fine appearance they made and rowed about 30 miles down the Lake, about Sun Sett put to Shore and about 12 or one in y<sup>e</sup> next morn'g again put off.

6<sup>th</sup> at 9 o'clock in y<sup>e</sup> morning we Landed at y<sup>e</sup> bottom of y<sup>e</sup> Lake. when y<sup>e</sup> advance Guard fled at our appearance, but our People were so soon upon'm y<sup>t</sup> they got considerable Plunder. they marched for Ticonderoga about 12 at Noon, and about 3 they met with y<sup>e</sup> Enemy. about 2 or 3 miles from our Landing, we won y<sup>e</sup> Battle and brou't in about 2 hundred Prisoners and kill'd about y<sup>e</sup> same number; we had about 20 or 30 killed and missing, a party of Rangers, Regulars and Yorkers were in y<sup>e</sup> Front. Col Bagly behaved extremely well, our men persued y<sup>e</sup> Enemy so hotly that they drove'm into y<sup>e</sup> Lake where some were drown'd, others threw themselves off precipices and so died, my Lord How<sup>17</sup> who behaved exceedingly well in y<sup>e</sup> front of y<sup>e</sup>

<sup>16</sup> Major (afterwards Gen.) Thomas Gage, an Englishman by birth and the last loyal Governor of Massachusetts, seems at this time to have been popular with the provincials; although afterward, as the breach widened between the colonies and the mother country, his arrogant and overbearing spirit in the conduct of his office contributed in no small degree to hasten the conflict which resulted in American independence.

<sup>17</sup> George Augustus, eldest son of the Viscount Howe in the peerage of Ireland, was born in 1724, and consequently was 34 years old at the time of his death. He held the commission of brigadier general, but his importance to the expedition

Battle was killed, and most lamented, being a very active pleasant man. they came in from y<sup>e</sup> persute about Sun Sett. y<sup>e</sup> heat of Battle lasted but 6 or 8 minutes, in which time there was near as many Thousand Guns fired, which made a most terriable roeing in the woods, I can't but remark y<sup>t</sup>, notwithstanding the weather look'd likely for Storm, from y<sup>e</sup> Night before we sett off yet we were favour'd with Clowds and no rain to hurt us. by some French Letters taken, it was said there was information that Cape Britton was redused by y<sup>e</sup> English. Lord How was Brou't in and imbalmed. three New England forces wounded.

7<sup>th</sup> Cloudy weather one small Shower. march'd toward Ticonderoga Fort with Field Pieces having made a bridge across y<sup>e</sup> Narrows where y<sup>e</sup> Enemy had destroyed one. y<sup>e</sup> General received an Express y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Fortifications at Louisbourg were all reduced but y<sup>e</sup> City. Sir W<sup>m</sup> Jonston<sup>18</sup> joined us with Mohawks which made a most hidious yelling on their arrival. y<sup>e</sup> number of Prisoners by more certain acct. exceeds not 160 y<sup>e</sup> number slain is uncertain but supposed at least to be equal to the Prisoners. Several of our men y<sup>t</sup> were missing are come in. I can't but observe since Lord How's Death Business seams a little Stagnant. when our men march'd immediately after landing it was in three Columns between y<sup>e</sup> Lake or Narrows and y<sup>e</sup> Mountains on y<sup>e</sup> west, in such manner and order as to surround the Enemy, attack which party they wou'd. at y<sup>e</sup> same

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should not be measured by his official rank. "Abercrombie," says Bancroft, "was nominally commander-in-chief, though Pitt selected Lord Howe to be the soul of the enterprise." The general court of Massachusetts voted £250 to erect him a monument in Westminster Abbey.

Lord William Howe, who in 1775 succeeded Gen. Gage in the command of the British forces in America, was his younger brother.

<sup>18</sup> Sir William Johnson. For a full account of this remarkable man the reader is referred to Sabine's "Loyalists of the American Revolution."

time y<sup>e</sup> Light Infantry or Rangers were sent as advance Guards on all Lines. this evening took possession of y<sup>e</sup> ground against y<sup>e</sup> Fort began intrenchment. Said y<sup>t</sup> Rogers<sup>19</sup> took a dispatch bound to Crown Point for help. burnt the Mills got considerable baggage, Iron, Copper and Tinware with other Household Furniture, arms and Clothing, this our men got chiefly at y<sup>e</sup> advanced incampment, which y<sup>e</sup> Enemy deserted at our first appearance, they got also stores of Poltry, Eggs and some Lamb, but their meet, peas, Bread Wine and Brandy they chiefly destroyed. our Indians here obtained one French Sculp, and this Day brou't in 12 or 15 with which they Saluted. Sir Jonston & his party, the Mohawks, as soon as Landed formed a Circle, and their Chiefs made a fine harangue to'm and tho' it was in their own Language yet any one might see it was with Sedateness and resolution encouraging his men on y<sup>e</sup> present enterprise, but they all, as likewise y<sup>e</sup> Indians with us before, seemed much displeased y<sup>t</sup> we saved any Frenchmen alive, ascerting we cou'd not be mad if we did not kill all and said they wonder'd very much at it when we had been used so very ill by'm heretofore, after this discourse they Sett out to join y<sup>e</sup> party gon against y<sup>e</sup> Fort.

8<sup>th</sup> a Clear Day and not very hot wind S. W. this morning carried a Morter Piece toward y<sup>e</sup> Enemy's Fort,

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<sup>19</sup> Maj. Robert Rogers, a native of New Hampshire, and commander of a band of rangers "half hunters, half woodsmen, trained in a discipline of their own and armed like Indians with hatchet, knife and gun." Tall and vigorous in person, though rough in feature, of a mind naturally active and by no means without cultivation, his grasping spirit and more than doubtful honesty proved his ruin. In fact his entire life seems to have been one of restless and unscrupulous adventure. At one time he was in the service of the Dey of Algiers. In the struggle for independence he finally espoused the British cause and having been banished by an act of New Hampshire, he passed the remainder of his life in such obscurity that it is now impossible to determine when and where he died. See Sabine's Am. Loyalists.



a number of men preparing a Breast work where we landed. I this day fell in with one of y<sup>e</sup> Jersy Blew's who was in y<sup>e</sup> fight that Day we landed he told me, notwithstanding what had been said in favour of our loss he supposed there was near 200 killed and considering y<sup>e</sup> advantage y<sup>e</sup> Enemy had it was a wonder they had not killed more (this man's C<sup>t</sup> was a minister) this morn'g about 9 or 10 o'clock our Army attacked the Enemy in their advanc'd Breastworks, and Soon drove them out and followed them to their Entrenchments which was strongly form'd by art and Nature & fortified with Cannon, also under cover of y<sup>e</sup> Fort it is said, the Regulars who gave y<sup>e</sup> first attack were a most all swept off by Grape Shot from y<sup>e</sup> Cannon as well as by small arms, for when y<sup>e</sup> Enemy saw the intrepidity of our Troops, forcing the Intrenchment with their Bayonets, they retreated hoisting English Colors thereby decoyed our men into y<sup>e</sup> French and then fired their Canon with Small Ball and Grape Shott Slaying many Hundreds, notwithstanding all this our men once and again got possession of different parts of y<sup>e</sup> Intrenchment, but at last was obliged to retreat with great loss. why this was not attacked with Canon and Mortars I know not, many conjectures there are, but I shall say nothing of them here. but it seems it was absolutely necessary to Reduce this before we cou'd attack y<sup>e</sup> Fort, as it lay before it and reached fro' Lake to Lake, half mile or more in Length, y<sup>e</sup> Fort placed on the Point or Neck of Land between y<sup>e</sup> Lakes and no coming at but over this Intrenchment. the Battle lasted hot 'till 3 or 4 after Noon when our men only fired fro y<sup>e</sup> Breastworks they first recovered of y<sup>e</sup> Enemy, and from Trees, Stumps, Loggs &c. in y<sup>e</sup> evening orders to keep y<sup>e</sup> Ground 'till late in y<sup>e</sup> Night, and then with all Caution and if possible undiscovered to y<sup>e</sup> Enemy retreat

to y<sup>e</sup> Landing with y<sup>e</sup> Canon &c which was accordingly done . . . . . and,

9<sup>th</sup> Sabbath, we were order'd to imbarke and Sett off for y<sup>e</sup> Head of y<sup>e</sup> Lake from whence we went with all expedition. accordingly got ready at 9 in y<sup>e</sup> morning and having a fine Northerly Breaze we made Sails of Blankets and Tents, and arived at y<sup>e</sup> Head of y<sup>e</sup> Lake by 7 in y<sup>e</sup> evening. it is supposed by some that are used to the Battoes that with our Sails and Oars (of which I had five in my boat) we cou'd not go less than four miles an hour, which will make y<sup>e</sup> Lake 40 miles from Fort W. H. to y<sup>e</sup> Narrows where we Landed to attack y<sup>e</sup> Enemy, and from thence to Ticonderoga Fort is called 5 miles. as we were coming up y<sup>e</sup> Lake we had a Shower of Rain when y<sup>e</sup> Sun shone clear on y<sup>e</sup> summit of y<sup>e</sup> mountains above us. y<sup>e</sup> Lake is surrounded with a Ridge of huge, rocky, barron mountains at y<sup>e</sup> Head and on each side all y<sup>e</sup> way to y<sup>e</sup> Narrows but there is good Land about there as far as I travelled, and it is said it continues so all y<sup>e</sup> way to Canada.

10<sup>th</sup> Clowdy, Cool and Rain at even'g, this Day was ful of Camp News, one hour we were all ordered to take Boat again for Ticonderogue, the next we were to march immediately to N. York there to take Shipping for S<sup>t</sup> Lawrence, another hour we were to retreat to Fort Edward with Canon and provisions what we cou'd and destroy y<sup>e</sup> rest with y<sup>e</sup> Battoes &c. &c. &c. &c., but y<sup>e</sup> Day was chiefly imployed in makeing returns of y<sup>e</sup> State of y<sup>e</sup> Army as to y<sup>e</sup> killed, wounded, sick &c. from our going from hence to Ticondaroga our circumstances was such that we had no Publick Prayers 'till this morn'g. I can't but remark and that with regret, the horrid cursing and swareing there is in y<sup>e</sup> Camp, more especially among y<sup>e</sup> Regulars and as a Moral Cause I can't but Charge our defeat on this Sin which so much prevails

even among y<sup>e</sup> chief Commanders and those y<sup>t</sup> were gasping for their last breath wou'd commonly breathe out Oaths and Curses but as for y<sup>e</sup> Politick Cause I shall not at present give my opinion.

11<sup>th</sup> We were now convinced that the News we had of an express to y<sup>e</sup> Gener<sup>l</sup> at Ticondaroga y<sup>t</sup> Cape Britton was Taken was only a Fiction to animate the Soldiers. y<sup>e</sup> Battoes were unloaded and y<sup>e</sup> Provisions exam<sup>d</sup> per y<sup>e</sup> Quarter Master or Comisary, & the Canon &c which was Sent towards F. E. on our return from Ticondaroga was brou't back. Diarrhea and Dysentry prevales much.

12<sup>th</sup> Cloudy weather, the Camp very idle this Day, but received various orders for fortifying at this Place and the Provincials to remove their Encampment. a very Cold, clear Night. this Day began to level an Emanance which was Sharp, uneven & Rocky, to Build a Fort thereon, also demolish<sup>d</sup> the French Lines cast up against Fort W<sup>m</sup> Henry last year. There is a Piqueted Fort where W. H. stood another opposite on East side of y<sup>e</sup> Swamp, the Place now prepearing is about 100 Rods South of y<sup>e</sup> East one and looks over y<sup>e</sup> others and all y<sup>e</sup> adjacent plain.

13<sup>th</sup> Clear cold morn'g, Hott in y<sup>e</sup> middle of y<sup>e</sup> Day flying Clouds and windy in the after Noon follow<sup>d</sup> with a Severe cold Night, like a Frost. this Day the whole Proventials orderd to move their Incampment, they had moves & removes, vexation enough, about y<sup>e</sup> midle after Noon got Pitched. the Connecticutt Regiments to clear y<sup>e</sup> Ground near y<sup>e</sup> Woods and thro up a Breast Work. Receved of Maj<sup>r</sup> Gage the Johannes I left with him before we went down y<sup>e</sup> Lake. was informed by most credable Officers that notwithstanding, on our retreat



from Ticondarogue, Col Bradst<sup>jr</sup> 20 obliged us to take Thirty Men in each Battoe, yet in y<sup>e</sup> Rear there was not men enough to bring off y<sup>e</sup> Baggage but were obliged to Stave 150 Barrels of flower and Tow off a large Number of Battoes that y<sup>e</sup> occasion of our precipitate retreat cou'd not yet be discovered, or why the Enemys Trench was forced by Small Arms only when the Cannon & Morters were just by, & a whole Day being spent without attacking y<sup>e</sup> Enemy at all which was time enough to have carried the Canon and laid a Regular Seige, and it is Remarkable that y<sup>e</sup> greater part of y<sup>e</sup> Provincials new nothing of the Retreat, but as we may suppose the orders given to y<sup>e</sup> Rere when they drew off y<sup>e</sup> next Party followed and so on till they all came off, and left the ground they knew not for what, and when they came to y<sup>e</sup> Landing there was y<sup>e</sup> greatest alarm and Confusion in pushing off with their Baggage in Such hurry, and a great quantity of Blankets, Knapsacks, Arms &c was left on the ground. Two of y<sup>e</sup> N. York Battal<sup>ns</sup> marched from y<sup>e</sup> Lake, but to what particular Station I cou'dn't learn.

14<sup>th</sup> Very windy, some small Showers at even'g and extream windy Night. Col. Billy Williams Marched from y<sup>e</sup> Lake, and the Rode Island and Jersy Regiments ordered to march y<sup>e</sup> 15<sup>th</sup> Instant and Col Doute the 16<sup>th</sup> but their Stations I know not, the Saw Mill that was begun here immediately after our return from Ticonderoga was worked on but two or three Days & then laid aside,

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<sup>20</sup> John Bradstreet, an English officer, born in 1711. In early life he was ordered to join the British forces in America, where he spent the remainder of his life. This year (1758) he commanded a force of 3000 men in the expedition against Fort Frontenac which surrendered Aug. 27, the second day after the attack was begun. For this brilliant achievement, he was warmly commended by Gen. Wolf; but Parkman speaks of him as "a man of more activity than judgment, perverse, self-willed, vain, and eager for notoriety." He was made a major-general in 1772, and died in New York, Oct. 21, 1774.

as is also y<sup>e</sup> desined Fort on y<sup>e</sup> Eminance near y<sup>e</sup> East Piquets, and only some Breast Works Building, as there is in Several other places, many Waggons Employ'd carrying the Whale Boats from hence to Fort Edward.

15<sup>th</sup> Windy, Cold weather, this Day C<sup>t</sup> Whipple and Lieu<sup>t</sup> Hutchinson was carried to Fort Edward, the Diarrhea & Dysentery prevails much in y<sup>e</sup> Camp, one of y<sup>e</sup> Highlanders came in who had been taken Captive in y<sup>e</sup> late Action at Ticondaroga & informs that the morn'g after we retreated y<sup>e</sup> Enemy came out of their Intrenchment & took up near 200 of our wounded and dealt very kindly with them, that they were when he left'm Ten Thousand Strong, that they expected the Day we came off to have given us their Intrenchment, this man says that having his liberty to walk out alone to Ease himself by Stool he made his escape.

I can't but take notice of y<sup>e</sup> Cruel Nature of our Indians, I look on'm not a whitt better than y<sup>e</sup> Canadians for when they took a Prisoner their custom was to confine him and making a Ring 'round him with their Company, then Scourging him with whips, or pricking with Sharp pointed Sticks, taring his Nails out by y<sup>e</sup> Roots, Sculping alive and such like torments, they wou'd shout & yell (as I may say) like so many Fiends, these Frolics they would sometimes Hold all Night long and perhaps be two or three Nights murdering one Prisoner and at such times they would generally have Rum enough to get Drunk, they killed one thus y<sup>e</sup> even'g of y<sup>e</sup> 11<sup>th</sup> Instant which they brou't Down y<sup>e</sup> Lake with us, after this they all drew off and left us, it was said none durst mollest'm in their Cruelty least they directly turn our Enemy, if this is truly y<sup>e</sup> case as I verily believe it is, then we may favourably think y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> French are not allways y<sup>e</sup> Instigators of y<sup>e</sup> Cruelty committed by our Enemy Indians. I find Col. Billy Williams had not marched as was Said.

three French pretending to be deserters, coming up y<sup>e</sup> Lake was taken by our advance Guard on an Island and brou't in the Battoes hawled into the cove or crick on y<sup>e</sup> East side of y<sup>e</sup> Lake, the Whale Boats all sent to Fort Edward.

16<sup>th</sup> Sabbath, Mr Cleaveland Preached from Luke 13, 2, 3, in the morn'g & in y<sup>e</sup> after Noon from Ezek. 33, 11. I cannot but observe y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Labour which was order'd yesterday was Counter order'd with these words, becauss it is Sabbath, Nevertheless before it was Noon, there was enough to do, one party sent this way, and another that till y<sup>e</sup> Sabbath was confused and Profaned as usual, quite different from y<sup>e</sup> prospect we had in y<sup>e</sup> morn'g.

y<sup>e</sup> Deserters that came in yesterday say y<sup>t</sup> the French had but 3500 when we attacked their Trench, and haveing y<sup>e</sup> News of our coming y<sup>e</sup> Night before we arived by a German Deserter from our Army they had secured all their Baggage in Battoes at Champlain Lake and expecting we should unavoidably force them at Ticonderogue they intended to push off (demolishing Crown Point on their way) to Chamblee where was a large force, and there they intended to make a stand if we pursued, but that now they had gott Seven Thousand stronge at Ticondarogue They inform us also that y<sup>e</sup> French had got but Eleven of our wounded men whom they used well. the best acc<sup>t</sup> I've yet been able to get of y<sup>e</sup> Number killed in y<sup>e</sup> action at Ticonderogue amounts to about 1000 and y<sup>e</sup> wounded about 500, there was Several Field Officers and many other Brave Officers of y<sup>e</sup> Regulars fell in y<sup>e</sup> fatal Action of y<sup>e</sup> 8<sup>th</sup> the Rangers suffered a little, but excepting y<sup>e</sup> Yorkers and Jersy Blews all y<sup>e</sup> Provincials didn't loose more than 100 men killed and wounded as far as I can learn.



17<sup>th</sup> Again Removed our Incampment thro' y<sup>e</sup> whole forces General and all. y<sup>e</sup> Regulars employed in cutting up y<sup>e</sup> Stumps where our Regm<sup>t</sup> moved from. their method was to digg round y<sup>e</sup> Stumps with Mathooks cutting off y<sup>e</sup> out Side Roots, then fastening to it a Teele 15 or 20 Men wou'd hawl it up or break it off some depth under ground, thus fourty Men cleared off about Twenty Stumps a Day makeing all smooth our Reg<sup>t</sup> placed on y<sup>e</sup> Right Wing was order'd to cast up an Entrench<sup>t</sup>, against y<sup>e</sup> Swamp which runs down upon y<sup>e</sup> middle of y<sup>e</sup> Lake which would compleat a Breastwork around y<sup>e</sup> whole Camp Save on y<sup>e</sup> Rear where y<sup>e</sup> Lake secured us.

18<sup>th</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Brestwork well nigh finished. y<sup>e</sup> Artillary brou't into y<sup>e</sup> center of y<sup>e</sup> Encampment, now y<sup>e</sup> Camp appears under Some citiation of Defence. Orders given to return all Ship Carpenters in order to be employed building a Vessell in y<sup>e</sup> Lake, this very much Surprised y<sup>e</sup> Camp as I cou'dn't find a man y<sup>t</sup> cou'd think it Servicable, this Day was Cloudy and Cool but in y<sup>e</sup> after Noon came up a Clowd from y<sup>e</sup> S. E. with Wind, Rain, Thunder and Lightening & was rainy 'til late in y<sup>e</sup> Night it is now Several Days since Col. Cumming with part of Col. Nicholl's Reg<sup>t</sup> was sent to joyn y<sup>e</sup> Rest at half way Brook. before they went off I paid D<sup>r</sup> Prince y<sup>e</sup> medicine I borrow'd of him y<sup>e</sup> first Instant at half way Brook.

19<sup>th</sup> Flying Clowds and Windy, Some Showers in y<sup>e</sup> after Noon, but y<sup>e</sup> Night not so cold as they've been this longetime past. With Mr Cleaveland and others I took a turn on y<sup>e</sup> Lake to fish. this Day came in C<sup>t</sup> Jacobs, an Indian, from a Scout and informed us that they had been down to Ticonderogue and y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> French had made no alteration in their Fortifications, that they

had not taken Possession of our Landing as we had heard. A Breastwork was now on y<sup>e</sup> Rear of y<sup>e</sup> Incampment which would compleatly Surround y<sup>e</sup> whole. The whole work was built either with Stone, Timber or Fascine Baskets and an Entrenchment cast up on y<sup>e</sup> out Side and a little Ditch within to secure our loading.

20<sup>th</sup> Pritty warm. this Day returned Major Rogers from a Scout over to y<sup>e</sup> South Bay where he discovered nothing. about Nine this evening an express arived from half way Brook with Inteligence that y<sup>e</sup> Indians had this morn'g attaked a party of our men Travelling on y<sup>e</sup> Rode near that place when Col. Nichols who comands there Detach'd a party to their Assistance, but were beat off, and before another party cou'd get to their Assistance y<sup>e</sup> Enemy had killed 25 Persons (and all Sculped save one) among whom were Cap<sup>ts</sup> Daken, Lawrence and Jonnes, and three Subalterns. this Day I took another turn on y<sup>e</sup> Lake fishing. I'd oppertunity to make observation of y<sup>e</sup> Lake & Land adjacent. the Lake affords plenty of a Fish call'd Oswego Bass, also Perch, Roche, Trouts &c but y<sup>e</sup> Bass is y<sup>e</sup> biggest and counted y<sup>e</sup> best.

21<sup>st</sup> A Hott Day & Somewhat Windy further advice from y<sup>e</sup> half way Brook assures us y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Action there yesterday was thus, ten Men who was y<sup>e</sup> Day before sent here to Escort some Waggons was on their return, and between six and seven o'clock in y<sup>e</sup> morning within two miles of that Place they were fired upon by y<sup>e</sup> Indians and but one escaped, this exceedingly surprized the Men within y<sup>e</sup> Stockade so that it was with difficulty they ralied out an inconsiderable Number and those imediately on receiving y<sup>e</sup> Enemy's fire retreated or raither fled in y<sup>e</sup> greatest hurry and confusion Save three or four of the Brave Officers before Named who fou't till y<sup>e</sup> Enemy came up and knock'd them in Head or cut their throats

for Several of'm were found without a Shot in their Body anywhere, it is very certain y<sup>t</sup> they killed Numbers in discharging their peices when y<sup>e</sup> Enemy thronged on them as some in y<sup>e</sup> Rear saw them and afterward when Major Gage with a party went out to bury their Dead they found where y<sup>e</sup> Indians had made a Number of Biers to carry off their Dead and wounded, and found y<sup>e</sup> place of y<sup>r</sup> Encamp<sup>t</sup> where by y<sup>e</sup> space of Ground and provision left, they thou't their was 500, Some say 1000 and others but 300 no doubt by their boldness that was a large Number. but y<sup>e</sup> Regm<sup>t</sup> there in poor order.

22<sup>nd</sup> Hott Day, Rainy afternoon. Col. Ruggles Reg<sup>t</sup> went off for Saratogue, Some say to mend H. W. others to cutt Hay in y<sup>e</sup> Neighbouring Settlement. the Building y<sup>e</sup> Vessel goes on with expedition, also a large Stone House y<sup>e</sup> Hospital in y<sup>e</sup> East Stockade finished y<sup>e</sup> advance Guard on y<sup>e</sup> Island have cleared off y<sup>e</sup> Trees and Built Breastworks. This Day y<sup>e</sup> Reg<sup>t</sup> of Royal Hunters Clubbed Muskets and were marching out of y<sup>e</sup> Camp by Reason y<sup>e</sup> allowance of Provision (which at this time was very mean thro' y<sup>e</sup> whole Camp) had been detain'd one Day or more, but Col. Preble persuaded'm to stop (after they had march'd near a mile) and he wou'd see they had y<sup>e</sup> allowance imediatey, which they had and returned. this evening a Flagg of Truce sett off with Col. Schylare to Escort him to Ticondarogue, he came from Canada on Parole of Honour last fall and shou'd have return'd last May but was detained by General Abercrombie.<sup>21</sup>

23<sup>rd</sup> Sabbath, a Rainy Day. Mr. Cleaveland Preached from Malachi, and made an excellent Discourse shewing in what respect God is y<sup>e</sup> Father of all men and

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<sup>21</sup> Gen. James Abercrombie, born in Scotland in 1706, was commander-in-chief of the expedition. He was afterwards a member of parliament and deputy governor of Stirling castle. He died April 23, 1781.



in what account he is especially y<sup>e</sup> Father of His adopted Children, also in what sense He is call'd our Master, and how we ought to honour him as our Father and fear Him as our Master, by Anallogy between a child and his Natural Parent, a Servant and his Master. if there is any Difference made between y<sup>e</sup> Sabbath and another Day it is in Profaining of it with all manner of Musick and Diversion which perhaps wou'dn't be alow'd another Day not but what there appears many who are zealous for y<sup>e</sup> cause of Religion, but what can a few Soldiers or perhaps some of y<sup>e</sup> lowest Rank of Officers do, when all y<sup>e</sup> Chiefs are Corrupt. this Day came out in order y<sup>t</sup> three Men haveing been tryed by a Court Martiall for Theft, was sentenced one to be hanged the other two to be whiped a Thousand lashes each y<sup>e</sup> Sentence to be executed next Tuesday at 9 o'clock in y<sup>e</sup> morning.

24<sup>th</sup> Cloudy Day and Rainy Night, had advice from half moon y<sup>t</sup> Col. Douty's Reg<sup>t</sup> being affronted by Capt Crookshanks a Regular the great part Deserted near or Quite half y<sup>e</sup> Reg.

25<sup>th</sup> Cloudy and Windy but warm & Thunder in y<sup>e</sup> morn'g one Mr Hone sentenced to be hanged. Executed accordingly this morn'g, he was a very Ignorant man Cou'd neither Read or write, nor cou'd he say y<sup>e</sup> Lord's Prayer, supposed to be brou't up in Popish Principles, had been a Notorious Thief, often convicted and punished, but now was convicted only of two or three prs of Buckles of no great value. His executioner was one of those sentenced to a Thousand Stripes for which he was excused them and discharged from the service, others say it was not he but another who had therefor £3 reward and a discharge from y<sup>e</sup> Service I saw not y<sup>e</sup> men whiped, for altho' there is almost every Day more or

less whiped or Piqueted or some other ways punished I've never yet had y<sup>e</sup> curiosity to see'm, the Shrieks and Crys being Satisfactory to me without y<sup>e</sup> Sight of y<sup>e</sup> Strokes.

this afternoon returned y<sup>e</sup> Flagg of Truce which conducted Col. Schylar<sup>22</sup> toward Canada, says y<sup>t</sup> they were not allow'd to land on y<sup>e</sup> main but were mett and carried on an Island near where we landed when we went against Ticondarogue, that they were received very kindly Col. Schylar treated well, and they escorted within Sight of y<sup>e</sup> Smoak of our Encampment, they suppose by y<sup>e</sup> Encampment at y<sup>e</sup> Place of our Landing and y<sup>e</sup> Enemy's not suffering'm to go on Shore y<sup>t</sup> they have fortified y<sup>e</sup> Place with Intrenchments &c. this evening came Col. Nicholls Rig<sup>t</sup> from half way Brook being relieved there by 500 men from this Camp, Some Regulars, Some Provincials, this is looked on as an Imposision on the Col. by some as was his being left there and his Lieut<sup>t</sup> called to Command here while we were gone on y<sup>e</sup> Enterprise against Ticonderogue, And now but a C<sup>t</sup> sent to take his place at half way Brook, perhaps he is not liked because he isn't so merry nor profane as some others.

26<sup>th</sup> Warm, Cloudy, Thunder and Rain after Noon three Companys of y<sup>e</sup> Hampshire sent to Fort Edward the other two y<sup>t</sup> were here left for Ranging Parties, the rest of y<sup>e</sup> Hampshire Forces, had never yet been here I had this Day a more certain account that y<sup>e</sup> French had taken possession of three advantagious Posts to prevent another attempt on Ticondarogue, one of which was at y<sup>e</sup> most Important Landing from whence if Beat they would retreat with safety to y<sup>e</sup> Second & so to y<sup>e</sup> Third all being in y<sup>e</sup> necessary way to y<sup>e</sup> Fort, hemm'd

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<sup>22</sup> Col. Peter Schuyler was of New Jersey.

in with impassable mountains on either Side where few might defeat a much larger number.

27<sup>th</sup> Showery Fore Noon with Thunder, the New Hampshire Forces did not march yesterday as was said but this morning went off as related above, the whole Army Paraded round the Incampment against y<sup>e</sup> Breast Work for y<sup>e</sup> General to view which he did with great Pomp about 4 o'clock after Noon, the whole thus Paraded at y<sup>e</sup> Same time made a very fine Show especially y<sup>e</sup> Regulars.

28<sup>th</sup> Flying Clouds, Hott & some what windy, It is observable here that the place is so situated amidst Surrounding mountains we can't tell on what point y<sup>e</sup> wind blows unless it fall between the S. S. W. & S. S. E. and even then it is uncertain, it is also observed that upon y<sup>e</sup> Lake y<sup>e</sup> wind always blows up or down y<sup>e</sup> same, that is near N or S as y<sup>e</sup> Lake Runs Since it has been Rainy weather for this sometime past it has been much warmer Nights than before, late this Night we were alarm'd with News that a large party of men escorting a Number of Waggons fro' Fort Edward this way was this Day cutt off by y<sup>e</sup> Enemy, Where upon a large party of y<sup>e</sup> Royal Hunters & Rangers (some say 7 or 800) was immediately sent down y<sup>e</sup> Lake to cross y<sup>e</sup> mountains over to S Bay in order to cutt off y<sup>e</sup> Enemy if possible on their return toward Ticondarogue the particulars of the action near Fort Edward this Day are not yet intelligible enough to committ to writing.

29<sup>th</sup> this morning was the fairest that we have yet had while at y<sup>e</sup> Lake, there was not a cloud hanging on y<sup>e</sup> mountains nor fogg in y<sup>e</sup> Vales and the sky most serene, but it was soon Cloudy and windy. this Day y<sup>e</sup> Camp was full of contradictory News concerning y<sup>e</sup> action near F. E. yester Day but nothing to be depended on a party



sent to Fort Edward to y<sup>e</sup> Number of about 300 the Light Infantry, Royal Hunters, and Rangers were now Incamped as an advanced Guard about  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile without y<sup>e</sup> Breast work toward y<sup>e</sup> path of y<sup>e</sup> enemy in case they come by South Bay to attack us.

30<sup>th</sup> as Clear a morning as yester Day but as soon Clouds. Sabbath, Mr Cleaveland preached this morning from y<sup>e</sup> 23<sup>d</sup> psalm, afternoon sermon was from Philp. vi, 8.

Early this morning by Daybreak or before a party of Roger's men (whom he had left with his boats while he ranged over to S. Bay) returned with advice y<sup>t</sup> they discovered a large number of French coming down y<sup>e</sup> Lake whereupon they putt off with what Boats and provision they cou'd, and supposed y<sup>e</sup> Enemy had destroyed all y<sup>e</sup> rest; imediately on this news there was a Detachment of about 1200 sent out to take possession of the Ground where Rogers landed, in order to secure his return or retreat, and after Noon was another Detachment sent out 400 or 500 for y<sup>e</sup> same purpose. this evening came in from Fort Edward a number of waggons with their Escorts, they give us the following acct of y<sup>e</sup> Action near F. E. last FryDay y<sup>e</sup> 28 Instant, viz: that y<sup>e</sup> waggoniers all made their escape save one, that there was 10, 12, or 14 women kill'd and missing, that y<sup>e</sup> escort consisted of about 150, that 40 were kill'd and missing, that y<sup>e</sup> Teams consisted of 126 oxen of which 125 were kill'd & their horns taken off, one alive but his horns off, that they were loaded with y<sup>e</sup> Richest Camp Stores but a most all destroyed, some say there was £30000 Sterling Cash for Battoe men &c lost but others say there was but about 4 Hundred Dollars in all, and chief or all belonged to Privet Men, but I hope for a more perfect acct. the latter part of this Night was exceeding windy and heavy rain this Day was improved at work, musick, play

&c as usual and much to y<sup>e</sup> profanation of the Day, being great part or all unnecessary.

31<sup>st</sup> A very Rainy morning, but Breaks away after Noon. this Day advice from Rogers party that they had discovered y<sup>e</sup> Indians passing home on the Lake Champlain or S. Bay but cou'd do'm no hurt being at a Distance that they saw women in their Boats supposed to be those they took near F. E. y<sup>e</sup> 28<sup>th</sup> Instant, also informed y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> parties which [went] out y<sup>e</sup> 30<sup>th</sup> under y<sup>e</sup> command of General Lyman, Lieu<sup>t</sup> Col. Whitcomb and Col. Havelon of the Regulars had taken possession of an Island near where Rogers landed and that his boats and Stores were all safe, and that they cou'dn't find that there had been any enemy that way; whereupon y<sup>e</sup> eight men which came off and left the Boats (with a story y<sup>t</sup> enemy was just by and thus alarmed y<sup>e</sup> Camp. y<sup>e</sup> 30<sup>th</sup> at morning were secured by y<sup>e</sup> Provost Guard in order for further examination and tryal, it must here be observed that C<sup>t</sup> Davis of the Battoe Service had the care of the Boats while Rogers was on his Scout, he also fled but came not within 8 or 10 miles of y<sup>e</sup> Camp, where he waited 'till y<sup>e</sup> first party afore named joyned him and then went back, it is thou't this will turn hard on C<sup>t</sup> Davis, especially if it shall appear that there was no enemy, but that he with his 40 men fled for fear of what they had no certainty of and it is feared this is y<sup>e</sup> case as those in hold tell different Storys. further advice from F. Edward informs that on y<sup>e</sup> alarm there occasioned by Enemy's late attack on y<sup>e</sup> Waggon &c aforementioned, Capt Burbank (of N Hampshire) with 50 men went out came upon y<sup>e</sup> Enemy retreated Several miles fro' y<sup>e</sup> Place of action & exceeding merry with y<sup>e</sup> Spoils they had taken, for there was Store of Wine &c, tho they were in fine order for an attack, yet being very numerous he thou't it not Prudent to risk an Ingagement when

more help was to be had so near, thereupon he sends to Col Heart<sup>23</sup> for more men, but was refused'm, y<sup>e</sup> messenger pleaded y<sup>e</sup> cituation of y<sup>e</sup> Enemy how easily they might be surrounded and attack'd on all Sides with a Sufficient force but all wou'dn't do. His men was fatigued &c, however as y<sup>e</sup> Messenger was departing y<sup>e</sup> Col. tell'd him he was afraid some lurking Dog wou'd catch him, therefor he wou'd let 100 escort him to y<sup>e</sup> Capt. which accordingly they did and then returned, hereupon y<sup>e</sup> Capt. gave y<sup>e</sup> Enemy a fire and then retreated however y<sup>e</sup> particulars of this matter are, it is affirmed that y<sup>e</sup> Col. is now under arrest it is also further confirmed that there was lost a considerable sum of Cash in this Action, the Story now is £15000 Sterling.

August y<sup>e</sup> first 1758 at L. George Cloudy and windy weather, this Day returned three or four Captives who were taken near Ticonderoga in that desperate fite between Rogers and y<sup>e</sup> Enemy last winter, they had been out Fourteen Days and were almost dead with hunger when they gott to Camp, one fail'd getting but was sent for and fetch'd in, they advise that when they left Canada they had raised all y<sup>e</sup> force to be had there (putting all in Prison that refused) to oppose us at Ticondarogue, having had the news of our atacking it, they suppose that y<sup>e</sup> Enemy at Ticondarogue now consists of 15 Thousand Men, being ask'd wheather they thou't the Enemy wou'd pay us a Visit here they answered yes and y<sup>t</sup> very shortly otherwise they must starve at home. I can't but observe here the Notion our People generally have of the Enemy's being Scant of Provisions, I can't say but this may be y<sup>e</sup> case with y<sup>e</sup> Nation, but from many evidences it is most certain (let the People

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<sup>23</sup> Col. John Hart was a master ship-builder of Portsmouth, N. H., where he died in 1777, at the age of 72.



live how they will at home) they keep the Camp well. (the 27<sup>th</sup> 28<sup>th</sup> I dreamed a bad [dream?] of my family)

2<sup>nd</sup> fair weather but Windy this Day returned the Scouting parties from down y<sup>e</sup> Lake except a Hundred or two who were order'd to Range the woods from Sabbath Day Point to Fort Edward between L George & S. Bay. it is now two or three days Since Rogers sent in a Regular Soldier, who some months ago as he was passing from hence to F. Edward, being not well loiter'd behind his Company and was taken by y<sup>e</sup> Indians and carried to Canada, from whence he made his escape and got lost in y<sup>e</sup> woods and wou'd have perish'd had he not come across Rogers' party, this 'tis said is his Story, but some think he has been a Traitor, others that he purposed to desert y<sup>e</sup> Service only, and got catched by y<sup>e</sup> Enemy, however it is he is likely to escape punishment.

Capt. Davis with all his men affirm that y<sup>a</sup> saw a large Body of y<sup>e</sup> Enemy which occasioned their Retreat as before mentioned, however there is order to arest y<sup>e</sup> Capt.

Major Ingersoll has been these two or 3 days at y<sup>e</sup> half way Brook with 2 or 3 Hundred men.

3<sup>rd</sup> An uncommon pleasant Day for this Climat But pritty Hott. C<sup>t</sup> Davis is taken under arest, all the women are this day order'd by the General to depart the Camp with the next escort, and those y<sup>t</sup> Refuse or neglect the orders imediately to be put under the Provost Guard or to be sent off without escort. a number of the Carpenters this Day discharged.

4<sup>th</sup> a Rainy morning, a hot sunshine midday & cloudy evening. this Day came in a small Scout who had been at Crown Point, discovered nothing remarkable but Say there was very few Troops at that place.

5<sup>th</sup> Cloudy, Hott & some Rain. It is said Co<sup>l</sup> Hart

is brou't up from F. Edward. advise this Day y<sup>t</sup> Doct<sup>r</sup> Ashley of C<sup>t</sup> W<sup>m</sup> Williams' Reg<sup>t</sup> was Dead of the Small Pox at Saratogue. this Day attended on y<sup>e</sup> Hospital where was performed several amputations.

6<sup>th</sup> Sabbath, Clear weather but somewhat hot and windy. Mr Cleaveland preached from 1<sup>st</sup> Epistle of John 5<sup>th</sup> v. 12<sup>th</sup> c. in y<sup>e</sup> after Noon from Philp<sup>ns</sup> I. 9, 10, 11, which sermon I did not hear being so much ingaged among the sick. A very pleasant Night.

7<sup>th</sup> Pleasant morning but flying Clowds and windy after Noon. yesterday three parties of the Rangers took a Scout towards the Enemy in order to gett a Prisoner if possable, it is said y<sup>e</sup> General has offered 60 Guinnas for a Prisoner, that sum seems to be very large but likely he has offered considerable for one. this Day General Provost with a large escort went from Hence for F Edward it is said to fortify there.

this Day the Court Martial Sett for y<sup>e</sup> trial of C<sup>t</sup> Davis, and y<sup>e</sup> other Men which left their Station on seeing y<sup>e</sup> Enemy advancing towards'm on y<sup>e</sup> Lake (as before related) but nothing concluded. A man going into y<sup>e</sup> Lake to Swim was Drowned, he belonged to y<sup>e</sup> Regulars. also was found this Day at a little Distance from y<sup>e</sup> Camp in y<sup>e</sup> edge of the woods on y<sup>e</sup> Lake side two Men of Lord Howes Reg<sup>t</sup> Dead and Sculpt. the Reg<sup>ts</sup> had been order'd three times a week to exercise y<sup>e</sup> Manner of fighting against y<sup>e</sup> Breast Works and was this Day put in execution by some, the Regulars made a very pleasant figure.

8<sup>th</sup> Flying Clowds & very Windy. this Day came to Camp the Troops which was left to be raised when we came from Home and Col. Chandler left to bring'm up, they came by water to Albany. towards Night came in a Frenchman who pretended to be a deserter and says that y<sup>e</sup> Enemy are exceeding Short of Provisions intimate-

ing they can't long support such an Army at Ticondarogue which is now 17000 strong, but it is much suspected by some that this man was sent either for a spy or to decoy us into a secure and careless Condition. about y<sup>e</sup> same Time a party of Rogers Men y<sup>t</sup> came in with a number of Invalids brou't with'm a French Prisoner who it is said they found alone.

9<sup>th</sup> By a Party from Fort Edward yesterDay we have account that Rogers has discovered a large Party of y<sup>e</sup> Enemy, by some it is said they've landed & Rogers has intercepted their retreat and sent for more men whereupon 200 marched from F Edward yesterDay & 400 under Major Ingersoll from half way Brook, we wait with impatience for further news of this affair this morning was exceeding foggy which soon cleared off and followed with a Thunder Shower and Rain most all Night after. Thunder Showers appear quite different from what they do in N. England, sometimes they come up fro' one quarter and sometimes from another, and at another time they will hover over y<sup>e</sup> Mountains all around us and usually pass down y<sup>e</sup> Lake.

10<sup>th</sup> a Pleasant morning. the Vessel Launched about 8 or 9 o'clock. this Day had advise that Rogers had engaged y<sup>e</sup> Enemy before assistance got to him and had himself & Party got into F Edward, but y<sup>e</sup> Particulars of y<sup>e</sup> Skirmish is yet uncertain.

11<sup>th</sup> this morning at 6 y<sup>e</sup> Regt. were all Paraded against their respective Part of y<sup>e</sup> Breastwork, & y<sup>e</sup> whole Camp Sarched in order to discover if any Stranger should be there, the occasion of this was that y<sup>e</sup> Deserter from y<sup>e</sup> Enemy who came in y<sup>e</sup> 8<sup>th</sup> Instant, informed that they intended soon to send a spy from Ticonderogue who was disguised in his dress and cou'd talk good English, He was to take a survey of our Encampment, Number of



Tents &c the deserter supposed he was by this time in y<sup>e</sup> Camp but there was none found. this Day had certain account of an Engagement between y<sup>e</sup> Enemy and our Scouting party. our Comandants were Putnam<sup>24</sup> and Rogers, who after they had pass'd up y<sup>e</sup> S. Bay to Wood Crick & discovered Nothing (it seems, at least Rogers party, grew careless, some firing at Turkeys others at marks) they march'd for Fort Edward, but y<sup>e</sup> Enemy discovering them (as is supposed by their fireing) ambushed'm in form of a Semi Circle which gave y<sup>e</sup> enemy a great advantage of our men. Putnam led y<sup>e</sup> Van and Rogers brou't up y<sup>e</sup> Rear, and as they march'd in Indian file they made a Rank of a miles length perhaps more. Putnam & his party only received y<sup>e</sup> Enemy's fire & returned y<sup>e</sup> charge, for as soon as y<sup>e</sup> Enemy perceived Rogers Party flanking upon'm they retreated carrying off their dead and wounded what they cou'd, our men pursued them not but took care of their Dead & wounded & came off so that it seems reather a Drawn Battle than either Party Victorious. Major Putnam missing and supposed to be killed but y<sup>e</sup> Number of our lost is yet uncertain, as also y<sup>e</sup> Enemy recovered by our men. This even'g came in a Flagg of Truce for Dr Stakes who was taken at Oswego with Col. Schylar and released with him on Parole of Honour to return with him but was then accidentally absent.

12<sup>th</sup> this morning rec<sup>d</sup> (by y<sup>e</sup> last mentioned Flagg of Truce) the glad tidings of Major Putnams being arived

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<sup>24</sup> Israel Putnam, at this time a Connecticut major, was a native of the same town with our Journalist, nine years his senior and a kinsman, through his mother, of the Porters who were already allied with the Reas by marriage. Of the subsequent life and public services of Gen. Putnam the reader need not be reminded. Three years before this time he had entered the army a private soldier; and it was during this same year (1758) that, having been taken captive by the Indians and bound to a tree and the blazing fagots piled all around him, he was rescued from the horrible fate of being roasted alive by the more humane Molin.

well at Ticonderogue where also was carried Prisoners w<sup>th</sup> him Lieut: Tracy and two Privets and it is said y<sup>e</sup> Flagg of Truce wants to change Major Putnam for an Officer taken in y<sup>e</sup> late action at Ticond<sup>re</sup>, It is now said that at y<sup>e</sup> last Skirmish between Putnam & y<sup>e</sup> Enemy we had killed about 40 and y<sup>e</sup> same Number wounded & about 10 missing & that they obtained fifty-two Sculps & two Prisoners & suppose y<sup>e</sup> Enemy carried off many more of their dead and wounded.

13<sup>th</sup> we were alarm'd in y<sup>e</sup> Camp by a Number of Rangers fireing at a Buck, we were the more alarmed as there had been a report that y<sup>e</sup> Enemy were discovered coming down y<sup>e</sup> side of y<sup>e</sup> Lake yesterday, this Day being Sabbath Mr Cleaveland preached before Noon fro' Gen. 28.15. Afternoon from Psalm 84.11.

this Day Rogers return'd from his Scout and another party under Gen. Lyman order'd to be ready tomorrow morning. we have had Cold Nights this sometime, and this Day was like a November. last Fryday at even'g two Regulars having a little quarrell one struck the other and kill'd him with one blow of his fist. y<sup>e</sup> late flagg of truce which went off last Even'g say'd that our landing at Ticondaroga so undiscovered and without loss of a man, and Success (on our side) of y<sup>e</sup> Skirmish which happened presently after, so alarm'd y<sup>e</sup> Garrison that they put all their valuable effects into their Battoes on y<sup>e</sup> S. Bay ready for to push off to Crown Point on our attacking with success that Garrison as they expected nothing less; but that our ill conduct at y<sup>e</sup> Breastwork, and our sudden retreat as much astonished them as our Landing surprised'm.

14<sup>th</sup> this morning Gen Lyman<sup>25</sup> Sett out with 6 or 800 men on a Scout towards S. Bay. a Regular soldier Drowned, two others shott by accident, this brings to my

mind their reflections on our Provincials, as there has been four or five killed by accidentally firing their peices. another Flagg of Truce came in but their business I could not learn tho' some say it was for a Truce between Abercrombie and Moncalm for this Season, others say to comand our return home, challenging this Land to be theirs, but all wants Confirmation.

15<sup>th</sup> this morning a large party Sett at work on an Emenance about half a mile distance, on our Right in order to Build a Block House & plant some Cannon. . . . this Day was very Rainy and Cold for y<sup>e</sup> Season also y<sup>e</sup> Night following. This Day y<sup>e</sup> Late Flag o' Truce returned. Fevers and Numbness of y<sup>e</sup> Limbs prevails much in y<sup>e</sup> Camp. About 12 or 1400 went as an escort with a Number of Teams to F. Edward.

16<sup>th</sup> the fore part of y<sup>e</sup> Day Rainy but clears off before Night had advice that one of Major Roger's Lieut<sup>s</sup> went from F. Edward on a Scout and had found 16 Indians and some French slain in y<sup>e</sup> late action near Wood Crick, which they did not then discover. He also discovered y<sup>e</sup> Enemy and their Incampment near Wood Crick, he also informed that Gen. Lyman was joined by a number of men from half way Brook which made his party near 1500 and that he this Day heard (as he thou't) a very heavy firing and supposed that Gen. Lyman has had a Skirmish.

17<sup>th</sup> a pleasant Day for this Climat Major Rogers this Day exercised his men in Bush fiteing which drew a great Number out of y<sup>e</sup> Camp, to view them. it is currently reported y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>r</sup> last Flagg from Ticondarogue offered very Honourable Terms for a Cesation of Armes between them

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<sup>25</sup> Col. (afterwards Gen.) Phineas Lyman was born at Durham, Conn., about 1716, graduated at Yale College and was a lawyer at Suffield.



and us for this Season, that hereby both parties might withdraw and take care of y<sup>e</sup> Harvest and other Husbandry Business.

18<sup>th</sup> Pleasant weather but cool Night, this Day was brou't in, by a small Scouting party, a French Prisoner taken about three miles below Crown Point, where he was at work on his harvest alone; the Indians would gladly have killed him as he was brou't into our Camp. the Scout say that they saw a great Number of boats in Lake Champlain passing towards Canada.

19<sup>th</sup> pleasant weath<sup>r</sup>, but Windy. Had advice y<sup>t</sup> Gen. Lyman had discovered several small parties of y<sup>e</sup> Enemy, but no prospect of coming to an Engagement with any, his Scout is expected in tomorrow.

20<sup>th</sup> Sabbath and Mr Cleaveland preached from Josh<sup>a</sup> 7 c. & 13 first verses. A pleasant morning but an extream Rainy after Noon with thunder hard at a little distance. Just at Night y<sup>e</sup> Gen<sup>l</sup> had a packet with privet Letters from Boston, Informing that Louisburg was taken, this advice appear'd so authentick it gained universal credit. About y<sup>e</sup> same time came in two German Deserters from y<sup>e</sup> French Camp, who informed y<sup>t</sup> they were 5000 Strong at y<sup>e</sup> Fourt Ticond<sup>rs</sup> & 1500 between y<sup>t</sup> & y<sup>e</sup> Landing, this agrees with some others so that we're apt to think y<sup>t</sup> they've drawn off a Detachment either to Quebeck or Fountanack to confront our forces if they should attack either of them or both. No Preaching after Noon for y<sup>e</sup> Rain.

21<sup>st</sup> pleasant for y<sup>e</sup> season. had advice y<sup>t</sup> Gen<sup>l</sup> Lyman was got into F Edward without any attack by y<sup>e</sup> Enemy. a Scout of the Rangers with some Indians sent towards Crown Point for discovery and to gett a prisoner if possible. the Carpenters which were released and this morn'g

paraded to return home, were stoped and it's said order'd to build several floting Batteries, repair y<sup>e</sup> Battoes &c (the sloop being now fit to sail) in order for another attack on Ticondaroga; this much alarmed y<sup>e</sup> Camp as our Number was reduced to about two thirds what we had at first, and many of those sick and many others so dispirited that it was supposed three were not now so good as one before our Expedition there.

22<sup>nd</sup> Cloudy & Chilly Cold Weather.

Gen<sup>l</sup> Lyman came in as an escort to a number of Teams from F Edward. Fired at marks with Canon near y<sup>e</sup> West Stockade and made some very good Shotts.

23<sup>d</sup> Pleasant for y<sup>e</sup> Season and Clym<sup>t</sup>. continued firing at marks with Cannon this was occasioned by a number of Provincials, who had Inlisted into y<sup>e</sup> Train to learn y<sup>e</sup> Exercise, y<sup>e</sup> Officer of which party Bantered y<sup>e</sup> Regular Guner and repeatedly beat him at firing at marks, for which he was very much applauded. General orders this Day declare four Regulars to be put to Death for desertion. This Day a Peculiar friend showed me the copy of a letter of which the following is a true copy, it will speak for it Self.

French Advance Guard 8<sup>th</sup> July, 1758.

S<sup>r</sup>

you are hereby directed to forward all y<sup>e</sup> French Prisoners to Albany & from thence to New York, our sick & wounded, & to be forwarded with the greatest Expedition, finish your Stockaded Posts as soon as possible, you are to Stop all stores from going down the Lake, you are also directed to forward all the heavy artillery back to New York with all the large Balls & Shells as soon as possible. A Copy of this send to C<sup>t</sup> Reed at F Edward.

Our men after they had behav'd with the greatest Intrepidity were obliged to give way to the Strongest of Batteries & Intrenchments but we hope to advance again soon.

Collect all the Provincials at your Posts as you may soon expect a large Body of the Enemy Down at your Posts.

Defend your Posts to the last.

I am Dear Cumings  
your Hum<sup>ble</sup> Serv<sup>t</sup>

J. Cunningham  
Aid de Camp

To Co<sup>l</sup> Cumings  
Comanding at  
Fort William  
Henry

A True Coppy Errors Excepted.  
To Major Thomas Gage A. D. 1758.  
pr Jon<sup>a</sup> Ballard.

This Day at a General Council Col<sup>o</sup> Lyman & Preble was called as members, mark, two Provincials with perhaps twice or thrice the Number of Regulars.

24<sup>th</sup> Pleasant for y<sup>e</sup> time & place. they continue their Cañonading at marks. it being a dull Day for news, towards even'g we are inform'd, with seeming authority from some of y<sup>e</sup> Regular Officers, that we shall be soon joined by 6000 Regular Troops & 10000 Provincials w<sup>ch</sup> are now raising by y<sup>e</sup> Several Provinces, for another attempt on Ticonderogue, and as a confirmation of this we see the building of the Row Gallys & floating Batteries is carried on with great Expedition. this Piece of News will no doubt be Topic enough for Several Days Camp Conversation.

25<sup>th</sup> Pleasant weather but very warm continue cañonadeing at marks very warm Shew of Rain. it is now about Seven Days since there has been any Scout out towards S. Bay, W. Crick &c.

26<sup>th</sup> Very Warm & Shews of Rain, the four Persons lately condem'd for desertion, ordered to be Executed at 9 this morning, when they were brou't to y<sup>e</sup> Gallows



with the Ropes about their Necks, after y<sup>e</sup> Preast had given good advice to the Spectators, made a prayer & Councelled y<sup>e</sup> Malefactors & they ready to step up y<sup>e</sup> Ladder, there come in one with a Pardon this was a very pleasing disappointment, to y<sup>e</sup> Spectators as well as y<sup>e</sup> Malefactors: This afternoon was Thunder at y<sup>e</sup> North from whence it Clouded over and Rained; Cold Night I observed for these several Nights past were the most warm of any we have had here this year.

27<sup>th</sup> Sabbath, Cloudy Day but warm in y<sup>e</sup> after Noon. this was y<sup>e</sup> stillest Sabbath in y<sup>e</sup> Camp that we had yet had, tho' there were many parties (perhaps unnecessarily too) employed without y<sup>e</sup> Camp.

Mr Cleaveland Preached in the morning from Mark 10, 21 first claws. Afternoon from Luke vii, 41, 42, 43 verses, this Evening came in certain account of y<sup>e</sup> reduction of Louisburg to y<sup>e</sup> British Arms.

28<sup>th</sup> Cloudy morn'g but clear'd off and Hott mid Day about Sun Sett clouds over with Lightening and a very Rainy Night follows. this Day ordr'd to draw up on Parade at five o'clock and the Chaplains to offer up thanksgiving to Almighty God, for y<sup>e</sup> success of His Majestie's Forces against Louisburg, then each Reg<sup>t</sup> to form their respective line against y<sup>e</sup> Breastwork in order for a rejoicing fire, which was begun by the Cañon from y<sup>e</sup> Sloops, then followed by 21 cañon at y<sup>e</sup> Lower Side y<sup>e</sup> Breastwork near y<sup>e</sup> Lake, then y<sup>e</sup> small Arms, beginning on y<sup>e</sup> Right of y<sup>e</sup> Regulars & ending on y<sup>e</sup> Left of y<sup>e</sup> Provincials the fire of the Cannon on shore and y<sup>e</sup> small Arms was twice repeated the order of y<sup>e</sup> small arms was, that each man should fire Instantly after his Right hand man and not before, and so go round the whole fire as quick as possable, which took 12 minutes y<sup>e</sup> first

time, the second was but one, & the last but half a minute, they finished with three Huzza's from y<sup>e</sup> whole Encampment Supposed 7000 men fired but no Guards.

29<sup>th</sup> Clear and pleasant at midday but a North Wind and very Cold Night. the Building of the Gally and other Large Boats is drove on very brisk, the Road mending, for bringing more heavy Cañon, in short there are now such preparations that it would make a Credulous Person believe they intended another attack on Ticonderogue y<sup>e</sup> Block House I spoke of y<sup>e</sup> 15<sup>th</sup> Instant has been laid aside sometime. The Dysentery, Scurvy and Slow Putrid Nervous Fevers prevail much in y<sup>e</sup> Camp.

30<sup>th</sup> This morning on y<sup>e</sup> low Land near y<sup>e</sup> Lake was Ice of considerable thickness. a Clear Day, a Scorching Sun & a Cold night. this Day came in a Deserter from y<sup>e</sup> Enemy, informs that they are building large Barricks at Ticondrog. that they were recruited by Regular Troops. that he had no news of Louisburg being taken when he came away which was fourteen Days as he says.

The scout that was sent out y<sup>e</sup> 21<sup>st</sup> returned without any discovery more than that they saw Enemy fireing at Pigeons near Crown Point, but had not y<sup>e</sup> good luck to catch any of them, for y<sup>e</sup> Enemy's doggs discovered our Scout in their Ambushment, and by their barking gave their masters timely notice to get in Garison.

31<sup>st</sup> Clear cool Day, when I say it is a clear Day I mean from 9 or 10 o'clock in y<sup>e</sup> morning to 3 or 4 after Noon, for we have mostly Cloudy, Hazy or Foggy morn'gs and even'gs here, this morn'g went out a Scout of Rangers, to discover y<sup>e</sup> cituation of y<sup>e</sup> Enemy. after Noon came in another pretended deserter from y<sup>e</sup> Enemy, but gives no new account of them worth remark as I can learn.

This Day was a general Muster thro' y<sup>e</sup> Provencials the Muster examined by a man appointed by y<sup>e</sup> General, and a return made to the General of y<sup>e</sup> true state of y<sup>e</sup> whole and it is said another return to be Sent Home.

This Day there was considerable Canonadeing at marks the Deer have been very plenty with us for this some-time, many cross y<sup>e</sup> Lake and some pass so near as to be caught by our Sentry & Guards.

Sept<sup>r</sup> first 1758. A pleasant Day moderately warm, continue canonading at marks.

The Rangers exercise in Scout marches & Bush fighting which made a very pritty figure.

2<sup>nd</sup> Pleasant Weather this Day the Sloop & Whale Boats Sail'd on their Second Cruze. Two Canon 24 Pound<sup>rs</sup> was brou't up to y<sup>e</sup> Lake from Albany. late this Night came in a flagg of truce from y<sup>e</sup> Enemy and went off again soon. So y<sup>t</sup> it seams their business required hast or y<sup>t</sup> they mett with a short answer, but y<sup>e</sup> certainty is not known nor is likely it will to y<sup>e</sup> Camp.

3<sup>rd</sup> Sabbath, a very pleasant morn but Clouds over after Noon. this morn'g I heard Mr Ebenz<sup>r</sup> Cleaveland, Col. Prebble's Chap<sup>n</sup> Preach from Deuteron<sup>y</sup> xxix, 4, In y<sup>e</sup> after Noon I heard our own Chaplain Preach from Coloss. iii, 11. But Christ is all in all.

C<sup>t</sup> Shepherd who went Co<sup>m</sup>and<sup>t</sup> of the Scout y<sup>e</sup> 31<sup>st</sup> last, return'd last Night, about y<sup>e</sup> time y<sup>e</sup> Flagg of Truce came in. He discovered a large Number of Battoes and other preparation of y<sup>e</sup> Enemy which gave him Suspicion they Designed an attack on us very soon, this some believ'd and some would not, however some preparation was made for, our Defence, and Major Rogers with a small party sent out for further discovery. a Report prevails in Camp this after Noon that Bradstreet had taken a Fort of y<sup>e</sup> Enemy's on y<sup>e</sup> Lake Ontario called



Chattarackway or Fountanau,<sup>26</sup> with mighty success had defeated y<sup>e</sup> Enemy and consumed y<sup>e</sup> Fort and a Number of vessels y<sup>a</sup> had in y<sup>e</sup> Lake with fire. This I suspect is to encourage our men under y<sup>e</sup> damps C<sup>t</sup> Shepherd's news has occasioned, and wish it proves not y<sup>e</sup> reverse. Several Deer was caught alive swimming Cross y<sup>e</sup> Lake and brou't into y<sup>e</sup> Camp to y<sup>e</sup> Gen<sup>l</sup> & Chief Officers.

4<sup>th</sup> Cloudy and shews of Rain. Saturday last a Detachment of 6 or 700 men comāded by a Regular Cap<sup>tn</sup> was sent on a Scout towards Wood Crick. I'd forgot till now to note y<sup>t</sup> Col. Hart & C<sup>t</sup> Davis on their tryal by a Court Martial were found not guilty, & it is now about ten days since they were sett at liberty. they continue prepareing for y<sup>e</sup> Enemy very briskly. a rainy Night.

5<sup>th</sup> Rainy Morn'g Sunshine & Showery the rest of the Day interchang<sup>g</sup> Several Scouts sent this way and that, to watch y<sup>e</sup> Enemy, and preparations going on to receive them here, and at y<sup>e</sup> same time preparations to make another attack on Ticcondorga, which puts y<sup>e</sup> Camp into a Consternation and they no not what to think.

6<sup>th</sup> last Night came an Officer or Two from Louis-berg which occasioned various news of Recruits comeing to assist us &c, other things remain much as they were yesterday. This was a Clowdy with interchangable Scorching Sunshiny Day, but a very Cold Night follows.

7<sup>th</sup> A Cold Day flying Clowds Windy. preparations both for an attack and against one are still carried on. Major Rogers Return'd from his Scout, but I can't hear yet what news he brings.

8<sup>th</sup> nothing remarkable this Day, but a confirmation of the Joyfull News that Cattarackway is taken. it is

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<sup>26</sup> Fort Frontenac surrendered Aug. 27.

observable that the Enemy has done us no hurt by their Scouts this long time.

9<sup>th</sup> A Cloudy Windy Day and an excessive Windy Night with Some little Rain. last evening came in y<sup>e</sup> Scout I spoke of y<sup>e</sup> 4<sup>th</sup> Ins<sup>t</sup> but had made no discovery, also Maj<sup>r</sup> Rogers went down y<sup>e</sup> Lake with a Small Number of Whale Boats w<sup>th</sup> a desine to surprise a party of the Enemy which he had discovered in his late Scout that way, and which he supposed was kept as an advanced party on y<sup>e</sup> Lake to watch our motion and give Seasonable alarm in case we shou'd attempt another attack on them. this he was confirmed in, as he saw them in y<sup>e</sup> Night Row up y<sup>e</sup> Lake near to what we call the first Narrows and in y<sup>e</sup> morning put back again. this morning as the Pikets were marching to half Way to Escort a Number of Teams from thence to y<sup>e</sup> Lake, when they had got about two miles, the Com<sup>der</sup>, who was a Regular it seems indiscretely sent off a Sar<sup>gt</sup> and four men of the Rangers to give notice for the Teams to be ready against they came up, this party had advanced but about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile from y<sup>e</sup> Body when they were fired upon by a small party of Indian's. the Sarg<sup>t</sup> was killed, the others made their escape, the Alarm soon reached the Camp, all the picquets were sent out imediately, but no more discovery of y<sup>e</sup> Enemy; however a Scout of Rangers went in pursute of them. There is now the walls of a Fortification begun at the Emenance spoke of the 12<sup>th</sup> of July.

10<sup>th</sup> Sabbath, fair pleasant Day for the Season, the Camp considerable still for a Sabbath Day. nothing new remarkable but a Packet from Gen<sup>l</sup> Stanwax to Abercrombie confirming & certifying y<sup>e</sup> reduction of Cattarackway. my business detained me from y<sup>e</sup> fore Noon

service, but y<sup>e</sup> after Noon I attended & heard Mr. Cleaveland Preach from Philip<sup>ns</sup> 2<sup>d</sup> 15, 16.

11<sup>th</sup> Interchangable Clouds & Sunshine. a Cold Night follows.

the Several Reg<sup>ts</sup> did assemble by ord<sup>r</sup> this after Noon to offer Praise to Almighty God for y<sup>e</sup> success granted our troops in Reducing of Cattarackway, after which just at Sunsetting, having three large Bonfires on y<sup>e</sup> adjacent Mounts we made our fieudejoye in the same ma<sup>n</sup>er as for y<sup>e</sup> Reduction of Louisburg y<sup>e</sup> 28<sup>th</sup> Aug<sup>t</sup> Save the Sloop fired 21 Guns & repeated y<sup>e</sup> same every time.

Major Rogers returned last evening but left behind several of his Men; it is said he Set'm on shore for to make discovery and taried with the Boats himself, but y<sup>e</sup> Enemy coming up with their Boats he was obliged to retreat, and if those men don't get in within these two or three days we shall conclude y<sup>e</sup> Enemy has got'm.

It is now confidently afirmed y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Plunder taken at Cattar<sup>ck</sup> is worth 80,000 £, Sterling, and is Chiefly Furr; this is an unexpected Blow to y<sup>e</sup> French.

12<sup>th</sup> Flying Clowds & windy but still & extream Cold Night. yester Day y<sup>e</sup> Generall discharged all y<sup>e</sup> Indians. this Day came in a considerable Number of Swivells & Amunition, also contracted for and making a great Number of Oars, this and such like preparations spreads a report that we are certainly to attempt another attack on Ticonderogue, and as it has been a long time said we shou'd be joyn'd by 5 or 6000 Regulars from Louisburg it is now affirm'd they're at Albany. the various accounts we've had lately of y<sup>e</sup> Enemy's taking No 4 and Georges, seams now to be confirmed that Georges and Pemmaquid is reduced by y<sup>e</sup> French and Indians. the Sloop takes her third cruse down y<sup>e</sup> Lake.



13<sup>th</sup> fair but Cold weather and a smart frosty Night follows.

14<sup>th</sup> afternoon Flying Clouds & extream windy. five of the men which Rogers left behind in his last Scout were sent by him toward Crown Point to gett a Prisoner, as is said, but the other five are missing as before related. the Row Gallys mounted with Guns & tryed by firing their Canon The Battoes hawld out of y<sup>e</sup> Crick & swamp & refitting with all expedition, and besides y<sup>e</sup> expected Regulars from Louisburg it is said Bradstreet will again joyn us within four Days; it seams now we want nothing but express orders to make one believe another attack on Ticonderogue is intended. some Showers in y<sup>e</sup> Evening but y<sup>e</sup> Night not cold as had been

15<sup>th</sup> Moderate Sunshine Day & as pleasant Moonshine Night. how soon y<sup>e</sup> news alters. I this Day confer'd with a Gentleman that came immediately from Albany & he informs me y<sup>t</sup> there is no Regulars at Albany nor is any expected as he can learn, but it is expected there, we have a recruit from y<sup>e</sup> Provinces, this brings to my mind, at y<sup>e</sup> Muster y<sup>e</sup> 31<sup>st</sup> last there was wanting some hundreds of y<sup>e</sup> 20,000 Provincials that was proposed to be raised, wherepon y<sup>e</sup> General sent out his Aid-de-Camp to demand the Quota of y<sup>e</sup> Several Provinces. but as the Season of y<sup>e</sup> year was so far past before this return of y<sup>e</sup> State of y<sup>e</sup> Reg<sup>t</sup> was made I can't think they will gett y<sup>e</sup> men here, therefore expect if we don't go again to Ticonderoga y<sup>e</sup> fault will be laid on y<sup>e</sup> Provinces, at least by y<sup>e</sup> Regulars here, if not by his Majestie, which no doubt SOMBODY will try for. It is observable before a storm that commonly y<sup>e</sup> air in y<sup>e</sup> adjacent woods will roar much like y<sup>e</sup> sound of a Beach at some miles distance, and this allways happens when it is most calm, thus it rored this even'g.

16<sup>th</sup> Hott for y<sup>e</sup> Season, Cloudy evening follow'd with a warm, windy, rainy Night. by advices fro' Albany I learn that Col<sup>o</sup> Bradstreet is there, that he had distroyed all y<sup>e</sup> Cañon and King's Provision &c, saving only y<sup>e</sup> Furr at y<sup>e</sup> Fort Cattaraque, he lately took from y<sup>e</sup> French; this is wonder'd at, as it is thou't to be one of the most important passes.

17<sup>th</sup> Sabbath, a Cold Day, Clowdy & windy, upon these Sudden changes People grow very sick. I was so ingaged with y<sup>e</sup> sick I did not attend y<sup>e</sup> fore Noon service, but after Noon Mr. Cleaveland Preached from Gen. xxviii. 12.

18<sup>th</sup> flying Clouds, windy and cold. the five men before mentioned left behind in Rogers late Scout down y<sup>e</sup> Lake, almost miraculously escaped y<sup>e</sup> enemy and have gott in.

19<sup>th</sup> flying Clouds, windy, moderately warm & a pleasant Night of Moonshine

20<sup>th</sup> Sunshiny morning, but Cloudy after Noon follow'd with warm gentle showers. I confined to my Tent by Illness & take an Emetic. One taken at Oswego made his escape from Canada and came into Camp this Day, but I learn no material news.

21<sup>st</sup> Sultry, Hott, interchangeable Sunshine and Clowdy. I remain Ill and confined to y<sup>e</sup> Tent.

Still at work on y<sup>e</sup> Fortification & repairing Battoes.

22<sup>nd</sup> Warm Sunshine and Clowdy Day, a Stidy rainy Evening, the wind North Easterly & blows cold before morn'g. Mr. Abercrombie Aid-de-Camp returned to y<sup>e</sup> Camp from his business I spoke of, y<sup>e</sup> 15 Inst. still confined to my Tent by my Illness, tho' I had this day so remarkable an abatement of my disord<sup>r</sup> that I couldn't help thinking I received a blessing from y<sup>e</sup> Cottage where our Chaplains mett for Divine Worship. Here

I can't but observe y<sup>e</sup> harmony among our Chaplains, tho' Episcoparians, Presbiterians and Congregationals all agree in fundamental Principals, meet together every Tuesday & Fryday & unite in Divine Worship endeavouring after y<sup>e</sup> Enterest of our great Lord & Saviour, His pure religion & the good of mankind thereby. a rare instance indeed, perhaps scarce ever an army bless'd with such a Sett of Chap<sup>lns</sup> before.

23<sup>rd</sup> A pleasant Day and a very Cold Night follows. the Camp strongly alarm<sup>d</sup> again with y<sup>e</sup> notion of going again to Ticonderogue, and 6000 Regulars about to joyn us, for that purpose. I'm still confined to my Tent tho' I seem to be recruiting. this Day y<sup>e</sup> Sloop takes her 4<sup>th</sup> cruize. it is said a Prisoner at y<sup>e</sup> Quarter Guard of one of y<sup>e</sup> Regular Reg<sup>ts</sup> made his escape, suposed to be deserted to y<sup>e</sup> Enemy, Two parties were sent after him but have not returned, this was y<sup>e</sup> 21<sup>st</sup> at Night.

24<sup>th</sup> A pleasant warm day but windy after Noon. Major Rogers with about 200 men goes down y<sup>e</sup> Lake on a Scout. I got aboard, travelled about  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile to Dr. Monro's, rec<sup>d</sup> orders concerning y<sup>e</sup> Sick. this day being Sabbath, besides y<sup>e</sup> comon fatigueing parties of every Day, at clearing y<sup>e</sup> adjacent Land, & at work on y<sup>e</sup> Fortification & repairing Battoes &<sup>c</sup> &<sup>c</sup>, there was a party detach'd & sent to mowe a Boggy Swamp, three or four miles toward F. Edward. I was not able to attend Divine Service this Day.

25<sup>th</sup> After a moderate warm Night a Clowdy Cold Day & smart Squally gusts of wind with a mixture of Rain, Hail & Snow, clears off in the Night & is very cold. nothing remarkable to Day, unless the report that y<sup>e</sup> Enemy, after a smart Engagement of two or three attacks with their Boats, had taken our Sloop, but this I imagine might arise from her passing thro' y<sup>e</sup> narrows,



out of sight of our Encampment, which was y<sup>e</sup> first time she had ventured so far, though some say they heard her fire Several Cannon at y<sup>e</sup> Narrows, which might be y<sup>e</sup> occasion of Major Rogers with a party going off yesterday in their Whale Boats. I remain weak & feeble, but I hope recruiting, the badness of y<sup>e</sup> weather obliged me to my Tent.

26<sup>th</sup> Interchangable Sunshine & Cloudy but Cold & Snowylike air. A very Cold Night. Co<sup>l</sup> Bradstreet this Day arriv'd in Camp, it was said his Batoe men to receive him with honour were all Paraded. last Even'g came into Camp a French Deserter & says that there was twenty two, viz, fifteen Frenchmen & seven Indians came out together to make discovery of our Cituation and get a Prisoner, that he & y<sup>e</sup> Indians had laid on one of y<sup>e</sup> adjacent Mountains some days observing our Motion, he informed where they left their canoes on y<sup>e</sup> Side of y<sup>e</sup> Lake, whereupon there was a party sent to range y<sup>e</sup> Woods towards y<sup>e</sup> Canoes & another to lay in ambush at y<sup>e</sup> Canoes to take them on their attempt to putt off. He also informs that y<sup>e</sup> Enemy have disbandon'd the advanced Posts at Ticonderogue Landing, tho' they were still very strong at their Fortifications, & and that there was a strong party intended for a Scout by y<sup>e</sup> way of South Bay, which he supposed was now on the business.

it is observable Bradstreet brou't no men with him as was reported he would. I gott able to walk abroad, and seem to gain my health mighty fast.

27<sup>th</sup> A Cold Squally morning & some small flight of Snow. after Noon clears off & is warmer. A Scouting party which sometime ago went towards C. Point on discovery, returned yester Day & say there is no Body of Forces at that place, made no remarkable discovery, but as they came back found y<sup>e</sup> track of about 300 they sup-

posed of y<sup>e</sup> Enemy gone towards Schenictedy to get one of Co<sup>l</sup> Bradstreets men for Intelligence. this party it's likely was the same the Deserter (spoke of yesterDay) came from. the following I had from y<sup>e</sup> Second hand from Col. Bradstreet, viz. that just before his arival at Cattarique y<sup>e</sup> third man or Officer of Canada came there with great store of European Goods &<sup>c</sup> to trade, also that it was but just before that two vessels had arived from Niagra laden with Furr, there was 2000 Barrels of Provision for y<sup>e</sup> Southern Parts, eighty Pieces of Cannon, that he was discovered an hour before he Landed, by some Indians Canoes who gave y<sup>e</sup> Fort notice, they made a faint to oppose his Landing, but did no more, that at Evening y<sup>e</sup> Same Day viz, 25<sup>th</sup> August he reconoiter'd y<sup>e</sup> ground & sett some to playing on y<sup>e</sup> Fort with Hoyts from behind an Eminance out of Danger, while he was with all Expedition prepairing Battray at another Place, thus he was undiscovered till just as he had finished when one of y<sup>e</sup> men accidentally discharged his Peice where-upon y<sup>e</sup> Enemy turn'd their Canon upon him with all fury, but he soon return'd as good as they sent, soon silenced y<sup>e</sup> Sloops which played very warmly upon him at first, and they then endeavored to make their escape to Morial, but he had forelaid'm & they miscaried in y<sup>e</sup> attempt. on y<sup>e</sup> 27<sup>th</sup> they capitulated, Bradstreet alowed them to go home on Parole of Honour, to return (by a certain time this Season specified in y<sup>e</sup> Articles) by y<sup>e</sup> way of L. George, or in their stead send Col. Schylar and such others (equal to their Number) as Col. Schylar shou'd mention. y<sup>e</sup> Number of Prisoners, Men, Women, & Children about 130. He obliged y<sup>e</sup> Prisoners (after he'd given them Boats, Victuals & Drink enough to carry them Home) to knock out y<sup>e</sup> Heads of 40 Hogs-heads of Wine. He used their Cannon to beat down

y<sup>e</sup> Walls of y<sup>e</sup> Fort which was all Stone & Lime (as was y<sup>e</sup> Barracks) and 120 yards square. He then broke of the Gudgens & hove'm into y<sup>e</sup> Lake, he beat in y<sup>e</sup> Powder Casks & thréw'm into y<sup>e</sup> wells, he also destroyed y<sup>e</sup> Provisions & Ball, in short laying y<sup>e</sup> Fort in a ruinous heap & burning all y<sup>e</sup> Vessels save y<sup>e</sup> two biggest, he brou't off only 4 Brass 6 Pounders y<sup>e</sup> Furr & European Goods.

as he was setting out for y<sup>e</sup> Enterprise he was informed from good authority that some of y<sup>e</sup> Mohawk Tribes intended on his retreat, in case he did not Succede to way-lay him and cutt off all his army. this he never let his men know 'til on their return when (as he did not know but they wou'd still endeavor to prosecute their design for y<sup>e</sup> sake of y<sup>e</sup> Plunder) he tells his men if they did besett'm immediately to throw all right into y<sup>e</sup> Lake (it was L. Onondago where they expected to meet'm) & he would lead'm directly into their Country & kill all men, women & children. but when he came to y<sup>e</sup> Lake they mett him with Caresses, Congratulated him on his Victory & seeing he had given great presents to 40 of y<sup>e</sup> Onondago Tribe which had been Volenteers with him, they asked gifts, but he refused and then told'm how he'd discovered their design to cutt off him & his Army & what he had purposed to do thereupon. Some was surly at this, but others seemed Terified and hush'd those that muttered at him least he shou'd still prosecute his design on them, for he had told'm of their instability to y<sup>e</sup> English Interest, that many were gone to y<sup>e</sup> French, and they themselves perhaps had fou't against us heretofore as well as at present design<sup>s</sup> to cutt off his Army and all their protestations of being true before or promises of being so for the future, wou'd not avail with him 'till a further trial, nor did he care which way they turned but one way



or y<sup>e</sup> other he expected, and on that Day he shou'd find y<sup>t</sup> they were with our Enemy he was determined to march an Army into their Country & slay all, exterpating their Nation out of the World. but if they shou'd joyn with and be true to y<sup>e</sup> English he shou'd be as good to them as to y<sup>e</sup> Onondago's. thus ended their conference & they parted without further favour.

I recover my health much.

28<sup>th</sup> Pleasant Day & Night for y<sup>e</sup> Season. Nothing remarkable this Day unless y<sup>e</sup> Panick y<sup>e</sup> Camp seems to [be] in on y<sup>e</sup> prevailing reports that we shall make another attempt on Ticondarogue.

I recrate my health very fast.

29<sup>th</sup> Pleasant Day, warm Night. the Sloop this Night return'd from her fourth cruse, no news of her being attacked as was the report last Monday. It seems after a long want of medicine, and no care of our Provincial Sick as they are sent down toward Albany, the Colonels have had this week a council, and sent a petition to y<sup>e</sup> Court for Provision to be made in this case. I seam now to have got to my comon standard of Health.

30<sup>th</sup> Clowdy damp day with Shews of Rain, y<sup>e</sup> Night y<sup>e</sup> same. Major Rogers returned and brou't in two Burch Canoes, which y<sup>e</sup> partie that went out with y<sup>e</sup> deserter spoke of y<sup>e</sup> 26<sup>th</sup> Inst. had taken & sent in by him while they lay wait for the Enemy. no more news of y<sup>e</sup> deserter spoke of y<sup>e</sup> 23<sup>d</sup> Instant. it is now said y<sup>t</sup> General Amhurst<sup>27</sup> is sent for to make his best of the way up, without his Troops, in order for a Council of War to know if it may be best to go on with our Expedition or not. for my part I can't help now speaking my

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<sup>27</sup> Gen. Jeffery Amherst was the successor of Abercrombie as commander-in-chief of the expedition against Ticonderoga, &c. He came to America in 1758 as a major general. In 1787 he received a patent as Baron Amherst of Montreal.

mind which has been y<sup>e</sup> same these two months that we shall do nothing of y<sup>t</sup> kind this year.

Octob<sup>r</sup> 1<sup>st</sup> A. D. 1758, at Lake George. Sabbath. A Clowdy Day & Rainy Night. Getting off y<sup>e</sup> Sick detained me from Divine Service this morning. after Noon Mr Cleaveland Preached from Isaiah LV, 6.

The Truce for Bradstreets Prisoners to return (as mentioned in the Capitulation of Cattaracque) being elapsed, a flag is this Day it seems sent to know why they have not fulfilled the articles.

2<sup>d</sup> A Clowdy morning & a very Rainy after Noon & Night. this Day y<sup>e</sup> Island Guard was called off & no more to be kept there.

3<sup>rd</sup> A Clear Cold N. Wester, after the Storm, y<sup>e</sup> Day Cold but y<sup>e</sup> Night Colder.

This day a Number of men with Battoes were sent down y<sup>e</sup> Lake to cutt Poles it is said to hawl back y<sup>e</sup> Battoes to F. Edward, this gives us reason to suppose they have laid aside Ticondaroga, and indeed the weather is enough to make any one think so, y<sup>e</sup> Camp is all in joy at this.

4<sup>th</sup> A Clear, but Decemberlike Day and y<sup>e</sup> Night exceeded y<sup>e</sup> Day. the party who sent in y<sup>e</sup> Canoes y<sup>e</sup> 30<sup>th</sup> ult. have returned but without discovering y<sup>e</sup> Enemy. y<sup>e</sup> Sloop went out on her fifth cruse y<sup>e</sup> 2<sup>d</sup> Inst<sup>t</sup> at Evening.

the Flagg of Truce returned, but-I can't yet hear what news more than that they were hailed at their first Landing and permitted to go no further, so that they could not tell whether there was any alterations made between that and y<sup>e</sup> Fort or not. it is reported that C<sup>t</sup> Abercrombie<sup>28</sup> Aid-de-Camp is sent to order part of General Amhurst's Forces up to Gen<sup>l</sup> Stanwix, at y<sup>e</sup> same time he

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<sup>28</sup> Capt. Abercrombie was a nephew of the commander-in-chief.

hastens here, y<sup>e</sup> occasion of this is y<sup>t</sup> Stanwix has wrote to Abercrombie y<sup>t</sup> 1000 of his men are Dead & 1000 more no better than so, y<sup>t</sup> he is poorly able to prosecute y<sup>e</sup> building y<sup>e</sup> Fort, also y<sup>t</sup> he is inform'd by deserters or Prisoners y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Enemy from Niagra design to attack him & he is in y<sup>e</sup> utmost fear of a Defeat. this peice of news, if true, will no doubt nock by our return on Ticondarogue, which is now generally thou't will be y<sup>e</sup> Case.

5<sup>th</sup> A very Cold morning but it slackens at Evening & was a moderate Night. this morning sett on y<sup>e</sup> Horse Samuel Roberts of C<sup>t</sup> Giddings Comp<sup>y</sup> for denying his duty. all y<sup>e</sup> Carpenters detached out of y<sup>e</sup> Several Provincial Reg<sup>ts</sup> order'd to return to their respective Stations. at Even'g Gen<sup>l</sup> Amhurst arived in Camp.

6<sup>th</sup> Moderate Weather. the whole Army Paraded without arms before their respective parts of the Lines, when Generals Amhurst Abercrombie &<sup>c</sup> past round y<sup>e</sup> whole Incampment to take a View, and as they pass'd by one Reg<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Field & Staff Officers walked in Procession after, thus they did through y<sup>e</sup> whole. at Even'g a Negro of C<sup>t</sup> Taplen's Comp<sup>y</sup> was whip<sup>t</sup> seventy-five stripes for selling his Clothing. our late Flagg of Truce say that y<sup>e</sup> Indians who hail'd'm at y<sup>e</sup> Landing rec<sup>d</sup> them and treated'm with a good deal of love and kindness, repeatedly hugged and kissed them.

7<sup>th</sup> A warm Pleasant Day & Night. General Amhurst returned this morning. I took a walk with a Number of Officers to see the new fashion Boats building at y<sup>e</sup> Lake Side, one of which among several other forms is very odd, being seven square sided like to this figure, besides



she Tumbles in & makes seven squares more, so that she is truly fourteen square besides her bottom & top.

8<sup>th</sup> Sabbath, a warm Day for the Season, interchang-



ably Sunshine and Cloudy, a Warmer Night with some sprinkling showers of Rain. I've before observed y<sup>t</sup> our warmest weather is Cloudy and Rainy. I was so indisposed in Health that I did not attend Divine Service.

9<sup>th</sup> Cloudy, warm, gentle showers. the Sloop returned her fifth Cruise; there is no dou't now, for several reasons, but y<sup>e</sup> Campaign is over for this year, this is joy to many.

10<sup>th</sup> the most foggy morning I've known here as fogs are not common. a Rainy after Noon and Night following. We have now full Liberty to send off our Invalids every Monday and Thursday, this will make many well and others Sick. Norse sent to half way and Thomson sent to Albany some time ago, so I have now y<sup>e</sup> whole care of the Reg<sup>t</sup>. Warm weather.

11<sup>th</sup> Rainy morning, clears off at Evening December like. a French deserter came into y<sup>e</sup> Camp but I learn no news. Invalids sent home by wholesale. the Sloop sails on her sixth cruise

12<sup>th</sup> A Clear cold Windy Day & the Night also clear and Cold. the Deer continue plenty, they dayly bring into Camp Numbers. Col. Whitcomb this Day got seven. we have had various reports concerning Ohio Expedition, sometimes it was our Advanced party being cut off by y<sup>e</sup> Enemy, the Main Body fled with precipitation, at other times we hear y<sup>t</sup> it was y<sup>e</sup> Enemy's party which was cut off and our Army was in pursute of their Enterprise: thus y<sup>e</sup> matter has been dou'tful, but now we have advice our Forces have got possession of y<sup>e</sup> Fort, I wish this don't want confirmation.

13<sup>th</sup> A Pleasant Day like our New England weather breeders. Clouds up at Evening, a very rainy Night. Dr Tyler Porter<sup>29</sup> come to Camp.

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<sup>29</sup> Dr. Tyler Porter, brother-in-law to Dr. Rea, lived and died in Wenham, where he was born.

We have now a report y<sup>t</sup> a Squadron from Louisburg has redused Gaspee in y<sup>e</sup> Bay of St Lawrance & took 7 Thousand Prisoners, great quantity of fish &c. this piece of news seems authentic, & rec<sup>d</sup> with joy.

14<sup>th</sup> A Showery Day, clears away at Evening, not very Cold, Several Hundred Teams and Wagons are hourly look'd for in to carry off our Artillary Ordinance, Stores, Battoes &c. This is joyful tidings to our Home-sick men who are many if not most.

15<sup>th</sup> Sabbath. y<sup>e</sup> Camp was mighty still from business. Mr. Cleaveland gave us two excellent farewell Sermons. one Text was Acts 20, 27, "I have not shunned to declare unto you all y<sup>e</sup> Councell of God," His other Text was Philip<sup>ns</sup> I, 27. Let your Conversation be as be cometh y<sup>e</sup> Gospel of Christ. after several other particulars he made an agreeable application to his leaving y<sup>e</sup> Regiment. A very Cold Night.

16<sup>th</sup> A Clear Cold Morning, but soon appears Spreading Clouds with a snowy like air. the Night after much like y<sup>e</sup> Day.

we hear that on y<sup>e</sup> 13<sup>th</sup> Inst at Saratogue there was one or two men killed by y<sup>e</sup> Indians it is well if [it] is not by our own indians who've lately left y<sup>e</sup> Camp. this Day Mr. Cleaveland decamps for Home with Mr. Goldsmith's company. this Evening came in y<sup>e</sup> expected Carrages to carry off our Artillery &c.

17<sup>th</sup> A Cloudy Morning and a very Rainy Day Succeeds. Clears off at Even'g, A Cold Night. Considerable of y<sup>e</sup> Artillery carried away, y<sup>e</sup> Battoe Carrages come in and Load. we have now the sorrowful news confirmed y<sup>t</sup> our Ohio Army is intirely defeated. there is now a party of y<sup>e</sup> Batto Men sent to y<sup>e</sup> Island (y<sup>e</sup> Place of our former Advanced Guard) there to wait (it is supposed) for y<sup>e</sup> expected French Flagg of Truce, who is to return .

our Prisoners, in lieu of theirs taken by Bradstreet, y<sup>e</sup> Sloop is advanced also up y<sup>e</sup> Narrows for y<sup>e</sup> same purpose.

we hear y<sup>t</sup> a post from Albany on his passage between Fort Edward and here last Night is supposed to be taken Prisoner as his Horse was found stabb'd to Death on y<sup>e</sup> Road. Docter Porter returns Home with his brother Jonathan.<sup>30</sup>

18<sup>th</sup> A clear cold Day and y<sup>e</sup> Coldest Night we've yet had. A large Number of Battoes sent off. the Sloop returns her sixth cruize. C<sup>t</sup> Davis with his Company of Battoe Men call'd from y<sup>e</sup> Island mention'd yesterday and sent to take care of y<sup>e</sup> Battoes as they are carried to F. Edward. our Reg<sup>t</sup> order'd to serve here as Batto men, this seems very displeasing to most of y<sup>e</sup> Officers, tho' there is some Tools that will always be content with their Master's smiles, and receive a complement from him as a full reward for six months service, perhaps rather than three score pounds of another Man. no doubt SOMEBODY makes by this jobb, as he has by many others. Two of Row Gally missing, I suppose sunk. Col. Worster and Reg<sup>t</sup> marches off today, and tomorrow will be a week since y<sup>e</sup> Hampshire Reg<sup>t</sup> Col<sup>o</sup> Hart was sent off. The Regular Invalids allowed carriages but the Provincials none nor are those permitted who might pass down on foot. but this I charge some thing to our own conduct.

19<sup>th</sup> fair & moderate cold Day, the Night but moderately cold. continue carrying off Battoes &c. All the Battoe men are now sent to Schenictady to carry provision from thence to y<sup>e</sup> great Carrying place for y<sup>e</sup> Garrison there.

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<sup>30</sup> Jonathan Porter, Jr., one of the brothers of our Journalist's wife and subsequently the husband of his youngest sister, Mehitable.



20<sup>th</sup> Cloudy Cold Day with shews of snow. At Even'g it breaks away into squally Clouds with wind at N. and Blows Excessive hard as almost I ever knew all Night. Continue to carry off y<sup>e</sup> Baggage of y<sup>e</sup> Camp. Some Boats this Night I suppose to be sunk, as there were a Number of Men, three to a Boat, at Even'g, pretend to go down y<sup>e</sup> Lake on a Scout, I observed without provisions. the Sloop unriggerd & unloaded, y<sup>e</sup> Ark Launch'd.

21<sup>st</sup> Cold Windy Morning, but soon moderates, Clouds & produces Snow; the Provincial Sick allowed to go off. the Sloop demasted.

continue carrying of y<sup>e</sup> Baggage, that is y<sup>e</sup> Boats, Artillery &c. Some more Boats I suppose also to be sunk.

I now find of Certainty that y<sup>e</sup> report of a Posts being killed as mentioned y<sup>e</sup> 17<sup>th</sup> inst was no other than a man tireing his Horse, Stab'd him with his Bayonet, 'till he killed him.

there is still an advanced party down the Lake to intercept & prevent the expected Flagg of Truce (if they come) discovering our decamping. y<sup>e</sup> 19<sup>th</sup> at Even'g y<sup>e</sup> Rangers were alarmed by y<sup>e</sup> Piquets from half way Brook supposed to be contrived by y<sup>e</sup> General.

22<sup>d</sup> Sabbath. No Public Devine Service, y<sup>e</sup> Camp all in Confusion, two deserters come in & say that y<sup>e</sup> Enemy's Camp at Ticonderoga was brock up, y<sup>t</sup> they were informed that we were about to decamp by the Prisoner that they lately took at Saratogue. prepaired y<sup>e</sup> Sloop for sinking. buried her Cannon & considerable Artillery Stores. Tore down the Magazine & Hospital.

Col<sup>o</sup> Preble, W<sup>ms</sup> & Nichols allow'd by orders to march off tomorrow Morning carrying a Battoe to every Twenty Men. a large Number of Battoes caried down y<sup>e</sup> Lake and Sunk. A smart cold Day. Interchangeable Sun-

shine & Cloudy. the most or all y<sup>e</sup> Chaplains went off last week, some branches of the Main Guard relieved with a *finis*.

23<sup>d</sup> A Cold Cloudy Day & Night portending a Snow Storm. Col<sup>o</sup> Prebble, Williams & Nichols march off with their Battoes. great numbers of Battoes sunk, also y<sup>e</sup> fourteen square Vessel (called the Rowdo) & the Sloop, the Lake is now appearantly cleared of all our Vessels save a few Whale Boats & two Row Gallys.

24<sup>th</sup> the Weather moderate & clouds. Orders given for the whole Army to march tomorrow Morn'g. Counter orders at Even'g for about one half to march, our Reg<sup>t</sup> with three of y<sup>e</sup> Regulars. a Rainy Night.

25<sup>th</sup> Clowdy Cold Day. Decamped about 9 in y<sup>e</sup> Morning, Marched with Baggage & Cannon & Artillary Stores within about 4 or 5 miles of Fort Edward, where we incamped on a Pine Plain, it Snows all Night. I pitched my Tent to cover me tho' very few men did.

26<sup>th</sup> Mustered an hour before Day. Snowy & Stormy, the Late Rain & y<sup>e</sup> Snow now, tho' but a little Depth makes it very bad travelling, arived at Fort Edward about 11 in the fore Noon. Encampt on y<sup>e</sup> side of the River above y<sup>e</sup> Fort in order to take care of the Battoes as they are bro't from half way brook where they've been yet lodg'd, this makes a meer mutiny among our Soldiers, as they think it an Imposition on the Reg<sup>t</sup>.

27<sup>th</sup> Clowdy, Squally Rainy & Snowy, laid in Camp, nothing to do but to unload 10 or 12 Battoes. I've eat this Summer one meal of Squash, one of Turneps, one of Potatoes & one of Onions & no more.

28<sup>th</sup> fair pleasant Day for the Season, but a Rainy & Snowy Night. near an Hundred Battoes brou't to fort Edward this Day.

29<sup>th</sup> Sabbath. by y<sup>e</sup> Col<sup>s</sup> Orders Ten Men of Each Company with Battoes sett off for Albany under y<sup>e</sup> Com<sup>nd</sup> of Lieut. Ingersoll & as y<sup>e</sup> Men were most Invalids y<sup>e</sup> Col. Order'd me with'm.

we sett out about Noon (Showry) and with much difficulty over the Falls at Fort Miller. we gott within 2 miles of Saratogue where we Incamp'd y<sup>t</sup> Night, very Cold.

30<sup>th</sup> Cold & Windy. we got to Still Water about Noon, buried a man of C<sup>t</sup> Whitney's. with some difficulty over y<sup>e</sup> Falls, we gott about half from Still Water (where we dined) to Half Moon where we Incamped that Night, Some within an old House by y<sup>e</sup> River Side, and others by fires without. Cold.

31<sup>st</sup> Pleasant for y<sup>e</sup> Season. we arived att Albany about Noon, gott our Sick into the Hospital at Green Bush.

Nov<sup>r</sup> 1<sup>st</sup> Cloudy small Showers. got provision for our Men & sent'm Home. this Day our Reg<sup>t</sup> sett off from F. Edward & y<sup>e</sup> 2<sup>d</sup> they arived at Albany or Green bush & pitched [tents] and prepared things for

NOTE.— The closing pages of the MS. are missing; but they were doubtless few and unimportant, for we learn from another source that our Journalist arrived home in Danvers on the 11th of November, ten days after the last date given above.





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*PAR NOBILE FRATRÛM.*

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A M E M O I R

BY

J. G. ROSENGARTEN.

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[REPRINTED, WITH ADDITIONS, FROM THE UNITED SERVICE, MAY, 1880.]

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PRESS OF J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

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# A MEMOIR OF ADMIRAL AND GENERAL REYNOLDS.

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*Par nobile fratrum.*

[The following memoir, in a form somewhat different from that in which it is now presented, was read on the 8th of March, 1880, at the hall of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, on the occasion of the presentation of a portrait of General Reynolds, painted by Balling, a Danish artist, and bequeathed to the Society by the late Admiral Reynolds. Representing the widow and her co-executor, I was of course debarred from even the customary license of eulogy. In the letters and addresses from which I have made liberal extracts, there will be found eloquent praise of these two eminent brothers, who lent lustre to the respective arms of the service in which they spent their lives. It is especially grateful and fitting to accede to the request of the editors for a memoir of Admiral Reynolds and of General Reynolds, for THE UNITED SERVICE addresses itself to both army and navy, and no better representatives of the two services can be found than these two brothers.—J. G. R.]

THERE are both in this country and elsewhere notable examples of two brothers achieving distinction in the sister services, but these cases are not so frequent as to allow the latest as well as the most shining instance to pass without special comment. There was much in common in the character of Admiral and General Reynolds. They were alike in their dislike of mere popular applause; alike in their zealous discharge of duty; alike in always putting their whole strength in all they did; alike in the high estimate put upon them by all who knew them; alike in enjoying the affection and confidence of all who served with them; alike in the hold they have gained upon the memory of those who could best appreciate their abilities and their patriotic devotion to their country in its hour of direst need,—in the great struggle for its existence. General Reynolds gave up his life on the battle-field in the midst of health and strength, Admiral Reynolds died in consequence of exposure to the malarial fever of the East when he was in command of the Asiatic Squadron. He had broken down forty years before under the hardships incident to his service as a subaltern in Wilkes's Exploring Expedition, was forced by ill health to go upon the retired list, and was employed for some years in the Sandwich Islands.

He returned home at once on the outbreak of the Rebellion, and, although still disabled, sought and at once found active employment, and was soon restored to the active list as a reward for his successful discharge of the important and responsible duties assigned to him. Nor were these brothers alone in serving their country in its hour of peril. An elder brother was a paymaster, and a younger was the quartermaster-general of Pennsylvania throughout the war, and served with great zeal, rendering efficient and valuable aid to his commander, the war governor of that great Commonwealth, helping to call forth its strength and contribute its resources of men and means to meet the exigencies of those trying times, and to support the strain put upon its patriotism.

William and John Fulton Reynolds were the sons of John Reynolds, who was born near Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in 1787. He was the son of William Reynolds, a Protestant Irishman, who came to this country in 1760, and married Catharine Ferree Le Fevre, the great-granddaughter of Mary Ferree, a French Huguenot, who settled in Lancaster County in 1709. This Mary Ferree came from the Rhine Provinces, where she had taken refuge from persecution in France, until a French invading army forced her to go still farther. Finally, with her three sons and three daughters and a large following of her fellow-countrymen, she found a home in Pennsylvania. She was a widow before she left Europe, yet so much of a leader that on her arrival she took up four thousand acres,—two thousand by grant from the Proprietor, who thus encouraged the settlement of an excellent class of emigrants, and two thousand by purchase. All of this and much adjacent land was subdivided among and settled by French and other Protestant refugees. They were all heartily welcomed by the Indians, whose king, Tanawa, lies buried in the grave-yard at Paradise, in Lancaster County, set apart by her. Her daughter, Catharine, married Isaac Le Fevre, who had come to this country in 1686, in his seventeenth year, first settling with many other French Huguenots in Esopus in New York, subsequently joining his fellow-Huguenots in Pennsylvania. Their son was the first white child born in Pequea Valley, now one of the richest, most populous, and most fertile tracts of Eastern Pennsylvania. Penn, in a deed dated 1712, for land conveyed to Daniel Ferree and Isaac Le Fevre, described them as “late of Steinmeister, in the Palatinate of the Rhine,” and the passport from the authorities of their native place speaks of them as coming “to the Island of Pennsylvania.” Rupp, in his “History of Lancaster County,” calls them Walloons. Redmond Conyngham reports a tradition that Mary Ferree was presented to Queen Anne at Hampton Court by Penn himself when she was on her way to his colony, and she was certainly treated with unusual honor as a representative and leader of the French Huguenots in their exodus to a new home.



The mother of Admiral and General Reynolds was Lydia, daughter of Samuel Moore, a Protestant Irishman too, an early settler in Lancaster County, and an officer of the Pennsylvania line during the Revolutionary War; although on the reorganization of the Continental army he lost his commission, his services were rewarded by a grant of land in the West and by a pension to his widow. Her maternal grandfather, Samuel Fulton, another north of Ireland emigrant, gave to John Fulton Reynolds his middle name. The Reynolds' well bear out the strong praise given to their race by Judge Chambers in his account of "The Irish and Scotch Settlers of Pennsylvania," where, after premising that "character is said to be transmissible, and that of descendants may often be traced in that of their ancestors," he asserts that "in all stations under the National and State governments, civil and military, the men of the Scotch-Irish race have generally been prominent, eminent, patriotic, faithful, wise, judicious and deliberate in council, resolute, unwavering, and inflexible in the discharge of duty, and when called by their country to face the public enemy in arms, there were none more brave, fearless, and intrepid." John Reynolds, the father, was left an orphan at an early age, and coming from Lancaster to Philadelphia, became an apprentice to Archibald Bartram, a well-known printer in the early years of the century; he was made a partner before he was of age, and the imprint of Bartram & Reynolds is found on some important publications. Reynolds returned to Lancaster, and in 1820 bought the *Lancaster Journal*, established in 1794, which grew in importance under his management. He sold it in 1836, and thenceforward devoted himself to the care of numerous important public and private trusts. He sat in the State Legislature for a short time, and he was honored with the esteem and confidence of all his associates there, while he was active and energetic at home in advancing the interests of his fellow-townsmen, and especially in the cause of education, taking a large part in securing the establishment of the system of common schools, and in every way maintaining the credit and distinction which made Lancaster pre-eminent in the State, and that at a time when its influence was quite out of proportion to its mere size. John Reynolds died in Baltimore on the 11th of May, 1853, leaving to his children the inheritance of a spotless reputation. William Reynolds, his second son, was born in Lancaster, December 18, 1815; was appointed a midshipman November 17, 1831; served on Wilkes's Exploring Expedition from 1838 to 1842, receiving his commission as lieutenant while he was with it, and went on the retired list in consequence of ill health in 1851. He was assigned to duty at the Sandwich Islands, and remained there until 1861, when he returned to the United States and applied for active duty. He was made commander of the naval forces at Port Royal, and on the recommendation of Admiral Dupont and Admiral Dahlgren, and at the

urgent request of his juniors, was restored to the active list; became a commodore in 1870; served as Chief of Bureau and as Acting Secretary of the Navy in 1873, and again in 1874; and having been made rear-admiral December 12, 1873, was appointed in that year to the command of the United States naval force on the Asiatic Station, where he was again stricken down and obliged to return home.

It was while he was in Japanese waters that he made his will, bequeathing the sword intended to be presented to his brother, General Reynolds, by the enlisted men of the Pennsylvania Reserves, and after his death sent to the Admiral, as the representative of the family, to their nephew, Lieutenant John Fulton Reynolds Landis, now of the First United States Cavalry, and Balling's portrait of General Reynolds to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, thus showing that his last thought was of that brother's memory, and that his last wish was to perpetuate the name and fame of the gallant soldier whose death on the battle-field has forever connected him with the successful issue of the great struggle at Gettysburg.

Of Admiral Reynolds's services the Secretary of the Navy, in the order announcing his death, says, "In the administration of the duties committed to him he did much to improve the *personnel* and efficiency of the enlisted men of the navy, and in the discharge of all the duties devolving on him during a long career in the service he exhibited zeal, intelligence, and ability, for all of which he was conspicuous."

Judge Allen, the Hawaiian representative at Washington, said, "Admiral Reynolds, when a young man attached to Wilkes's Exploring Expedition, made a thorough examination of the Hawaiian Islands. Returning there on account of ill health, he became strongly impressed with the importance of their position, not only as a resort for the mercantile and naval marine, but as an outpost of defense to the United States. He urged the establishment of more intimate commercial relations between the two countries, not only on the score of increased business, but as tending to strengthen the political position of the United States in its control of the great western world. His judgment was strikingly correct, not only in all that related to his professional duty, but in regard to promoting the commercial and industrial interests of the whole country. He seconded heartily the action of the government in negotiating the Hawaiian treaty of reciprocity, viewing it as of great political as well as commercial value, and urging on all the public men who consulted him on account of his long residence in the islands, the necessity of favorable action. His opinion was clear and emphatic that the treaty would give the United States a controlling interest in the islands, and it had great and deserved weight with those who, knowing his thorough acquaintance with the subject, could rely implicitly on his sound advice and his mature



judgment. The Hawaiians have always borne in grateful memory his long residence in their midst, and his action in forwarding the treaty which has secured them a strong alliance with the United States, and saved them from the risks of an unwelcome protectorate from some distant power. It was eminently characteristic of Admiral Reynolds that in his successive visits to the islands and in his frequent intercourse with their representatives, he never failed to do and to secure justice to them, and to maintain the high and well-earned confidence which has always been put in our naval representatives by those countries with which they have had most to do."

Rear-Admiral Rodgers said, "I know that Admiral Dupont placed the greatest confidence in Reynolds,—his administration of his command was always admirable, he was always ready for duty, and no one was ever detained for a moment for anything which it laid in his power to do at once. The letters on file in the Navy Department show how valuable, how indispensable were the services he rendered to the fleet at Port Royal. At the Sandwich Islands, as elsewhere, he was conspicuous for his attention to his duties and for his skill in performing them. To a ready command of language he united clear perceptions, a facile pen, and elegant diction,—he wrote well and with great strength. In losing Admiral Reynolds the navy lost one of its most devoted servants and one of its most esteemed officers."

His last service was in command of the United States naval forces on the Asiatic Station. Sailing from New York in his flag-ship "Tennessee," he went through the Suez Canal, receiving unusual honors from the Khedive of Egypt and from the British officers in India. In China and Japan, in Siam and Singapore, he discharged with great success the large discretion necessarily vested in our naval commanders in the East. Lieutenant-Commander White, who was a member of Admiral Reynolds's staff, in his rough notes of his last cruise, speaks of the thoroughness with which he carried out all his orders and visited all the points prescribed, notably working to secure the success of his negotiation with the King of Siam and to re-establish friendly relations with his kingdom, and in all his dealings and intercourse making a strong and favorable impression on all with whom he was personally and officially brought in contact. In Japan, his relations with native as well as foreign dignitaries were always of the pleasantest kind. In China, he took his flag-ship close to the great China Wall, where it comes down to the sea, and afterwards visited Peking, and was received by the regent with the distinction due his rank and the country he so well represented. His health failing, he relinquished his command and returned home. This was his last duty; he soon after went on the retired list, and after a long illness he died in Washington, on the 5th of November, 1879, and was buried in Lancaster, Pa., near his brother, General John F. Reynolds.



John Fulton Reynolds was born in Lancaster on the 20th of September, 1820. Like his elder brother William, and with his younger brother James Le Fevre, he was sent to school at Litiz, a Moravian village laid out as a colony from Bethlehem in 1757, and deriving its name from a village in Bohemia, whence many of the United Brethren had emigrated to this country. It has always been famous for its schools. Originally there was one for boys belonging to the society and another for those of other denominations, but finally these were consolidated, and in 1815 put under charge of Mr. John Beck, who remained at its head for fifty years. In his valedictory address of 1865 he gives a catalogue of his pupils, and it contains the names of William Reynolds in 1827, and John and James Reynolds in 1833. Beck was noted for his social intercourse and parental influence with his boys; he inspired them with a real love of work and a hearty enthusiasm in all their pursuits; he had the gift of teaching them how to learn, and in giving them a good practical education he made his school deservedly popular and successful, so that it left its marked and lasting influence on all those whose early education was begun under his fostering care.

One of Reynolds's school-fellows says of him, "He was a general favorite; of a kindly but very lively temperament, he attracted sympathy and love with all, and was held in high esteem,—his happy and joyous face showed that he belonged to a race of hardy scholars, working and playing in earnest." To give them a classical training the Reynolds boys were sent from Litiz to Long Green, Maryland, about sixteen miles from Baltimore, where the Rev. Mr. Morrison, a Presbyterian clergyman, had established a very successful high school in an old colonial mansion of the Carrolls. Afterwards they returned to Lancaster, where they studied French and mathematics, and received their appointments, William going into the navy as a midshipman, John to West Point as a cadet. They received these from Mr. Buchanan, at that time a leading representative of Pennsylvania in Congress, and one of that strong body of able men who made the local reputation of Lancaster and carried it into the highest place in our government. With him as with his other contemporaries the elder Reynolds maintained a life-long intimacy,—the tie of Federalism bound them together for many years, and their friendship outlived their party, for they went together over to the new Jacksonian Democracy.

Reynolds was appointed a cadet at West Point on the 30th of June, 1837, being then nearly seventeen; he graduated on the 22d of June, 1841, number twenty-six in a class of fifty-two. Among his classmates were General Wright, now Chief of Engineers U.S.A., Lyons, Garesche, Tower, Whipple, Rodman, Howe, Totten, Garnett, all well known for their share in the late war, and in which like him they won honor and distinction.

He was appointed brevet lieutenant July 1, 1841, and second lieutenant in the Third Artillery October 23, 1841; first lieutenant June 1, 1846; was in the battery under T. W. Sherman in the battle of Monterey, and was for his services there brevetted captain September 23, 1846; was engaged in the battle of Buena Vista, on the 21st of January, 1847, and was brevetted major for his gallantry on that field. He was appointed captain March 5, 1855; was mentioned in general orders for his services in the expedition against the Rogue River Indians in Oregon; took part in the Utah Expedition, under General A. S. Johnston, in 1858; and in 1859 was appointed commandant of cadets at West Point. May 14, 1861, he was appointed lieutenant-colonel of the Fourteenth Infantry, and on the 20th of August, 1861, brigadier-general U.S.V. At the request of Governor Curtin he was assigned the command of the First Brigade of the division of Pennsylvania Reserves, then under Major-General McCall, in front of Washington, Meade and Ord taking the other brigades. In May, 1862, he was made military governor of Fredericksburg, and it is characteristic of the man that when he was taken prisoner at the battle of Gaines' Mills, on the 28th of June, and sent to Richmond, the civil authorities of Fredericksburg went to Richmond to solicit his exchange. This was finally effected, and he was exchanged for General Barksdale, who was also killed at Gettysburg. Reynolds employed his enforced leisure in prison by preparing a careful report of the operations of his command in the campaign under McClellan, and on his release rejoined the army on the 8th of August, and was assigned command of the division of Pennsylvania Reserves, taking a distinguished part in the campaign of the Army of Virginia under General Pope; at the request of Governor Curtin he was assigned command of the militia at the time of the first invasion of Pennsylvania; returning to the Army of the Potomac, he succeeded General Hooker in command of the First Corps; on the 29th of March, 1863, he was appointed major-general U.S.V.; and on the 1st of June, colonel Fifth United States Infantry; on the 12th of June he was assigned to the command of the left wing of the Army of the Potomac, consisting of his own and the Third and Eleventh Corps, and of the cavalry division under Buford; and on the 1st of July, 1863, he fell at Gettysburg at the head of his troops, in the advance of the army, and at the very outset of the great battle.

The letters written by him during his busy career well illustrate his character. He writes from camp near Monterey, 6th of December, 1846, "In the first place, our battery was ordered into town on the 21st, with four guns, four caissons, and six horses to a carriage. It was discovered that only one gun could be brought into action, the remainder was therefore exposed to the fire from the enemy's works without being of the least use. It was therefore ordered back where



it started from, and which it never should have left at the time it did; afterwards the men were of some use in driving back the cavalry of the enemy. On the 23d we were again in town, and suffered more in the loss of men than we did on the 21st; in all we had twenty-two horses and about twelve or fourteen men disabled. My horse was shot on the 21st, but has entirely recovered, and is in much better condition than ever, inasmuch as he can go over his four bars and think nothing of it. There are but three of us now in the company, Thomas, myself, and French, Bragg having succeeded to the company poor Ridgeley commanded. What an unfortunate fate was his! A more gallant officer there was never in the service, or a more noble, generous companion; his death will be regretted by the whole army. He was looked upon as the real hero of the Resaca."

From camp near Monterey, May 16, 1847, he writes, "All I care for and all the reward I expect is the good opinion of my brother officers in the army. I have been gratified to my heart's content with all the honors of war, but I am in for the war and expect to see it through." Carleton, in his "History of the Battle of Buena Vista," makes frequent mention of Reynolds, who was in command of a section of T. W. Sherman's battery, and was with his two guns in May's cavalry operations, doing gallant service in repelling the attack of the Mexicans on Buena Vista, and aiding in turning the enemy's right at very close quarters.

In General Orders No. 14, of November 13, 1857, and No. 22, of November 10, 1858, from headquarters of the army, Brevet Major J. F. Reynolds, Company H, Third Artillery, is one of the officers "specially commended for skill, perseverance, and judgment in their conduct of the campaign of March, April, May, and June, 1856, in which, after traversing the mountains and valleys of the Rogue River, the troops had a number of severe conflicts, and compelled the Indians to surrender at discretion, thus terminating the war in Southern Oregon."

In September, 1859, he writes from camp at Fort Dalles, Oregon, describing the march of eight hundred and thirty-eight miles from Camp Floyd, Utah, having spent seventy-one days on the journey. He says, "And now we are at the end of the land route, about to ship the battery by water to Vancouver, ninety miles down the river. The march was tedious but very successful, and we are glad to get away from the despicable Mormons, whose hordes have seized the heart of the country and live in open defiance of the law." On the 18th of June, 1861, writing from West Point, he speaks of "the sorrowful condition of our only lately happy and prosperous country," and of the visit of Mr. Jefferson Davis, in the preceding September, with a committee of Congressmen "laboring to reorganize our national school, whose sons never, until the seeds sown by his parricidal hand had filled it



with the poisonous weed of secession, had known any other allegiance than that due to the whole country, or worshiped any other flag than that which waved over our youthful hopes and aspirations, and under which we marched so proudly in our boyish days. Who could have believed that he was then brooding over his systematic plan for disorganizing the whole country? The depth of his treachery has not been plumbed yet, but it will be." In a letter from Fort Trumbull, on the 15th of July, 1861, he says, "I left West Point on the 3d, and have been busy since dispatching officers of my new regiment on recruiting service. I would have preferred, of course, the artillery arm of the service, but could not refuse at this time, when the government has a right to my services in any capacity. We have just received the news of General McClellan's victories, and hope they are the harbingers of the ultimate triumph and vindication of the Constitution of our fathers." After he had gone to the field, on the 4th of November, 1861, he writes, "I put the division through a review, the form of which I arranged according to my idea of the proper formation and disposition of large bodies of troops; it was a decided success. We are to have a review of three divisions soon, and in the same manner, putting about thirty thousand men in, and allowing them to manœuvre and pass in review in proper order."

He did his best to make the Pennsylvania militia as useful as possible in the emergency for which he was called to command them in the autumn of 1862, and his labors were fully appreciated by those most competent to judge, although he was also the subject of much adverse comment by persons unwilling or unable even then to appreciate the advantage and necessity of strict military discipline. On the conclusion of this service Governor Curtin wrote him the following letter of thanks:

PENNSYLVANIA EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,  
HARRISBURG, 26th September, 1862.

GENERAL,—Having relieved you from duty as commander of the Pennsylvania Volunteer Militia, recently called out for the defense of the State, I deem it proper to express my strong sense of the gratitude which Pennsylvania owes for the zeal, spirit, and ability which you brought to her service at a period when her honor and safety were threatened. That for her security you left the command of your brave division, the Pennsylvania Reserves, thus losing the opportunity of leading this gallant corps at South Mountain and Antietam, is a just demonstration of the true affection you bear for your native State, which, be assured, her freemen reciprocate, and for which, in their behalf, I am happy to make you this acknowledgment.

(Signed) A. G. CURTIN.

TO BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN F. REYNOLDS, U.S.A.

In his letter from camp near Sharpsburg, Maryland, October 5, 1862, Reynolds says, "I finished up the militia just as soon as possible as far as I was concerned, though I was sorry to see they did not

escape without an accident, which I was apprehensive all the time might occur. They were impatient beyond any conception, and finally exhausted my patience in one or two instances. The President visited us on Friday last. My corps, for I am commanding Hooker's temporarily, were kept under arms waiting in the sun for so long a time as to have entirely melted out what little remained of their enthusiasm." And on the 14th of October, speaking of Stuart's raid, he says, "When I heard that the enemy's cavalry had got over into the State I rejoiced, because I thought they must be caught before they recrossed the river, but their escape has given me quite a shock. I did not think they could perform such a feat in our own country. On the Chickahominy it was different,—the very audacity of the thing was the secret of its success. The State should have an organized force on the frontier, of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, to be posted on their exposed points, which could be moved with something like rapidity in a body. Militia without artillery would be good only to be paroled."

In his letter of November 30, 1862, from headquarters First Army Corps, camp at Brooks' Station, Virginia, he says, "The removal of General McClellan was a surprise to the greater portion of the army here, but, take it altogether, it created less feeling than I feared such a step would have done. I saw more of him on this march than I have done since he has been in command of the army; had been with him most of the time in the advance, and think the step taken by the authorities in Washington was as unwise and injudicious as it was uncalled for; yet the prevailing spirit, with few exceptions, is to obedience to the powers that be and a determination to do all that they are capable of under the new chief, who is as noble a spirit as ever existed, and who feels, no doubt, in his honesty of purpose, that he is fairly qualified to carry an army of such magnitude as this through a campaign. Very few are, that I know of, under all the circumstances. The country is not as favorable as Maryland, and the enemy are now in position where they can receive supplies and information *ad libitum*. We will have a hard campaign if we undertake to advance from this point, the roads and the country itself are not favorable."

Reynolds tells his own story in his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, as given on the 23d March, 1863 (vol. i., Part I., p. 593): "When the Rebellion broke out I was commanding the cadets at West Point, and joined the army in the field in September, 1861, when it was opposite Washington, under General McClellan, I was attached to McDowell's corps, in the division commanded by General McCall. I remained attached to that corps until the beginning of June, when the division was sent from Fredericksburg to General McClellan, by way of the Rappahannock and York Rivers.



The division joined the Army of the Potomac at the White House about the 10th of June. I was present at the battle of Mechanicsville, on the 26th of June; it began in the afternoon, between two and three o'clock. The forces engaged were two brigades of McCall's division, occupying a defensive position along the line of Beaver Dam Creek, which had been selected prior to our arrival or about that time by General Porter, and the troops disposed on it by General Seymour and myself, under General McCall's direction. The enemy attacked the position on the two roads leading to the left and right with quite a large force and with great vigor. The action continued until nightfall, when the enemy were repulsed in every effort that he made to assault or to turn the immediate position on the right. About twelve o'clock at night I received orders from General McCall to evacuate the position and fall back on Cold Harbor Road to Gaines' Mills. I was present at the battle of Gaines' Mills, and my brigade was engaged for the greater part of the afternoon, and until our line was broken on the left and the enemy succeeded in cutting off a portion of the troops engaged on the right, and I was unfortunately cut off myself, so that I was made prisoner the next morning. I rejoined General McClellan's army at Harrison's Landing, and immediately reported for duty, and took command of the division of Pennsylvania Reserves. The division was ordered to embark for Acquia Creek, and debarked there about the 20th of August, when I proceeded to Fredericksburg and reported to General Burnside. I was then ordered to Kelly's Ford, on the Rappahannock; reported to General Pope, who assigned my division temporarily to General McDowell's corps. On the morning of the next day I received orders from General Pope to join him on the march to Warrenton. We took part in all the operations of his army after that time, being engaged in the battles of the 29th and 30th, retiring with his forces to the defenses in Washington."

In his examination before the Fitz-John Porter court-martial, General Reynolds testified on the 30th December, 1862, "I was a brigadier-general commanding the division of Pennsylvania Reserves. I was attached to General Porter's corps in the Army of the Potomac. My command was the first from the Army of the Potomac to the Army of Virginia. After leaving Rappahannock Station, at which point my division joined the Army of Virginia, I was temporarily attached to General McDowell's corps. On the night between the 27th and 28th of August I was at Buckland Mills, between Warrenton and Gainesville. On the morning of the 28th, after passing Gainesville for a short distance, my column was directed to the right, to march on Manassas. On the 29th I was on the left of General Sigel's command, engaged with the enemy. I was on the extreme left of our troops, facing the enemy, and their right, towards sunset, had been



extended across the pike, with fresh troops coming down the Warren-ton Pike. I made an attack on their right with my division, but was obliged to change front to meet the enemy coming down the pike. I was forming my troops parallel to the pike to attack the enemy, which was on the other side of the pike, but was obliged to change front from front to rear to face the troops coming down the pike. They continued to come on there until they formed and extended across the pike. The enemy's right outflanked my left towards evening. The division was manœuvring almost all the morning, and indeed in action all that day. On the morning of Saturday, the 30th, I was up in the front, and found the enemy in heavy force to the front and left by personal reconnoissance. Between two and three the main attack was made by the enemy."

It was Reynolds's corps and Meade's division that, under Reynolds's orders, made the one brilliant success at Fredericksburg, attacking and breaking the enemy's line. That it was nugatory for want of prompt support was no fault of Reynolds or of Meade or of their troops. Their orders were carried out with impetuous and unhesitating courage, and it does not lessen the credit due them that so competent and impartial a critic as the Count of Paris, in his "*History of the Rebellion*," decides that the success of the movement would not have secured a victory for the Union forces. Reynolds, in his report, after describing the movements of his command, says, "Meade's division successfully carried the wood in front, crossed the railroad, charged up the slope of the hill, and gained the road and edge of the wood, driving the enemy from his strong position in the ditches and railroad cut, capturing the flags of two regiments, and sending about two hundred prisoners to the rear;" and concludes his account of the day's operations with marked emphasis: "The gallantry and steadiness of the troops brought into action on the left is deserving of great praise, the new regiments vying with the veterans in steadiness and coolness. That the brilliant attack made and the advanced position gained by them were not more successful in their results was due to the strong character of the enemy's defenses, the advantage he had of observing all our dispositions, while he made his own to meet them entirely under cover, and the loss of many of the leading officers of the command."

In the complicated series of operations at Chancellorsville, Reynolds, with the First Corps, made a demonstration in force on the extreme left, and then moved with great speed to the extreme right, arriving there in time to take the place in line of that part of the force under General Hooker which had been overcome. In all the operations Reynolds was distinguished for his untiring activity, and a characteristic story is told of him that, when exhausted by fatigue, he coolly went to sleep at a council of war, after saying that he was in favor of moving on the enemy at the earliest moment, and he asked General Meade to

vote for him, modestly adding, that as his corps had not been engaged, he thought the question of fighting ought to be decided by those who had been, but he was sure his men would fight as well as they had marched.

The report was current in the corps at that time that Reynolds had been summoned to Washington and offered the command of the Army of the Potomac, and that he refused it on the ground that there was too much interference from Washington; that no man could lead it safely or successfully without being freed from any such control, and that he preferred doing his duty as a corps commander rather than undertake an empty honor which carried with it no equivalent power or authority. It is characteristic of the man that even in his private letters to his family he never made any mention of the fact or in any way discussed the burning questions that were then making such sad havoc in the relations of the corps commanders and the commanding general of the Army of the Potomac and the authorities at Washington.

During the long and weary months spent on the Rappahannock, broken only by the unfortunate "mud march," Reynolds kept his corps in good heart; and at a time when it became a fashion for officers high in command to go to Washington to give advice as to who ought to be put at the head of the army, Reynolds remained steadily at his own headquarters, looking after his men, holding stoutly aloof from all personal or partisan quarrels, and keeping guardedly free from any of the heart-burnings and jealousies that did so much to cripple the usefulness and endanger the reputation of many gallant officers. His only utterances were his answers made under examination before the Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War, and in the long series of volumes of their reports, wherever Reynolds spoke, his testimony is clear, straightforward, direct, to the purpose, and entirely free from any criticism of those under and with whom he served. Those reports remain one of the most extraordinary features of the war, and make a surprising exhibition of the extent to which civilians sat in judgment upon military operations, and undertook to guide, direct, influence, and criticise them. It would be surprising, indeed, if soldiers in the field could have remained strangers to the partisan and personal influences thus directly brought to bear upon them, and it is perhaps equally plain that military headquarters in Washington were most injuriously affected by the necessity, real or imaginary, of conciliating the political leaders, who mistook the power and office of representatives of the people in Congress for a direct commission to control those who by military training, both at West Point and in the field, were best fitted to direct the movements of the armies, to select their commanders, and to give them that freedom of operation which alone can secure success. It was Reynolds's merit that he never would accept command unless it was unfettered and independent and absolute within its sphere.



When Lee began his second invasion of Pennsylvania, Hooker assigned Reynolds to the command of the right wing of the Army of the Potomac, consisting of his own corps, the First, the Third, under Sickles, and the Eleventh, under Howard. As soon as Hooker had crossed the Potomac, he directed Reynolds to send detachments to seize the passes of the South Mountain, and to follow and confine the enemy in its line of advance within the one valley in which he then was, promising to bring a strong force within supporting distance should the enemy turn back from Pennsylvania and offer battle to the force which Hooker was about to send upon its rear.

It is a tradition of the corps that when Hooker was about to be relieved, the command was again offered to Reynolds, who declined it in favor of Meade, and that it was only long after Reynolds's death that Meade learned this fact at the War Department. Meade and Reynolds had a long conference at Frederick City, Maryland, when the former assumed command, and the plans on which the army was operated were no doubt fully discussed between them. On the 28th of June orders were issued for the army to move on the following morning in three columns from Frederick, where it had been concentrated, the First and Eleventh Corps being directed to Emmettsburg, the cavalry under Buford on the left, covering the flanks and head of the infantry column.

On the 30th the order of march was issued for the movement of the army on the 1st of July,—the Third Corps to go to Emmettsburg, the First to Gettysburg, the Eleventh in supporting distance. Reynolds, in view of the near approach to the enemy, turned over the command of his own corps to Doubleday, and directed the general movement in close communication with Buford in the advance. Buford, with his division of cavalry, encamped at Fountain Dale on the 29th of June, and started at an early hour in the morning towards Gettysburg, but unexpectedly came upon a detachment of the enemy's infantry. It was a part of Pettigrew's brigade, of Heth's division, of Hill's corps. He moved towards Emmettsburg, and received orders to march to Gettysburg, and to hold the town, with the assurance of instant support from the infantry. On the same morning a portion of Heth's division, of Hill's corps, approached Gettysburg as near as the crest of Seminary Ridge, but after a short time countermarched, and by half-past ten had disappeared. In an hour after they had gone Buford arrived with his division, passed through the main street of the town, and out upon the Chambersburg Pike, and at a distance of a mile and a half went into position,—Gamble's brigade across the pike, Devin's across the Mummasburg and Carlisle Roads. Gamble threw out his pickets towards Cashtown, Devin his towards Hunterstown, scouring the country, capturing stragglers from the enemy, and obtaining information that satisfied Buford that the rebel army was converging on Gettysburg, and



that heavy columns were already near that place. The Union army too was moving in the same direction, and on the night of the 30th, Reynolds bivouacked on the banks of Marsh Creek, four miles away, with the First Corps. Howard was with the Eleventh a few miles farther back, on the Emmettsburg Road. Sickles was with the Third Corps at Emmettsburg. General Reynolds was kept fully aware of the movements of the enemy by Buford, who had reported to him in person on the afternoon of the 30th, and through an aide of Reynolds's, who had gone with Buford to the front and returned late at night with the latest news.

Reynolds formed his troops for the night on ground and in positions from which he could fight, if attacked, until he could gather together and hold in hand his whole force, and reported the condition of affairs to Meade. On the morning of the 1st, Buford's line extended from the point where the Millerstown Road crosses Willoughby Run, across the Chambersburg Pike, around the Mummasburg, Carlisle, and Harrisburg Pikes, and the railroad, thus covering all the roads entering the town from the north and west. The guns of his light batteries were placed on a ridge parallel with Seminary Ridge, about half a mile from it, where the rest of his forces were posted, dismounted, as a reserve. Lieutenant Jerome, Buford's signal officer, says that on the night of the 30th, Buford, in conversation with Devin, said the battle would be fought at this point, and that he was afraid it would commence in the morning, before the infantry could get up. Buford, in his report, dated August 27, says, "On the 1st of July, between 8 and 9 A.M., reports came in from the First Brigade, Colonel Gamble, that the enemy was coming down from towards Cashtown in force. Colonel Gamble made an admirable line of battle, and moved off to meet him. The two lines soon became engaged, we having the advantage of position, he in numbers. The First Brigade held its own for more than two hours, and had to be literally dragged back a few hundred yards, to a position more secure and better sheltered. Tidball's battery, commanded by Lieutenant Calif, Second Artillery, fought on this occasion as is seldom witnessed. At one time the enemy had a concentric fire upon this battery from twelve guns, all at short range, but Calif held his own gloriously and worked his guns deliberately, with great judgment and skill, and with wonderful effect upon the enemy. The First Brigade maintained this unequal contest until the leading division of General Reynolds's corps came up to its assistance, and then most reluctantly did it give up the front. A portion of the Third Indiana found horseholders, borrowed muskets, and fought with the Wisconsin regiment that came to relieve them."

Reynolds left his camp early on the morning of the 1st, and starting Wadsworth's division himself and putting the whole corps in motion, went on in advance, passing through the town to the Seminary, where

he had a short but significant conversation with General Buford. From him and from actual observation he ascertained the real state of the case, and requesting Buford to hold fast the position he had secured, and promising to bring up the whole force under his command as fast as it could be concentrated, he dispatched a staff-officer to headquarters to report to Meade, another to Howard to bring up his corps with all possible speed, another to Sickles to come forward at once, another to hasten on the divisions of the First Corps, and then rode back across the fields to meet the head of his advancing column. This he took by the direct route he had improvised, leveling fences and hastily breaking a straight road for the troops to the ridge in front of the Seminary, where he found the enemy pressing Buford's cavalry, and at once led his men to their relief. Cutler's brigade, of Wadsworth's division, had the advance; three regiments, the Seventy-Sixth and One Hundred and Forty-Seventh New York, and the Fifty-Sixth Pennsylvania, Wadsworth, by Reynolds's order, took to the right, facing westward, north of the bed of an old unfinished railroad; the two remaining regiments, the Ninety-Fifth New York and Fourteenth New York State Militia, Reynolds himself took, along with Hall's Second Maine Battery, to the south of the railroad, posting the battery on the pike, the cavalry withdrawing as the infantry went into position. The Fifty-Sixth Pennsylvania, under General Hofman, had the honor of opening the infantry engagement.

Colonel Dudley, who succeeded General Meredith in command of the "Iron Brigade," says, in his report, "At a point about one mile south of the town the column left the Emmettsburg Road, bearing away to the west, and moved at double-quick across the fields to the crest of the Seminary Ridge, along which it moved with celerity to the Hagerstown Road, then bearing away again to the west, came into the low ground or swale immediately west of the Seminary; hardly had the first regiment arrived upon this ground when Captain Wadsworth, of General Reynolds's staff, brought information that the enemy were advancing in strong force along and upon both sides of the Chambersburg Pike, and almost simultaneously the Second Brigade became engaged upon the right. The directions of General Reynolds to the 'Iron Brigade' were to hurry forward and over the ridge in our front, and attack the enemy then advancing up its western slope. The Second Wisconsin being upon the ground, was at once directed to charge, and moved with their accustomed steadiness into the northern edge of McPherson's woods, and became at once hotly engaged. The Seventh Wisconsin and the following regiments were hurried up, and striking the enemy, forced them to retreat down the slope upon which he had been so confidently advancing. Reaching Willoughby Run at its base, the Twenty-Fourth Michigan and Nineteenth Indiana were hastily thrown across into position to enfilade the enemy's line."



The result of this dash was the surrender of General Archer with the larger portion of his brigade. The keen prescience of General Reynolds comprehended at once the importance of holding in check the advancing enemy and preventing, if possible, their occupation of so important a position. General Reynolds was personally attending to the hasty formation for the charge of the "Iron Brigade" when he was fatally wounded by one of Archer's skirmishers, at a moment when his aides were riding to the various regiments carrying the instructions of the general "to charge as fast as they arrived." General Doubleday, in his report, says, "McPherson's woods possessed all the advantages of a redoubt, strengthening the centre of our line and enfiling the enemy's columns should they advance in the open space on either side. This tongue of wood was also coveted by the enemy, and Archer's brigade, of Heth's division, had been sent across the run to occupy it, and was already advancing upon its base when the 'Iron Brigade' arrived." Reynolds at once ordered it to advance at double-quick, and followed as the leading regiment, the Second Wisconsin, under Fairchild, hurried into the woods, full of rebel skirmishers and sharpshooters; as soon as the troops were engaged there, Reynolds turned to look for his supporting columns and to hasten them on, and as he reached the point of woods he was struck by a ball fired, it is supposed, by a rebel 'sharpshooter in one of the trees, and was fatally wounded; his horse carried him a few rods towards the open and he fell on the ground dead. Almost at the moment when his aides, Riddle and Wadsworth, had effected the capture of Archer's brigade, Reynolds fell, and the rebel brigadier-general and his men were marching to the rear while the dead body of Reynolds was carried in the same direction in a bier hastily improvised, a blanket swung over muskets, on the shoulders of his men. It was first taken to the Seminary, and when the fortune of the day was turning against us it was taken through the town to a little house on the Emmettsburg Road, where it remained until the final retreat of our forces was ordered, and then it was taken in an ambulance to Meade's headquarters and to Uniontown, whence it was brought by rail to Baltimore, on the next day to Philadelphia, and on Saturday, the 4th of July, to Lancaster, where it was quietly interred along side of his father and mother. Sixteen years later the body of his elder brother, Admiral Reynolds, was brought to the same spot.

There was a general expression of grief for the untimely death of General Reynolds, and an almost unanimous feeling that his services in seizing the position in front of the town and in boldly engaging the enemy with a largely inferior force went far towards securing the ultimate success of the battle of Gettysburg, and largely contributed to make it a crowning triumph for the Union cause. His name and fame are now indissolubly bound up with the history of the operations that



culminated in the battle which finally and forever freed the North from the fear even of an invasion in force.

In General Doubleday's "Military Memoir and Report of Service" he gives an itinerary, from which, with his permission, I have made the following extracts, as throwing light on the movements of Reynolds in his last campaign :

June 14, 1863, Reynolds was given the command of the First, Third, and Eleventh Corps, constituting the right wing of the army. After the army faced about, this became the left wing.

June 20, Ewell crossed the Potomac at Williamsport with Rodes's and Johnson's divisions of his corps.

June 24, Lee, Hill, and Longstreet crossed the Potomac at Shepards town and Williamsport, and the columns united near Hagerstown.

June 25, Hooker's army crossed at Edwards' Ferry. The cavalry moved to Frederick City.

June 26, Early occupied Gettysburg.

June 27, Lee determined to concentrate near Gettysburg. Hooker relieved by Meade.

June 28, Meade assumed command, Reynolds returning to that of the First Corps.

Meade ordered the First and Eleventh Corps from Middletown to Frederick City, and thence through Mechanicsburg and Emmettsburg towards Gettysburg. The First Corps, under Reynolds, went to Frederick.

June 29, The left of the army at Emmettsburg. Buford's division covered the left flank, moving from Middleburg towards Gettysburg. The First Corps at Emmettsburg bivouacked on the heights to the north of the town; in the expectation that the enemy would advance in this direction, General Reynolds devoted several hours to selecting a position for a defensive battle; he chose a battle-ground with a stronger position back of it to retreat to in case of disaster. Buford's division of cavalry was at Fountain Dale.

June 30, it was ordered to Gettysburg to occupy it, with the promise of ample infantry support; he encountered part of Hill's division, and, having no orders to attack, made a circuit by way of Emmettsburg; as he approached Gettysburg a foraging party of Pettigrew's brigade, of Hill's corps, retreated through the town and fell back upon the main body, who were in the vicinity of Cashtown and Mummasburg. Buford bivouacked a mile and a half west of the town, putting Gamble's brigade across the Chambersburg Road, and Devin's across the Mummasburg and Carlisle Roads towards Hunterstown. The First Corps moved to Marsh Creek, the Third to Taneytown and Emmettsburg, the Eleventh to Emmettsburg.

The orders for the next day directed the First Corps to Gettysburg, the Third to Emmettsburg, the Eleventh to support the First.

The First Corps marched three or four miles to Marsh Creek, and took up a defensive position against the enemy, who were supposed to be at Fairfield. Wadsworth's division, with Hall's Second Maine Battery, covered the Gettysburg Road, the Third (Doubleday's) Division, with Cooper's First Pennsylvania Battery, covered the Fairfield Road, and Robinson's division, with the remaining batteries, was posted on the left, towards Emmettsburg, as a reserve. Here at Marsh Creek Reynolds was again placed in command of the left wing of the army, consisting of the First, Third, and Eleventh Corps.

July 1, early in the morning, Heth and Pender's division of Hill's corps advanced to seize Gettysburg, but Buford determined to hold on until Reynolds's corps, which was six miles back, could come to his assistance. At 9 A.M. Heth's division, of Hill's corps, and Wadsworth's division, of Reynolds's corps, were each pressing forward to occupy Gettysburg. Davis' and Archer's brigades of the former came in contact with Buford's skirmish lines. Buford, with his batteries, kept them back until Reynolds arrived, at 10 A.M., with Wadsworth's division. The cavalry then withdrew, Gamble's brigade in rear of the left of our line. Devin's brigade picketed the roads to the north and east. After placing Cutler's brigade in position, Reynolds ordered Meredith's brigade to enter the woods and attack Archer's rebel brigade. Reynolds sent word to Doubleday, "I will hold on to the Chambersburg Road; you must hold on to the Millersburg Road." This was his last message to his second in command.

Still more valuable and interesting are the last dispatches that passed between Reynolds and Meade and Buford and Howard and Sickles. These, by the kindness of General E. D. Townsend, the adjutant-general of the army, and by the courtesy of Captain R. N. Scott, in charge of the war-records office of the War Department, I am enabled to add to, and thus complete, this sketch of Reynolds's last campaign. These have not hitherto been published, and therefore may have peculiar importance, as throwing light upon the events that crowded the last hours of Reynolds's life. It is characteristic of the affection with which his memory is cherished by his old comrades and companions in arms of the regular service, that they have all gladly given every aid in their power to contribute the material for this memoir. Reynolds's name is still dear to all who knew him in the army, and especially to his fellow-graduates, and to them all that he wrote and all that was written to him in reference to the last movements under his direction at Gettysburg will have a special interest that fully justifies this use of it in these pages.

*Reynolds to Howard*, June 30, 1863. "Buford is in Gettysburg, and found a regiment of rebel infantry there, advancing on the town, but which retired as he advanced,—reports a division of the rebels moving in direction of Berlin. I forwarded the dispatches to Meade. Buford sent a regiment to Fairfield. I have one division and a battery on the



Gettysburg Road, one division on the road to Fairfield from here, and one in reserve on the Gettysburg Road. I do not believe the report of the enemy's marching on Berlin. They are moving out into the valley, but whether to get to York or to give battle I cannot tell."

*Reynolds to Howard*, June 30. "Buford sends reliable information that the enemy occupy Chambersburg in force, and are moving over from Cashtown. I have taken position behind Marsh Creek."

*Reynolds to Butterfield*, June 30 (found on Reynolds's body). "I have forwarded all the information to you that I have been able to gain to-day. I think if the enemy advance in force from Gettysburg, and we are to fight a defensive battle in this vicinity, that the position to be occupied is just north of the town of Emmettsburg, covering the plank road to Taneytown. He will undoubtedly endeavor to turn our left by way of Fairfield and the mountain roads leading down into the Frederick and Emmettsburg Pike, near Mount St. Mary's College.

"The above is mere surmise on my part,—at all events, an engineer officer ought to be sent to reconnoitre this position, as we have reason to believe that the main force of the enemy is in the vicinity of Cash-town or debouching from the Cumberland Valley above it. The corps are placed as follows: two divisions of the First Corps behind Marsh Run, one on the road leading to Gettysburg, and one on the road leading from Fairfield to the Chambersburg Road at Moritz Tavern; the Third Division, with the reserve batteries, is on the road to Chambersburg, behind Middle Creek, not placed in position. This was the position taken up under the orders to march to Marsh Creek. I have not changed it, as it might be necessary to dispute the advance of the enemy across this creek, in order to take up the position behind Middle Creek, which is the one I alluded to, near Emmettsburg. Howard occupies in part the position I did last night, which is to the left of the position in front of Middle Creek, and commands the roads leading from Fairfield down to Emmettsburg and the pike below."

*Meade to Reynolds*, June 30, 11.30 A.M. "Your despatch is received. The enemy undoubtedly occupy the Cumberland Valley, from Chambersburg, in force; whether the holding of the Cashtown Gap is to prevent our entrance or is their advance against us remains to be seen. With Buford at Gettysburg and Mechanicsville, and a regiment in front of Emmettsburg, you ought to be advised in time of their approach. In case of an advance in force either against you or Howard at Emmettsburg, you must fall back to that place, and I will reinforce you from the corps nearest to you, which are Sickles at Taneytown and Slocum at Littlestown. We are as concentrated as my present information of the position of the enemy justifies. I have pushed out the cavalry in all directions to feel for them, and so soon as I can make up any positive opinion as to their position I will move again. In the



mean time, if they advance against me, I must concentrate at that point where they show the strongest force. . . .

“P.S.—If, after occupying your present position, it is your judgment that you would be in better position at Emmettsburg than where you are, you can fall back without waiting for the enemy or further orders. Your present position was given more with a view of an advance on Gettysburg than a defensive position.”

June 30, 1863, Reynolds assigned command of the three corps forming the left wing, viz., First, Eleventh, and Third, by order from Headquarters Army of the Potomac.

*Sickles to Meade*,—June 30, Bridgeport, on the Monocacy,—inclosing orders from Reynolds, as follows: “General Reynolds wishes you to camp upon Cat-Tail Branch with your command, and for you to send a staff-officer to his headquarters. General Reynolds wishes you to face towards Gettysburg and cover the roads leading from Gettysburg.” Sickles says, “It is in accordance with my written orders received from headquarters at 1 P.M., but in conflict with the verbal order given me by the general commanding while on the march. Shall I move forward? My first division is about a mile this side of Emmettsburg.”

*Buford to Pleasonton*, Gettysburg, June 30. Reports that he entered at 11 A.M., found everybody in a terrible state of excitement on account of the enemy’s advance to within half a mile of the town. “On pushing him back, I learned that Anderson’s division was marching from Chambersburg by Mummasburg, Hunterstown, and Abbotstown in towards York. I have sent parties to the two first-named places, towards Cashville, and a strong force towards Littlestown. . . . The troops that are coming here were the same that I found early this morning at Fairfield. General Reynolds has been advised of all that I know.”

*Buford to Pleasonton*, Gettysburg, June 30, P.M. “A. P. Hill’s corps, composed of Anderson, Heth, and Pender, is massed back of Cashtown, nine (9) miles from this place. His pickets, composed of infantry and artillery, are in sight of mine. There is a road from Cashtown. . . which is terribly infested with roving detachments of cavalry. Rumor says Ewell is coming over the mountains from Carlisle. . . . I have kept General Reynolds posted of all that has transpired.”

*Reynolds to Buford*, June 30. “Have you ascertained positively about the infantry force of the enemy at Fairfield, whether they have fallen back or are still in the position they occupied at Newpilman’s Farm? Send me word by bearer.”

*Buford to Reynolds*, June 30, 10.30 P.M. “I am satisfied that A. P. Hill’s corps is massed just back of Cashtown, about nine miles from this place. Pender’s division of this (Hill’s) corps came up to-day, of which I advised you, saying ‘the enemy in my front was increased.’ The enemy’s pickets, infantry and artillery, are within four

miles of this place, at the Cashtown Road. My parties have returned that went north, south, west, and northeast, after crossing the road from Cashtown to Oxford in several places. They heard nothing of any force having passed over it lately. The road, however, is terribly infested with prowling cavalry parties. Near Heidlersburg, to-day, one of my parties captured a courier of Lee's; nothing was found on him. He says Ewell's corps is crossing the mountains from Carlisle, Rodes's division being at Petersburg, in advance. Longstreet, from all I can learn, is still behind Hill. I have many rumors and reports of the enemy advancing upon me from towards York. I have to pay attention to some of them, which causes me to overwork my horses and men. I can get no forage or rations; am out of both. The people give and sell the men something to eat, but I can't stand that way of subsisting. It causes dreadful straggling. Should I have to fall back, advise me by what route."

Mr. James Beale, formerly of the Twelfth Massachusetts (First Brigade, First Division, First Corps), a diligent student of the military history of the Rebellion, has made some important contributions from unpublished letters in his collection as to the exact details of the opening of the battle. G. B. Garrison, who was employed by General Buford as a scout, writes that "I find in my old note-book that Reynolds came on the field twenty-five minutes before nine, in advance of his corps; the first infantry came on the field fifteen minutes after nine."

General Weld, then a captain and aide-de-camp on Reynolds's staff, finds in his diary that "at eight o'clock Reynolds and his staff started for the front. . . . On the crest of the hills beyond we could see the enemy's guns going into position; . . . a few hurried words from General Buford showed the condition of affairs. . . . General Reynolds turning to me [Weld] said, 'Ride at once at your utmost speed to General Meade, tell him the enemy are advancing in strong force, and that I fear they will get to the heights beyond the town before I can. I will fight them inch by inch, and if driven into the town I will barricade the streets and hold them back as long as possible.'"

General James A. Hall, who commanded the Second Maine Battery, writes, "As to the selection of the position, Reynolds was *the* man. . . . Early on July 1st I heard Buford say, 'Reynolds, I have run upon some regiments of infantry near Gettysburg,—they are in the woods; I am unable to dislodge them.' Reynolds at once dictated a message to General Meade in my hearing, something like this: 'Buford just now reports that he finds a small force of the enemy's infantry in a point of woods near Gettysburg, which he is unable to dislodge, and while I am aware that it is not your desire to force an engagement at that point, still I feel at liberty to advance and develop the strength of the enemy.' I was at Reynolds's side for some little time at Seminary



Ridge, having gone ahead of my battery at his request, and I rode from Seminary Ridge out to the position taken by my guns, some half-mile beyond the ridge, by his side, and all his remarks and appearance gave me the impression that he had gone there to stay."

Reynolds's death was felt at once on the field, and while it is not possible to see how even his enthusiastic and inspiring gallantry could have overcome the immense numerical majority of the enemy, there can be little doubt that his skill and courage would have done much to lend strength to the forces in hand, and that his fiery impatience would have quickened the arrival of the rest of his command. As it was, the first day's battle at Gettysburg gave time for the concentration of the rest of the army on the hills back of Gettysburg, the heights which Hancock at once strengthened, and Meade afterwards defended, with such admirable appreciation of the vantage-ground that Reynolds had secured, by sending Buford to seize the hills in front of the town, and by bravely putting his slender infantry force against the overwhelming strength of the enemy. Such is the record of a life spent in the service of his country and sacrificed in the defense of the Union. His whole career is marked at every point by indefatigable zeal and distinguished ability, by the hearty approval of his superiors in command, the affection of his fellow-officers, the confidence of his men, the perfect trust of all who knew him.

In reply to the address accompanying the presentation of a sword of honor to General Meade by the Pennsylvania Reserves, after Reynolds's death, Meade said, "Reynolds was the noblest as well as the bravest gentleman in the army; when he fell at Gettysburg the army lost its right arm." Professor Kendrick, an instructor at the Military Academy when Reynolds was a cadet at West Point, and still actively engaged there, his dear friend through life and still full of tender sorrow for his loss, thus sums up in the eloquence of truth the leading characteristics of his pupil,—“Although Reynolds entered the Military Academy as one of its youngest members, he quickly took a very prominent place in the confidence and esteem of his classmates, many of whom have since loyally written their names high in the military annals of the country, while his frank and manly bearing gained him the respect of the corps of instructors. Independent in thought and action, of clear and definite perceptions, his opinions, on all subjects within the range of a young man's discussion, were well formed and well maintained, and yet so calmly and courteously as to leave no sting in the breast of an opponent, but rather higher respect and greater friendship. He worshipped truth and duty in the highest acceptance of those words; with all these great qualities he went forth from the Academy to the wider field of army service, and as word came back again and again of his enviable progress, it was recognized as the expected fulfillment of his early promise. It was



his good fortune to serve in the beginning of his military career in intimate connection with that other great man and soldier, George H. Thomas. Together and in the same battery they served in the gallant defense of Fort Brown, at the commencement of the Mexican War; together they fought successfully at Monterey, and together they struggled in the desperate and important battle of Buena Vista, which largely aided in the capture of Vera Cruz and the victory of Cerro Gordo. In all these conflicts on General Taylor's line, Reynolds was greatly distinguished for his calm courage, his modest self-reliance, and his military conduct. Of him General Taylor's accomplished chief of staff, Colonel Bliss, wrote, 'Your young friend has the general's high regard, and he is the idol of his men.' In his great and varied service in Florida, in Texas, in Mexico, California, Oregon, Utah, Reynolds always showed himself without fear, without reproach, and without an enemy. When he yielded up his life, still so full of promise, in the defense of his native State and of his country in the turning victory of the war at Gettysburg, it was but the fitting termination of his whole life. England 'almost regretted the victory of Trafalgar,' since it cost her the death of Nelson; our army and 'thinking men' throughout the North, who knew his high worth and high prospects, regretted that Gettysburg could not be won without the loss of General John F. Reynolds."

General Devens, in his oration on General Meade and the battle of Gettysburg, said, "Reynolds was known to the whole army as a soldier in whose bravery and skill the most implicit confidence might be placed. Modest and simple in manner, with no trace of affectation or boasting, reliable as steel, a true soldier, he died a soldier's death, grandly contributing to the triumph he was never to share. Where could man better meet the inevitable hour than in defense of his native State, waiting with eager zeal and dauntless heart the advance of the coming foe?"

General Heth spoke, in his address at Bunker Hill, of the respect and admiration felt on his, the Southern side towards Reynolds, "at whose death the nation well might mourn, and in doing so honor herself."

General Meade himself never ceased to bear witness to his sense of personal loss at the death of the fellow-soldier with whom he had gained his first distinction in the division of Pennsylvania Reserves.

The "History of the Pennsylvania Reserves," almost an official record of the brave men who served in that splendid body, is full of the gallant deeds of Reynolds in his successive steps as brigade, division, and corps commander. It tells in detail the story of the eventful 30th of June, 1862, when "the Reserves, greatly outnumbered, were only able to hold the enemy in check by rapid and unceasing firing; their left was pressed back, and to the consternation of their mounted officers, who from their position had a view of the field, the troops on the right of

the Reserves gave way in utter confusion. At this critical moment the gallant Reynolds, observing that the flag-staff of the Second Regiment had been pierced by a bullet and broken, seized the flag from the color-bearer, and dashing to the right, rode twice up and down his entire division line, waving the flag about his head and cheering on his men. The effect upon the division was electrical; the men, inspired by the intrepidity of their leader, rent the air with cheers, plied their tremendous musketry fire with renewed energy and vigor, and in a few moments the thinned ranks of the rebel regiments gave way before the steady and unrelenting volleys poured upon them." Gordon, in his "Army of Virginia," says that "Reynolds's division like a rock withstood the advance of the victorious enemy and saved the Union army from rout." The sword of honor voted to General Reynolds by the enlisted men of the Division of Pennsylvania Reserves, at the close of the Peninsula campaign, was a natural expression of the affection and confidence with which his men always honored him.

The men of the First Corps, emulating the example of the division of Pennsylvania Reserves, soon after the death of Reynolds, set on foot the plan of a heroic statue on the field of Gettysburg; and now a bronze figure of Reynolds by Ward, one of the first artists of the country, fitly marks the part taken by Reynolds in that decisive battle, and his pre-eminent services in securing the ultimate victory, by seizing the position commanded by the spot from which his noble monument now looks out over the field where he gave up his life. At a later day, the First Corps placed in the library at West Point a portrait of Reynolds by Alexander Laurie, who, besides being an able artist, had served under Reynolds, and therefore was especially well fitted to portray his features, that they might recall to future students of the Military Academy the example of one whose life and death are alike among the most sacred traditions and the most instructive lessons of West Point. Reynolds's was a face and figure worthy the sculptor's chisel and the painter's brush,—fully six feet in height, he was so well proportioned that he did not seem to be beyond the average; his dark hair and eyes, his ruddy cheeks, tanned by constant exposure, his pearly teeth, shining through his tawny moustache, his high cheek-bones that gave him almost the look of an Indian, his long, lithe figure, his almost perfect horsemanship, his quickness in motion, his simplicity in dress and demeanor, his watchfulness and incessant activity,—these live in the memory of the thousands who are proud to recall their gallant leader. General Reynolds was a true hero in life and in death,—his one purpose was to do his duty, and he did it without regard to cost or consequences. The affectionate confidence of all under whom he served and of all who served under him, and the honors freely conferred on him, are the best evidences of the well-founded reliance on his soldierly qualities. Rising steadily to the demands made upon his skill and military genius, he



was as perfectly master of himself and all his faculties when he was in charge of a section of artillery in his first engagement in the Mexican War as when he commanded the left wing of the Army of the Potomac in his last battle. What he was as a boy he was to his last hour,—bright, cheerful, hopeful, earnest, zealous, enthusiastic, courageous, modest, and unassuming. These are all homely virtues, but their perfect union made and marked General Reynolds as a man fitted for the highest honors, yet seeking none. In the long roll of the sons of Pennsylvania who have won honor for the State and for the Union, none served with more unselfish devotion and a higher aim; and coming as he did of a purely Pennsylvania stock, commanding largely Pennsylvania troops, and falling on Pennsylvania soil in defense of his State from invasion, it must be borne in mind that he was a soldier of the army of the United States, with no tincture of ultra State loyalty, and with no hesitation in doing his duty, wherever his lot was cast, in defense of the flag of the Union.

It is especially gratifying to those who are nearest to these gallant brothers in blood and name that Admiral Reynolds's bequest of the portrait of General Reynolds to the Historical Society was accepted with such fitting solemnities. Henceforth the visitor who looks for the worthies of the Commonwealth, whose portraits adorn its hall, will turn with reverent eye

“To him whose loyal, brave, and gentle heart  
 Fulfilled the hero's and the patriot's part.  
                     To public duty true,  
 Mild in reproof, sagacious in command,  
 He spread fraternal zeal throughout his band,  
 And led each arm to act, each heart to feel.  
 These were his public virtues; but to trace  
 His private life's fair purity and grace,  
 To paint the traits that drew affection strong  
 From friends, an ample and an ardent throng,  
 And more, to speak his memory's grateful claim  
 On those who mourn him most and bear his name,  
 O'ercomes the trembling hand,  
 O'ercomes the heart, unconscious of relief,  
 Save placing this memorial o'er his dust.”

Gettysburg has his heroic statue, West Point his portrait, and now Philadelphia has enshrined him in a place of honor, to keep successive generations mindful of the noble life and the heroic death of John Fulton Reynolds.



NOTE.—General James L. Reynolds died in Philadelphia on April 5, 1880. The following, from the *Philadelphia Times* of the 6th, gives the leading characteristics of the third and youngest of this notable group of brothers :

James Le Fevre Reynolds was born in Lancaster on the 8th of March, 1822. He was the youngest brother of the late Admiral William Reynolds, who died in 1879, and of General John F. Reynolds, who fell at Gettysburg. Their ancestry was fully traced out in a memoir of these two gallant officers lately read before the Historical Society, and "Le Fevre" was a name that James Reynolds inherited from his Huguenot forefathers. James Reynolds was educated with his brothers at the Moravian village of Litiz, and afterwards at the first public school established in Lancaster. He was originally intended for West Point, but the appointment was given to his elder brother, John F., whose record is so brilliant a part of the military history of this State and of its share in the Rebellion. James Reynolds graduated at Marshall College, Mercersburg, now Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, and he testified his interest in his alma mater by long service as a trustee and by valuable gifts to its library. He began studying law with John R. Montgomery, one of the leaders of the Lancaster bar, and was admitted in 1844. He was principally engaged in the active litigation growing out of the complications of the great Coleman estates, of which his father had been manager for one branch of the family, and he argued some of the most important questions at issue in it at a comparatively recent period before the Supreme Court. He had been offered by Governor Packer the appointment of a judge on that bench in 1854, but he preferred the absolute independence of a practitioner, and, indeed, his nature fitted him better for political and forensic triumphs than for the bench. He inherited from his father a strong admiration for, and great personal intimacy with, Mr. Buchanan, and largely contributed to his nomination and election to the Presidency, but his outspoken opposition to the extension of slavery soon brought about its natural and necessary result. He left the Breckenridge, or pro-slavery, wing of the Democratic party, voted in 1860 for Douglas, and when the Rebellion broke out threw himself with all his strength into the Republican party, voted for Lincoln in 1864, and thenceforth allied himself with its leaders. He served as quartermaster-general of the State under Governor Curtin, and labored with all his great ability to second the government in every measure necessary for the successful prosecution of the war, serving as a private soldier for a time with the "emergency men." In 1872 he was a Republican member of the Constitutional Convention of Pennsylvania, but, with characteristic independence, he declined to sign the new Constitution because he disapproved of many of its provisions. He remained an active counselor in all the movements and management of the Republican party in the State until his health broke down, and his last illness, a period of long and weary suffering, borne with great patience, was softened by the sympathy of friends of all political parties and men of all pursuits. He was an indefatigable reader and a diligent student and collector of books, and his bachelor quarters in Lancaster were so crowded with his library that he hardly left himself room for ordinary comforts. He had a large circle of warm personal friends and admirers, and his ability, especially in conversation on high topics of political and legal interest, won the applause of all with whom he was brought in contact, without regard to party or profession. His prodigious reading was freely at the service of all his listeners, for he had an accurate and retentive memory for the smallest events of any historical and literary importance, and his minute acquaintance with the political and personal history of the country, and especially of his State, made him an invaluable ally. In law and in politics he was a mine of information for his colleagues and his associates, and, as he was singularly unselfish and free from any personal ambition, he was

always ready to help those who came to him for assistance. His affectionate regard for the memory of his gallant brother, General John F. Reynolds, made him a diligent student of his whole military career, and he looked with sovereign contempt on those who tried to lessen the services by which General Reynolds contributed so largely to secure the great and important victory at Gettysburg. James L. Reynolds was fitted for a much larger space than that he filled in the public estimation, and it was by those who were nearest to him in his political and his professional career that his great abilities were best appreciated. He was a man of uncompromising fidelity to his party, to his friends, and to his country, and he had an unshaken faith in its future that carried him far beyond those who were wrapped up in the small incidents of its immediate daily history. His career of usefulness and activity was cut off at a comparatively early age, but he was too sturdy in his independence and too outspoken in his judgments of men and measures to subordinate himself to party leaders for the sake of place, and he preferred his profession to any political office, so that to the last he was free to speak and act as he thought right.







MEMOIR  
OF  
JOHN LEWIS RUSSELL,

BY  
EDMUND B. WILLSON.

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\*[From the ESSEX INSTITUTE HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS, Vol. XII, No. 3.]

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## MEMOIR OF JOHN LEWIS RUSSELL,

BY

EDMUND B. WILLSON.

[COMMUNICATED MAY 13, 1874.]

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JOHN LEWIS RUSSELL, son of John and Eunice (Hunt) Russell, and grandson of William and Mary (Richardson) Russell, was born in Salem, Massachusetts, Dec. 2, 1808, and died in the same town, June 7, 1873.

William, the grandfather, born in Boston, May 24, 1748, was a schoolmaster and adjutant of a regiment of artillery in his native town. He was a zealous patriot in the revolutionary period, was one of the "sons of liberty," assisted in the destruction of the British Tea in Boston harbor on the 16th of December, 1773, and later, having entered the naval service of the country, was captured and confined three years and more in Mill Prison, England.

John Lewis, the subject of this notice, was sent to the Latin School in Salem, in 1819. His father removing to

Amesbury the following year, he was for a time placed under the tuition of "Master Pike" in the Academy at Newburyport, but finished his preparation for college under the instruction of the Rev. Mr. Barnaby of Amesbury, a Baptist clergyman. He entered Harvard College in 1824, graduated in 1828, engaged in the study of theology the same year, and graduated from the Divinity School in Cambridge in 1831.

From 1831 to 1854, Mr. Russell occupied various Unitarian pulpits for longer or shorter periods; among them those in Fishkill, N. Y., Burlington, Vt., Pittsburgh, Penn., Kennebunk, Me., Chelmsford, and the Second (South) Parish in Hingham, Mass. In the last named place he was settled for more than seven years continuously, from June 26, 1842, to Sept. 1, 1849, and preached there by extended engagements at other times, nearly three years in all. In 1853, upon the death of his father, he returned to Salem where he continued to reside till his death, preaching only occasionally.

On the 4th of Oct., 1853, he married Hannah Buckminster Ripley of Greenfield, Mass., who survives him. They had no children.

Mr. Russell's chosen profession, it will be seen, was that of the ministry. Though he did not spend the greater part of his active years in permanent pastoral relations with any religious society, his heart was in this calling. He was interested in theological inquiry and marked its progress with a keen attention. He had great respect for good learning, and never failed to pay due honor to true scholarship. He held up before himself and others high standards of training and attainment in the ministry; and though his personal tastes led him persuasively to the study of nature, and his deep moral convictions and humane feelings impelled him strongly to certain forms of

philanthropic discourse and action, he set none the less value upon patient research, sound criticism, and the fruits of thorough professional culture. As a preacher his reputation was the best with the most thoughtful and advancing minds, and his pulpit efforts showed vigor and ability. We find him setting off for a distant state to preach in the early part of his ministry, with the cheering assurance of his teacher, the honored and beloved Prof. Henry Ware, Jr., that he had no need to fear that he would not find himself welcome and useful, provided he went "with a courageous spirit;" that discerning counsellor adding: "I am a little fearful that you want that *boldness* which is necessary to the best action of a man's powers, and that from your self-distrust you fail to put forth your utmost strength." Concurrent with this judgment, is that of another early friend and distinguished scholar and preacher\* who writes since his death: "My impressions of him were that he was a man of more ability than the world knew of, of a singularly observing and acute mind, and of warmer sympathies than he was wont to express. . . . If his personal ambition had been greater he would have attracted more notice from the world."

At an early age Mr. Russell showed a marked fondness for botanical observation and study. This interest was materially strengthened during his college course by acquaintance with a few in Cambridge of similar taste. He kept it, and it increased when he went out into the world to preach. This pursuit was with him something more than a recreation. Side by side with his ministerial work it held its place in his regard without, however, causing his earnestness in the minister's work to flag. It was some five and thirty years ago that I first saw him. A lad

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\* Rev. Geo. Ripley.



sixteen or eighteen years old I was introduced into a clergyman's "study" in a country village in the north of Middlesex county. Somewhat familiar with the aspect of country clergymen's studies, I had never seen anything like this before. Of books there were enough; about the usual number of shelves and volumes, I think: I find I do not remember much about them. What I noticed more was that all the available room was filled with plants and flowers; green things and beautiful. In a corner stood fishing rod and tackle; and disposed in odd nooks, boxes, baskets, and cases, such convenient furnishing, it may be presumed, as the botanist and student of nature requires for his pursuits. The apartment was lovely as a garden; and when, presently, the minister who wrote sermons there, and there opened the books of God's Scripture and Revelation in many kinds, came in, he was one to whom the place seemed befitting; hearty in his greeting, fresh, natural, radiant with health, bubbling as a fountain with spirits and humor, as if he knew the woods and pastures and streams for many a mile round about, as no doubt he did. He stood like a brother among the stalks and plumes, Nature's own child.

Wherever this man went to fill a pulpit the lovers of nature gravitated towards him, and he made them his allies. They attended him to the fields, and ranged with him the steep hills and the miry swamps. His animated talk and moist kindling eyes as he described the graces of the ferns and the glories of the grasses and the lichens quickened the love of beauty in them. He imparted stimulating knowledge of the secrets of the meadows and woods, and drew about him by instinctive sympathy such as had an ear for the mysteries of the sea, or the forests, or the moss-coated rocks.

At the formation of the Essex County Natural History

Society in 1833, Mr. Russell was chosen Librarian and Cabinet Keeper; in 1836 he delivered the annual address before it; and in 1845 was elected its President, which office he held till by its union with the Essex Historical Society in 1848, the Essex Institute was formed, when Judge Daniel A. White, the senior of the two presidents of the societies merged in this, became the president of the new organization, and Mr. Russell its vice president; in which office he continued till 1861. During the greater part of this time, though not residing in Salem, Mr. Russell gave much important aid to this society, under its different names and organizations; and on his return to make this city his home in 1853, he came at once into direct and active connection with its work. At the "field meetings" held at short intervals in various parts of the county in the warm season, he was one of the most constant attendants and diligent explorers; and none contributed more largely than he to make them instructive and entertaining. For several years he was also a frequent lecturer and speaker upon his favorite theme before Normal Schools and other schools and institutions, and he was never more radiantly happy than when surrounded by young and eager minds thirsting for the knowledge he could impart. Attentive faces roused him to glowing enthusiasm and rapid speech; and many a listener dates the birth of a life-long interest in natural history or in scientific inquiry to his fascinating portrayal of nature's wonders—of the order and beauty and endless transformations and creations of her realm. He held a high place in the regard of men most instructed in the field of his chosen studies. The best botanists of the country ascribed to him, besides a general acquaintance with the New England flora, an extensive and accurate knowledge of the Cryptogamia in particular, and of lichens more

especially, in which department he ranked as an original worker and of the first class of amateur students. "He was an earnest naturalist," says Professor Edward Tuckerman, "who gave all his power to the explication of vegetable nature, and when he began, it was here in New England almost wholly neglected and unknown." "I always watched his career with interest," writes the accomplished scholar and joint-editor of the "New American Cyclopaedia," George Ripley. . . . "Of late years I knew him best by his contributions to the 'Cyclopaedia.' They were of great value to the work, and an important element in the reputation which it has gained with scientific readers. In the revision in which we are now engaged I daily miss his aid and counsels."

In 1831 Mr. Russell became a member of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society; and in September, 1833, was chosen Professor of Botany and Horticultural Physiology in that institution, succeeding Dr. Malthus A. Ward, who had held the office since the formation of the society in 1829. Professor Russell filled the office until his death, nearly forty years.\*

Mr. Russell maintained an extensive and interesting correspondence with naturalists at home and abroad, his opinion being often sought with deference by European botanists.

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\*Professor Russell delivered the Annual Address before the Society in 1835; prepared the Report of the Transactions for the years 1837-8, with Preliminary Observations; Reports on Seeds from Prof. Fischer of the Botanic Garden at St. Petersburg; and on Seeds from the Exploring Expedition in Transactions of the Society, 1842-3, p. 52, Dec. 2, 1842; Report on Seeds from Prof. Fischer, June 7, 1845; Transactions for 1842-46, p. 82; Report on the Distribution of Seeds by the United States Patent Office, Transactions for 1858, p. 97; an attempt at a Report of the committee on the Robin, etc., Transactions for 1866, p. 75; Report on Seeds from Northern India, presented by Rev. C. H. A. Dall, Transactions for 1868, p. 93.



Those only knew Mr. Russell well who knew him long, in the freedom of familiar and friendly intercourse, and when the circle was small. It was truly said of him that "his private friendships were dearer to him than public applause." He was transparent; not difficult to know by reason of any reserves, but rather liable to be partially known, and easy to be misunderstood from the variety and extremely wide range of his moods, in all which he needed to be seen to be comprehended. Thus one early teacher and friend who knew him intimately held him too self-distrustful, and needing boldness. Others knew him, or thought they knew him, as bold to the point of recklessness. He was both. And whichever he was at any moment, he showed it, for he could not disguise it. He hated shams and knew not how to conceal himself. In some hours he seemed the farthest going reformer, and most unsparing iconoclast, to whom nothing was too sacred for plain speaking, instant judgment, irreverent questioning. In other hours he was the tenderly religious, reverent soul, charitable in the construction of human motives, and living, as it seemed, joyously at home with the God of nature and all the great human family. Sometimes he was silent and shut in, his manner not inviting approach, and he passed along the streets with scarce a nod of recognition. At other times he was sunny, warm with kindness, and inclined to linger for conversation, in which he was racy, instructive, delightful. It is not meant that he was amiable and cordial to his friends, shut and cool towards certain he did not like; for he was inaccessible to the friend when the silent and unsocial mood beset him, and withheld himself from none when his central love glowed again and thawed all the rigors away. He was so scornful of pedantry and pretence that he would seem sometimes for the moment to

set light by real learning and culture of deservedly high repute; and again he would honor with the heartiest applause genuine scholarship; and always showed a preference, other things being equal, for men who had had the training of the best schools, and especially for those bred at his own, the Cambridge University, over the mis-called "self-made" men, on many of whom his verdict would likelier have been, not-made men. He was both radical and conservative. What was peculiar was not that he was sometimes the one and sometimes the other, for most of us are by turns of a conservative and of a revolutionary spirit, but that he went so far and so unreservedly each way for the time. He swung through such a wide space in his oscillations, as startled men of a colder and more cautious temperament, and puzzled their judgment. The consistency and unity that was in him was not outward, and did not lead to explanations and the balancing of phrases. It was deeper; in his nature; where he took in and assimilated the seemingly adverse and contradictory. So he did not explain often when expected to; did not see that there was need. He saw at each moment his one thought, vividly, with his whole concentrated attention, and uttered it. Why should he stop to remember at the moment whether there were not other things also that he thought true? Doubtless. But he could not stop; the momentum was too great. He was too full of *that*. And on he went, like the brimful river, which cannot dally with its banks, but is driven forward by force of its own weighty tide. It was not strange that some knew him only as a radical of the radicals; for sometimes he was that. He was that in the utter freedom of his mind, and of his speculations. Nevertheless he destroyed only that he might build the better. He struck at what appeared to him error only

for the sake of truth. In terms he often misrepresented his own thought, to those who judged him by what he said at one hearing, and said extemporaneously. His thought was a feeling as well as a thought; a burning conviction; opposition only intensified its expression. Spontaneous, impetuous, unguarded, he neglected to state qualifications which were always a part of his mind, and which to one conversing with him privately and leisurely he would not fail to produce. This caused him often to be misunderstood. Tell him his own words, sometimes, and he would not recognize them. In his mind they had been joined with complementing truths which balanced and adjusted them, and which he felt that he must have stated or implied, but which he had only expressed on other occasions. He was called a "hard-hitter" in the field of theological controversy; and he was. Still he was no sectarian. The lovers of God and man, the people of sincere faith, those who made it the test of pure religion and undefiled, before God to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world—these he took to his large heart with all the wealth of its trust and love. And there he cherished them, not caring by what name they were called. If they brought forward their sectarian passwords, or if in any manner these came in his way, he was very likely to visit on *them* his trenchant scorn; but he sincerely loved many people who used them and held them to be important. His spontaneousness and warmth gave expression to his prejudices equally strong and unguarded with the language in which his philanthropy found utterance, and equally laid him open to misconstruction at times. He was an earnest and uncompromising opponent of American slavery, at a time when slavery had many and powerful apologists in the northern states. He spoke out in hearty and ringing words against its wrong, and in



favor of freedom. The form of his plea was comprehensive, taking in all humanity. But he had his dislikes. There were traits in the Irish character which roiled him. And sometimes, in his fashion of seizing a point and pushing it to an extreme, he bore hardly on the people of that race, not stopping to say that it was their faults which he had presently in mind, and that there had been untoward circumstances in their history that should be had in mind in mitigation of a sweeping condemnation. And this seemed an inconsistency by the side of his good words for humanity, for all men without distinction of race or color. But when others condemned the same people too unsparingly, *he* adduced the mitigating circumstances.

It was truthfully said of him: "His was one of those rare minds which loved truth and justice for its own sake, and he was always ready to brave the loss of fame or friends in behalf of what he deemed right. . . .

Did he but imagine any one was being trodden on who deserved a better fate, he was ready to enter the lists in his behalf at any cost. Often in these cases he could see only the injustice at the moment; but after the struggle was over, and he was alone or with intimates, the moisture would rise to his eyes in the fear that in the contest he might have hurt the feelings of those opposed to him." The writer illustrates the last point by an incident. "An article had recently appeared in high scientific quarters, which was unfortunately inaccurate in its statements. In his paralyzed condition he wrote, pointing out the errors, but he added, 'in times past he has been at my house and partaken of my hospitalities, and I would, under no circumstances, say anything to hurt his feelings; but in the interest of truth and science you can do it at some time without offence to any one.' " \*

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\* The Gardener's Monthly for July, 1873: Philadelphia; p. 214.

I have written with freedom and unreserve of my friend. He was one of those whose character would bear it, while his own truthfulness and unreserve invited it. He preferred truth to compliment. There is no need to be timid and careful in speaking of one who was so much a man. To conceal or evade in speaking of him would be an offence against what was most characteristic in him, his sincerity and truthfulness of speech. His was one of those strong and capacious natures that hold the contents of two or three ordinary men, and combine such qualities as would be thought ordinarily to exclude each other. Men less intense than he, and of a more equable temperament, would have escaped strictures which he drew on himself at times; and so would they have failed to make the deep and lasting impression for good which he often made by his impetuous enthusiasm and almost passionate warmth of feeling and expression, in behalf of unrecognized truths. As his life wore on, however, and especially as the years of sickness fell upon him, the contrasted colors in his character blended and mellowed each other, and enhanced the sweetness and grace of his autumnal ripeness. He was always a lover of beauty—everywhere and of all kinds. Beautiful flowers, graceful ferns, such beauties as lay thick in his own chosen path—these of course, but not these alone. He felt the charm in all Nature's creations, animate and inanimate; the beauty of childhood; the beauty of young men and maidens; the holier beauty of truth, and moral strength and courage, the graciousness of goodness. He came at times as near reaching eloquence—that rare and subtle power impossible of definition—as almost any one I ever listened to. And the themes which kindled him most sympathetically and surely were those which lie about the fountains of worship, religious inspirations and moral integrity and order:—the universal care and tender

love of the divine providence, as witnessed in nature, in life, in history :—human rights ; the freedom of every man to be himself, to think, judge, worship, unhindered. That way of his, of putting his whole glowing soul into the things he said ; of forgetting himself ; yielding himself up to the grand inspirations of truth, righteousness, and freedom—it was a deepening stream, gathering volume and tide as it went, until it swept him and his hearers along, seemingly, whithersoever it would.

His affections were deep and strong ; and in his friendships he was close and fast. They had their full expression only when the sympathy was genuine and the confidence without alloy. And the love and friendship which he inspired grew to be like his own, tender and true. It is not permitted me to invade the privacy and sanctuary of his innermost communion with those he loved, but it will be deemed no trespass upon that seclusion, I trust, to make simple mention of the gentle affectionateness that breathed from his lips, beamed from his face, shone even through his veiled and half-blinded eyes, and ran through his messages of friendship, and filled up the hours, as his earthly life faded into that unseen realm which seemed as real and present, as familiar, natural and home-like to his thought, as the plans and expectations of to-morrow. When asked what reply should be made to a letter just received from a dear friend, he said :—“Write, Love and Friendship ; then turn over and write on the next page, Love and Friendship ; then on the next write, Love and Friendship ;” like John in his old age, who, when too feeble to walk to the Christians’ place of assembly, asked to be carried thither only to repeat each time, “My children, love one another.”

During his last illness he was overfull of this sensibility. Reminiscences of past friendships revived with fresh tenderness and force. His playfulness was thought-



ful, his thoughtfulness playful, after the manner of his robust years; and through all there ran a vein of personal caressing and fondness when he spoke to his friends, or dictated words to be sent to them, which told how he held them to his heart.

To two old and dear friends he wrote soon after the new year:—

“Wasn’t it a curious coincidence that I should have been busily engaged in trying to puzzle out some of the Dutch lingo of Van Sterbeeck’s ‘Theatrum Fungorum,’ the gift of you, dear ——, at the time when your mutual gift of fruit and New Year’s gratulations was in the expressman’s care on its way to me? I wonder if there is such a book as a Dutch dictionary (Holland and English, or Dutch and French), for I am bound to read Sterbeeck, and to get all the good I can out of him. But, poor fellow, his effigy, on p. 35, looks as sober as I do most of my time; but, *sub Dio*—or Divine Providence, as you will—I am pretty well for a recluse, shut up in the house all the time. Your timely and very generous gift made me *cry* just a little bit, reminding me of you both, and of all the delicious memories of the olden time, when I used to know you so well, and many others who are in the great mysterious unknown, and who come to me in my dreams, and revive the days of youthful friendship in the old colony and elsewhere. What a strange, incomprehensible thing is this life, and what is it all for? God grant that I may wait and trust, for that is all I can do. But what treasures of love and of wisdom too have come to me in my sick chamber, and in the weary days and nights! Two things would I ask of God, viz.: health and the power and desire to love. There is no gift of love so trifling as to be insignificant, nor a breath of health which is not a magnificent fact of Providence. . . . I have a few friends with whom I talk of the probabilities of mutual recognition in the Hereafter, and of a closer friendship than can exist here. I hope I shall always know and love you both.

With much effort to write you this scrawl, and wishing  
you a happy new year, I am" ———.

Among children he was a child; and towards those whom he had known in childhood he delighted to maintain afterwards the easy freedom and familiarity of tone suitable to an elder brother, or companion-father, even after they had arrived at the years of manhood and womanhood. Such he rarely addressed by other than their christian names. Indeed, he loved to borrow this *Friendly* style in his intercourse with all whom he took into his confidence and intimacy. He loved to continue the use of the terms and forms of endearment, of pet names, and words of pleasant associations, first adopted in his joyous talk and companionship with children, and which he never after outgrew or laid aside.

A week only before he died he dictated the following characteristic letter to one who had long held a place close to his heart.

"MY DEAR LITTLE M.:—Although I am on my bed, my thoughts are a great way off with you. How I wish you could come and sit by the side of your dear old 'lunky Jack,'\* and we would talk about the old times when you used to ride on my shoulder, and when you were so much comfort to me; and though we are so far apart, yet thought can travel faster than railroad speed, and I can imagine that I am sitting beside my little M., and holding her hand, and her poor old 'lunky' is walking with her, looking after the little flowers and thinking of the good times we used to have together, which, if they never come back to us, we can remember with great delight and pleasure. And may my dear little M. become the dear friend, the upright and noble woman, a delight to all who know her, patient with the weak, instructing the ignorant, helping the poor to bear their lot in life,

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\* His pet name when M. was a child.

the sick to be patient and cheerful, the unfortunate to be full of hope and courage, the weary and broken-hearted to trust in God's love, the poor little destitute children to gain friends.

I am sick and faint in body, but strong in heart, never for a moment suffering myself to doubt the wisdom of God as shown to us in his constant providence, which makes us brave in life's duties, and trusting and hopeful to the end. . . . .

Remembering with pleasure the many happy hours I have spent with you, may your life, dear M., be full of happy recollections and bright anticipations, till in serene faith you pass to a more glorious life, where everything shall be tending to the perfection of all that is glorious in your nature.

Your own LUNKY JACK."

In the foregoing letter he seems to be fitting between the present with its recollections, and that past to which he transports himself with such a vivid realization of it, that it seems to displace for the moment the present, and to become itself the present to his consciousness. I shall place before the reader extracts from one more similar letter, written about three months earlier, but when he was in very feeble health.

"SALEM, Feb. 23, 1873.

MY DEAR ———

When this reaches you spring will have commenced, and March winds, even if not zephyrs, will have awakened some of the sleeping flowers of the western prairies, while we shall be still among the snow-drifts of tardy departing winter. As I have not learned to fly yet I shall not be able to ramble with you after the pasque flower, or anemone, nor find the *Erythronium albidum*, nor the tiny spring beauty, nor detect the minute green mosses which will so soon be rising out of the ground. But I can sit by the Stewart's Coal Burner in our sitting room and imagine the daily changes which will usher in a milder spell of weather, and remind C. of ploughing and sowing and such occupations. Or I can recall the days when you were one of us, and when we gathered Andromeda buds



from the frozen bushes and traversed the ice-covered bay securely in the bright sunshine of the winter's day.

I often long, dear S., for a return of those Arcadian days; . . . . . Sickness is no pleasure; and ennui and fatigue must come with it; but it is a blessed minister and teacher! It tells us of the excellence of health, and of the value of the slightest instance of love and regard.

. . . . As I grow older—now threescore and nearly ten—every year as it comes in regular order interests me all the more in his [God's] works and ways. Every little flower I meet with, and that I never saw before, every little insect which is a novelty—or as the naturalist would say is a new species to me—the constantly occurring microscopical forms of organized matter, the strange and veritable laws of the atmosphere, the clouds passing over the disk of the sun, and bringing to us storms and aerial phenomena, the ever-increasing discoveries of science and of art, awaken my admiration, heighten my awe, and lead me to adoring trust. How different, too, appear what narrow-minded men call religion, and the essentials of religious life, as I find good in everybody, and as I learn to draw nearer to my fellow beings in harmony with what is best in them. . . . .

I will not trouble you to write to me, but I should like a spring flower which you gather; any one will be precious from you to your feeble and sick

Old uncle and friend, J. L. R."

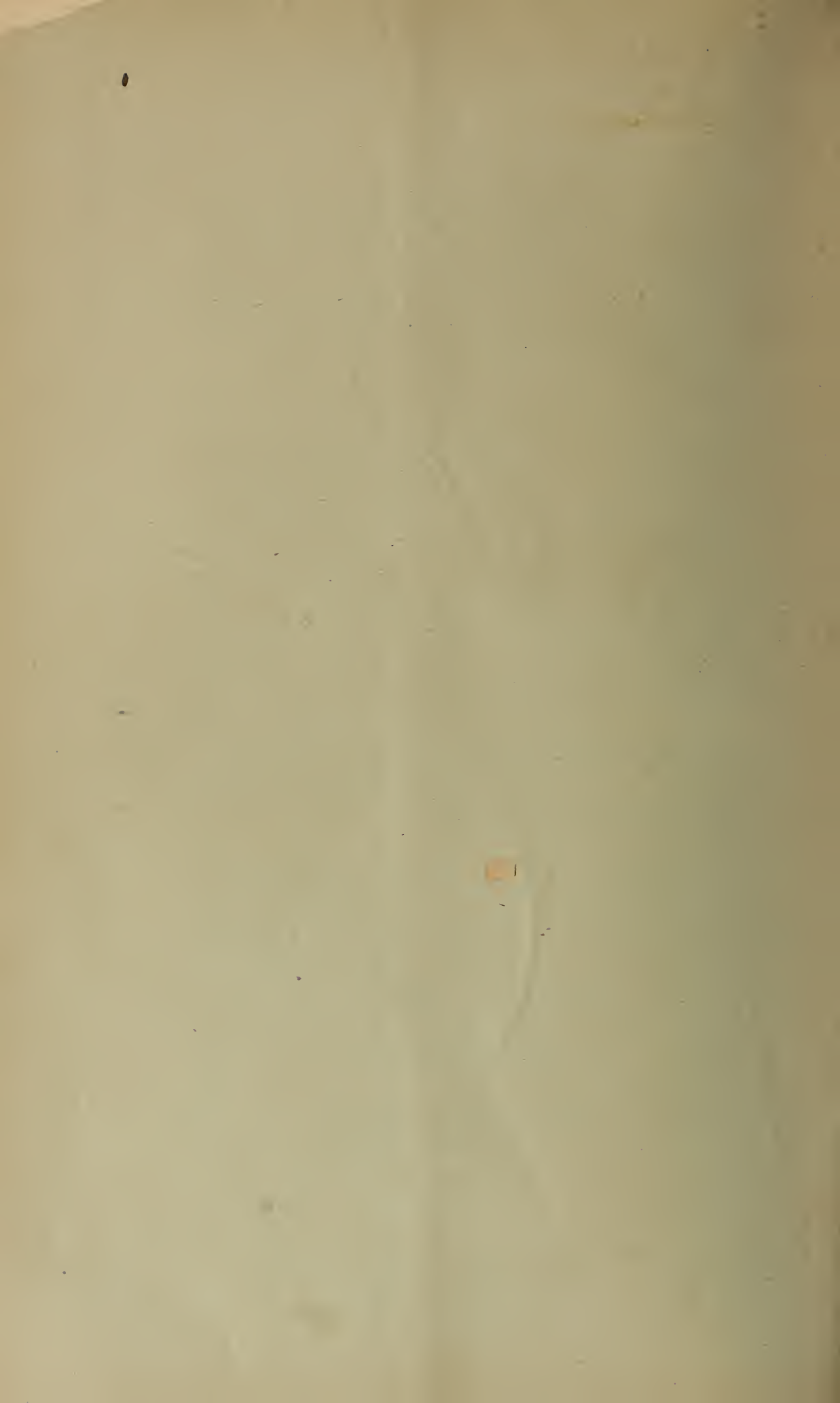
Our friend has drawn the lines of his own portrait truer than we could do it, and we leave it, as his own trembling fingers touched it, unconsciously, and left it at the last, radiant with trust and love.

"Contemplate all this work of Time,

. . . . .  
Nor dream of human love and truth  
As dying Nature's earth and lime;

But trust that those we call the dead  
Are breathers of an ampler day  
For ever nobler ends." . . .







# TRIBUTES

OF THE

MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY

TO THE MEMORY OF

HON. DAVID SEARS

AND

GEORGE TICKNOR, LL.D.

FEBRUARY 9, 1871.



BOSTON:

PRESS OF JOHN WILSON AND SON.

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## TRIBUTES.

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AT a stated monthly meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, held in Boston on the 9th of February, 1871, after the transaction of the usual preliminary business, the President, the Hon. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, spoke as follows:—

It may be remembered that, at our last monthly meeting, it was proposed that we should hold a social gathering, at the house of the President, on some evening of the following fortnight. But events soon occurred which made it fit that this arrangement should be postponed. A few days only had elapsed before we heard of the death of one of our most venerable members; and on the very morning of the day for which the meeting had originally been fixed, a second honored name was stricken from the roll of our living associates.

I proceed, according to usage, before entering upon other business to-day, to make formal announcement of these events, so that they may be the subject of such notice in our proceedings and on our records as may be thought appropriate by the Society.

On a humble tablet in the graveyard beneath our windows, at the top of which is inscribed, "John Winthrop, Governor of Massachusetts, died 1649," may also be read the inscription, "Ann Winthrop Sears, the wife of David Sears, died

October 2d, 1789, aged 33." This lady was a lineal descendant, in the fifth generation, of the old first Governor, and was an elder sister of the late Lieut. Governor Winthrop, a former President of this Society. She left at her death one child, a son, of about two years old, who bore the name of his father, and of whose death, on the 14th of January last, we are now called to make mention.

Born on the 8th of October, 1787, and deprived thus early of maternal care, he received the best school education which those days could afford; entered the University at Cambridge at sixteen years of age; and was graduated with the Class of 1807. The only son of a rich father was not likely to engage very earnestly either in business pursuits or professional studies; and, after a brief course of legal reading, Mr. Sears married a daughter of the late Hon. Jonathan Mason, and proceeded to make a tour in Europe. The sudden death of his father,—“an eminent merchant and excellent citizen,” to whose enterprise and virtues a funeral tribute was paid by the Rev. Dr. Gardiner, then the beloved Rector of Trinity Church,—devolved upon him, in 1816, the care of as large an estate as, probably, had ever passed into the possession of a single hand in New England. And thus, before he was quite thirty years of age, Mr. Sears was called to assume that responsible position among the very richest men of our city, which he has continued to hold for more than half a century.

Building for himself a costly and elegant mansion, fit for the exercise of those generous hospitalities which belong to wealth, he began early, also, to make plans for doing his share in those acts of public and private beneficence, which are the best part of every rich man's life. As early as 1821, a donation was made by him to St. Paul's Church, in this city, with whose congregation he was then associated, which has resulted in their possession of a valuable library, a site for their lecture room, and a considerable fund for charitable purposes; and



this was followed, in succeeding years, by various provisions for other religious, literary, or charitable objects, which, while accomplishing valuable purposes at once, may not exhibit their full fruit for a long time to come.

The Sears Tower of the Observatory at Cambridge, built at his cost, gave the first encouragement to an establishment which has since been munificently endowed by others, and to whose permanent funds he was also a handsome contributor.

A stately rural chapel on the crowning ridge of yonder village of Longwood, — after the design of the church of his paternal ancestors at Colchester in Old England, — for which he had carefully prepared a form of service in correspondence with the peculiar views of his later life, and beneath which he had caused vaults to be constructed for the last resting-places of himself and those most dear to him, will stand as a monument of his aspirations after Christian Union.

A spacious block of houses not far from it, destined ultimately for the dwellings of such as have seen better days, and an accumulating fund, under the control of the Overseers of the Poor of Boston, which has already added not a little, year by year, to the comfort and support of a large number of poor women, — the two already involving an amount of hardly less than \$90,000, — will bear testimony to his thoughtful and well-considered benevolence.

We may not forget that our own Society owes to him the foundation of our little Historical Trust Fund, which, it was his hope, might be built upon by others, until it should have put us in a condition of greater financial independence.

Mr. Sears had often enjoyed such public honors as he was willing to accept, and had served his fellow-citizens acceptably as a Senator in our State Legislature; as an Overseer of the University; and as a member of the Electoral College at the very last Presidential election. He had occasionally mingled in the public discussions of the day, and an elaborate Letter which he addressed to the late John Quincy Adams, on the

best mode of abolishing slavery, while that was still a living question, will be particularly remembered among his contributions to the press. Living to the advanced age of eighty-four, it was only during the last year that his familiar form has been missing from the daily walks of our citizens. He will long be remembered by all who have known him, as one of those courteous and dignified gentlemen of the old school, of whom so few are now left to remind us of the manners and bearing of other days.

When the owner of great pecuniary wealth passes away, his possessions, whether divided among heirs or bequeathed to the public, are not lost. But when one is taken from us, whose whole life has been spent in amassing the treasures of literature and learning, there is nothing to supply the void, save as some part of those treasures may have been "embalmed for a life beyond life" in the written or printed page. Such a loss our community and the literary world have sustained in the death of Mr. Ticknor.

He was born in Boston on the 1st of August, 1791, and would seem to have been dedicated to letters from his childhood. He was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1807, at an age when boys, in these days, have hardly finished their schooling. During the next seven or eight years he was pursuing studies of many sorts in his native place, and he even proceeded far enough in legal preparation to be admitted to the Suffolk bar. But the modern languages and literature were destined to supply the field of his triumphs, and in 1815 he embarked for Europe, and entered systematically on the labors which were to be the crown of his life. Two years at Göttingen, and shorter terms successively at Rome, Madrid, Paris, and Edinburgh, made up the five years of study, observation, and travel, from which he returned to assume the newly established Professorship of Modern Languages and Belles Lettres at Harvard University.

His lectures, during fifteen years in this chair, served, as was well said by Prescott, "to break down the barrier which had so long confined the student to a converse with antiquity ;" and "opened to him a free range among those great masters of modern literature, who had hitherto been veiled in the obscurity of a foreign idiom." But while he was thus employing his acquisitions for the instruction and inspiration of his immediate hearers, Mr. Ticknor was making the best preparation for the great work by which he was to be known to posterity ; and, on the resignation of his Professorship, he at once entered upon that work. "The History of Spanish Literature" was first published in 1849 ; and a third American edition, enlarged and corrected, received his last hand as late as 1863. His charming biography of Prescott, partly prompted by a vote of our own Society, soon followed. By the first of these works, Mr. Ticknor secured for his name a permanent place in the libraries and literature of the world ; by the latter he most gracefully entwined his own memory, in the hearts of thousands at home and abroad, with that of one, who will be remembered with affection as well as pride by all who knew him.

I need say nothing of the inestimable services rendered by Mr. Ticknor in the organization of our Boston Public Library, to which, it is understood, he has ultimately bequeathed his own large and precious collection of Spanish and Portuguese books.

I need say nothing of the great number of eminent persons whose acquaintance and friendship he had enjoyed abroad and at home ; or of the charms of his conversation and correspondence, during these latter years, when the mellowing touch of time had reached him.

Nor will I venture to anticipate what will be so much better said by others in reference to his personal virtues, his private charities, and his Christian principles.

Dying, in the eightieth year of his age, on the early morning



of the 26th of January, and buried without parade, agreeably to his own request, at noon of the 28th, it was not alone the few friends who were privileged to follow his hearse who felt deeply, at that hour, how much of acquisition and accomplishment, what a fund of anecdote and reminiscence, what stores of rare learning and of rich experience, were buried with him.

And thus, within a fortnight of each other, have passed from among us the honored heads of two of our most conspicuous houses:—one of them distinguished for pecuniary wealth, yet not without the added charm of high culture and refinement; the other pre-eminent for intellectual wealth and accomplishments, yet not without the independence of an ample fortune; both natives of Boston; both only sons of prosperous and public-spirited merchants; both Christian gentlemen; both associated with the establishment or advancement of more than one of our most important institutions; both more than common friends of some of our most lamented statesmen and scholars. There were no homes, certainly, in which Prescott, to name no one else, was a more frequent and endeared visitor—I had almost said, inmate—than the two which now together have been left desolate.

Our own Society has its full share in this double bereavement; and I am sure we shall all concur in the adoption of the Resolutions, which our Standing Committee have authorized and instructed me to submit:—

*Resolved*, By the Massachusetts Historical Society, that by the recent deaths of the venerable DAVID SEARS, a former Vice-President of the Society, and of GEORGE TICKNOR, one of the most eminent of American scholars and authors, our roll has been deprived of names which will ever be held in honored and grateful remembrance.

*Resolved*, That the President be requested to appoint two of our members to prepare Memoirs of these lamented associates for some future volume of the Society's Proceedings.

The Rev. SAMUEL K. LOTHROP, D.D., in seconding the Resolutions, said : —

MR. PRESIDENT, — I have listened, as we all have, with deep interest to the beautiful, just, and truthful tribute which you have paid to the memory of the two venerable and honored associates, to whose decease you have called our attention. I can add nothing, and nothing needs to be added, to the eloquent utterance of your lips ; but I feel constrained by many pleasant memories to say a few words in relation to one of those gentlemen, whom it has been my good fortune to know for nearly half of his and about two-thirds of my own life ; and with whom, in various ways, officially and socially, I have for many years past been so intimately associated that my feelings would largely influence my judgment did I attempt a critical analysis of his character. I only wish to say that I had a very sincere and affectionate respect for Mr. Sears ; and as his image comes up to me this morning, it is that of a man endowed with many noble and generous qualities, many Christian virtues largely cultivated ; of great cheerfulness of temper, courtesy of manner, and kindness of heart. As you have said, sir, Mr. Sears's life was singularly fortunate. Inheriting great wealth, which he largely increased by his own sagacity and enterprise ; early and happily married to a lady of uncommon beauty and attractions, the union severed by her death only a few short months ago ; called to no very severe trials and sacrifices ; never engaged in the storms or conflicts of public political life, — his career has been one of dignified ease, enjoyment, and usefulness. Mr. Sears had the best instruction and education that our schools and the University at Cambridge afforded in the days of his youth ; and, added to them, all that could be gained by extensive travel and observation in Europe. His intellectual powers were of no ordinary kind ; his literary culture was large and constantly increasing ; and had he felt the spur of necessity, and been thrown upon his own resources in early manhood in

some professional walk of life, he would undoubtedly have developed more, and risen to a broader fame, and a broader, more enduring connection with the community than he attained ; for he had a large share of those qualities which command success, — great firmness and independence of character, a self-reliance that seldom doubted the wisdom or correctness of its own judgments, and a tenacity of purpose that persevered resolutely till the end he sought was accomplished.

The uprightness, integrity, purity, and beneficence of Mr. Sears's life and character, claim for him our grateful consideration and respect. He was a devout Christian gentleman, who felt the responsibilities of life, and aimed conscientiously to meet them. His benefactions in behalf of the poor of the city of Boston, of the library of St. Paul's Church, of the College and the Observatory at Cambridge, of this Society and other institutions, were large for the time, and some of them important from the cumulative conditions attached to them. He will not be forgotten : his good deeds will live, and they would give him a more prominent rank among our public benefactors than they now do, were it not that the benevolence, the public charitable gifts of this city, are getting to be something marvellous, and to as great, if not greater extent than those of any city in the world, have kept pace with the increase of its wealth. We of this Society have abundant reason to honor the memory of Mr. Sears as one of our wisest benefactors, — one who felt, and showed that he felt, a hearty and zealous interest in our welfare.

Mr. Sears is to be honored as decidedly a religious man, devout and reverential in spirit and principle. " Christ's Church " at Longwood will remain a monument and testimony of his Christian faith and piety. I have known persons to smile at the seeming vanity of an attempt to form a basis of faith, worship, and the administration of religion, in which all could unite to the overthrow of all sectarian differences and organizations ; but in the idea, spirit, purpose, that



actuated Mr. Sears in this movement, there was something so broad, noble, generous, Christian, that it should excite something more and something different from a smile ; and, so far as I understand his plan and purpose, it was not visionary or impracticable ; and so far as it has or may fail of its end, it is and will be through various accidental influences, rather than from any thing inherently impracticable in it. His purpose in the first instance was simply to found a Church that should be "common ground," where clergymen of different sects and denominations could officiate. To this end he prepared a Prayer and Service Book, and built at his own expense a Church, where that Prayer-book and the order of service it instituted should be used by the rector or incumbent. He then proposed to get, and did get, many clergymen of different denominations to agree to exchange, as often as once a year, if invited, with the rector of "Christ's Church," in the expectation that the clergymen of different denominations, thus exchanging with the rector of "Christ's Church," would ere long come to exchange with each other, and that thus sectarian distinctions would pass away, become mere lines of demarcation and not barriers or walls of separation ; and had he succeeded in the outset in obtaining a rector of tact and talent adequate to the situation, the enterprise would have been crowned with a more abundant success. The enterprise itself, in the whole spirit of its conception, and in the efforts made to realize it, entitles Mr. Sears to our reverence and respect as a devout and earnest religious man, broad, catholic, and benevolent in purpose.

Permit me a single word more, sir, in conclusion. It was in private life, in the bosom of his family, and in social intercourse, that Mr. Sears appeared to the greatest advantage. His manners were formed at a time when there was more of ceremonious courtesy than is common nowadays, but there was a large, warm heart beneath an apparent formality ; and to all of us who had the pleasure of intimate personal acquaintance with him, his image will ever come before us as a model of all that was

courteous, kind, amiable, and attractive. I desire, sir, with all my heart, to second the appropriate Resolutions you have submitted.

The Hon. GEORGE S. HILLARD next addressed the meeting in the following remarks: —

I feel embarrassed in speaking of Mr. Ticknor from the fact that there is so much that I might say. We speak more easily and fluently of one whom we knew well than of one whom we knew very well, — of one whom we lament and regret than of one whose death makes our daily life a different thing from what it was.

Mr. Ticknor has been my friend for forty years, and for more than half that time he was my intimate friend; and now that he is gone, the very sense of my irreparable loss rather seals than opens the fountains of speech.

He has been for half a century a conspicuous person in Boston; no man not in public life has been more so. Many conditions combined to give him this position, such as great literary accomplishments, strong social tastes, and an independent fortune; a union of advantages not common now, and still less common half a century ago. We have grown greatly and changed much in that period; and the place he took and maintained in our social life is not likely to be filled by any one else, and could hardly be asserted to-day by one equally favored by nature, culture, and fortune.

Mr. Ticknor was born with a love of knowledge, and he was born under conditions eminently favorable to the indulgence and cultivation of this taste. His father, a graduate of Dartmouth College, himself a fair scholar, early discerned the promise of his only child, and gave him the best advantages, first of America and then of Europe, with a wise liberality which the son always remembered with an affectionate gratitude, similar to that which Milton has expressed in one of his

Latin poems towards his father, for giving him the means "to breathe the still air of delightful studies," and not requiring him to dedicate himself to any gainful profession.

His love of knowledge continued unabated to the last moment of his life. He was a man of regular and systematic industry: few have ever worked more diligently in a profession than he did in self-imposed occupation. His mind was full, exact, and ready; for he read much, wrote much, and conferred much. He was a various, but not a desultory reader: there were many subjects on which he was content to be ignorant.

He was as diligent in writing as in reading. Some students are averse to the exercise of writing, and do not take the pen in hand except upon compulsion. Not so with him. He wrote with ease, both mentally and mechanically, and thus he wrote much. Besides a very extensive correspondence, he has left behind him, in his manuscript lectures and journals, all carefully written, an amount of matter probably much exceeding that of his published works.

He had enjoyed uncommon opportunities for acquiring that knowledge which comes from conversation with others. He had seen and known a large proportion of the eminent men of this century, whether in Europe or America. And all that he had learned, whether from books or discourse, was intrusted to the charge of a memory that was alike retentive and ready. How instructive, how entertaining, his conversation was, need not be said.

Mr. Ticknor was known to the world chiefly, almost exclusively, as a scholar and man of letters; but he was something more than these. He had an excellent capacity for business, for the conduct of affairs; and all the good habits of an accurate man of business were native to him. He was in all things careful and methodical: he never broke an appointment; he never kept a man waiting; he never left a note or a letter unanswered; there was never any thing that came to



him in the way of a duty that he did not do. He had no small amount of the power of administration and organization. All these qualities were fully displayed, to the great advantage of the community, during his connection with the public library.

There was a certain harmony between Mr. Ticknor's mind and character. His mind was careful and exact: he was thorough in research, and allowed nothing to go out of his hands until it was complete in substance and form. We know how long he waited before he gave his "History of Spanish Literature" to the world. And he had no patience with looseness, inaccuracy, carelessness, or superficial knowledge. He had no sympathy with the impatience which shakes the tree before the fruit is ripe. A book was to him a grave thing; and to rush rashly into print, without full preparation, was in his eyes a breach of the moral law.

And so it was as to character. His will was strong, and his resolve firm. Force, and not softness, was his characteristic. Promptness, decision, directness, marked his movements. Whatever he had resolved to do he did. He went straight to his mark, without turning aside to the right hand or the left. And he had no patience with weakness and indecision, with a feeble will and a hesitating resolve. He could not endure aberration, infirmity of purpose, and irregularity. He had been happily born and reared: he had known nothing of poverty, of struggle, of the bitterness of deferred hope, of the sharp pangs of disappointed effort; all these were to him like the sounds of a storm heard in the shelter of home, with the light of a cheerful fire playing on the faces of wife and children. His were health, peace, happiness, competence, obedient passions, a sovereign will; and thus he was not quite tender enough to those who through poverty and a losing contest with life were led astray from the right path. He did not fully comprehend the strength of temptation and the weakness of humanity.

What Mr. Ticknor did is familiar to all. We all know the extent and accuracy of his knowledge, and that to the last he was glad to learn and glad to teach. We know how ready he was to help young students, not merely by the free use of his ample library, but also by counsel, encouragement, and sympathy. Nor need I say any thing here about the worth of his published works, and the high place in the literature of our language which has been given to them by the consenting judgment of America and Europe.

But permit me a word as to what Mr. Ticknor was, since on this point he was not entirely understood by those who saw him only incidentally, and occasionally. Herein I feel that I have had peculiar opportunities of judging, and that I am entitled to be heard.

He was a very frank and a very earnest man. There was nothing languid in his temperament, or neutral in his position. And he was a man of very strong convictions. His opinions were not lightly formed, and they were held with a very tenacious grasp. And he had missed the attrition which lawyers, politicians, and men of business gain in the conflicts and contacts of life. By nature somewhat fervid in spirit and not patient of contradiction, not having been trained to repression by the discipline of life, he sometimes in the heat of discussion broke into a tone and manner which caused him to be misunderstood by mere acquaintances. One must have known him well in order to learn how much there was in him to love. I have never known a man more faithful to all the claims and offices of friendship than he. I have never known a man to whom a friend, burdened with any kind of trouble, could go with a more assured certainty of warm sympathy, good counsel, and efficient aid.

From the long and close friendship which has been between us, it may be supposed that we agreed on all points; but such was not the case. We often differed: upon politics, upon literary topics, and upon questions touching the conduct of life.

Much of our discourse took the form of discussion ; and our discussions were full, frank, and earnest. But in these he always bore himself like a man. He was willing to take as well as to give. He exacted nothing which he was not, in his turn, prepared to yield. And no difference of opinion ever caused any divergence of feeling between us.

Let me advert to a single point wherein he was very faithful to the duties of friendship. He was an admirable critic of style, and some of his friends were always anxious to have the benefit of his judgment and taste in the revision of their productions. To carefully read and correct a manuscript, especially if it be long, is no light task ; and a lover of ease would readily find an excuse for putting it aside. But Mr. Ticknor never declined such requests, and the duty he assumed was most conscientiously discharged. He was a strict and unsparing critic. He used the file and the pruning-knife wherever they were needed. An over-sensitive nature might sometimes wince a little at the downright way in which he would change and cut out ; but, as with the steel of a skilful surgeon, every touch was for the patient's good. No writer ever took back a manuscript from his hands without acknowledging the justice of every correction, or without a grateful sense of the service which had been rendered. I feel a melancholy satisfaction in here expressing, in the strongest terms, my own acknowledgments to him for more than one kindness of this nature.

His life was long and active and happy. God gave him in large measure the blessings which men pray for, and he enjoyed them wisely and well. Wealth did not make him indolent, and success did not make him self-indulgent. Faithful friends stood by him at all times. His name was widely known, and his praise was on many lips. His old age was attended with

“ That which should accompany old age :  
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends.”



And the good Providence which had presided over his life was not changed at its close. On the verge of fourscore, death is "kind Nature's signal of retreat." When this mortal life had begun to be a burden, it was gently taken away, with no acute suffering, no sad, long-lingering, hopeless decay.

" Why  
O'er ripe fruit seasonably gathered  
Should frail survivors heave a sigh ? "

The President then read the following letter from the venerable JACOB BIGELOW, M.D., who was unable to be present at the meeting :—

BOSTON, February 8th, 1871.

HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP,  
President of Mass. Hist. Soc.

MY DEAR SIR;— Not being able to be present at the next meeting of the Society, I am desirous to add my voice to the other remembrances of our departed friend. It has been my happiness to know Mr. Ticknor long and well. I associate him with the pleasant memories of early life. I have accompanied him into the vale of declining age. I have known him youthful, social, genial, jovial. I have parted from him after more than sixty years' intercourse, infirm of limbs and of memory, but still courageous, still friendly, buoyant, and self-relying. Like many, even of the most gifted intellects of all times and ages, he has at last not always been able to complete the unfinished thought of the present hour; while at the same time the things, the persons, the readings of times long passed by, have remained, like the fern-prints and foot-tracks in ancient rocks, indelibly impressed on his remembrance.

I remember his hospitable receptions at his father's house in Essex Street, where a few of his young friends strove to repair the defects of existing means of culture by combining study with recreation, and where we read in concert things as old as Homer and Pliny, and things as new as Byron and Scott.

I remember him in the old Anthology Club, a circle of students and professional men, who kept watch and ward over the infant literature of Boston, who established a reading-room of newspapers and magazines bearing the ambitious title of the Boston Athenæum, which

afterwards, under the engineership of William S. Shaw, the Gambetta of New England literature, rose into a noble and prosperous Institution. The Anthology Club met at the house of Mr. Cooper, the clerk of Trinity Church, where their extremely frugal suppers drew zest from the contributions, and light from the scintillations, of Kirkland and Buckminster, of Gardiner and the elder Emerson, of William Tudor and Maynard Walter, of James Savage and Alexander Everett, and of as many others, who for years struggled manfully to keep alive the embers of a declining periodical.

Mr. Ticknor left his home in Boston for five years of study and travel in the Universities and society of different countries in Europe. The letters which he carried, and the accomplishments which he manifested, gave him access to many of the literary celebrities of the Old World. His facility of adaptation saved him from obtrusiveness and offence. Among the more aristocratic orders he knew the privileges accorded to birth and rank, and the doctrine *noblesse oblige* found favor in his sight. He was, perhaps, more a student of men than of things, more observant of characters than of ideas.

He returned home to assume a professorship of modern languages and literature in Harvard University, to which he had already been appointed, the same since occupied by Longfellow and Lowell. He has published several well-known volumes, and left large materials for others, for which we are still to hope.

His historical and biographical works are monuments of research as they are models of style; but his aspirations for literary reform, grounded more upon transatlantic usage than upon the actual needs and capacities of his own countrymen, were not destined to find immediate realization.

In his political views in regard to the prospects of his own government, Mr. Ticknor was not an optimist. He had grave apprehensions as to the possible despotism of an ignorant, uneducated, and unscrupulous majority; nevertheless, he was unable to indicate any other country to which he would willingly transfer his allegiance and his home, and, like other men of sense, he settled down into a willingness to accept what is practicable for what might be desirable, and fell back upon universal education, intellectual and moral, as the greatest safeguard for national progress and prosperity.

With assurances of my personal regard, and of my respect for the Society,

Yours faithfully,

JACOB BIGELOW.

MR. GEORGE B. EMERSON then said, —

MR. PRESIDENT, — All who are present feel the great loss we have sustained by the death of our friend. To me it is peculiarly severe, as I lose one of the oldest and dearest friends I have had in this city, — the oldest and dearest indeed, except classmates, whose friendship and affection are often more than fraternal.

I was an officer in Harvard College when, more than half a century ago, Mr. Ticknor came there to give his first course of lectures on Spanish Literature. I heard as many of them as my duties in the college permitted me to hear, and thus formed his acquaintance. He often came to my room in Holworthy when he had reached Cambridge a few minutes before his hour, or, after his lecture, when he wished to meet some other young men then residing at Cambridge; and I sometimes drove back with him to town.

It is difficult for a person accustomed, as everybody now is, to our innumerable courses of lectures, — inaugurated by those given with such success before the Mechanics' Institute and the Lowell Institute, — to imagine the excitement produced among the students at Cambridge by this course. It was upon a subject entirely new. These lectures and those of the French course, with the equally able and still more eloquent lectures of Edward Everett upon Greek Literature and Greek Art, given about the same time, excited attention everywhere, and opened the eyes of thoughtful men to the capacity of the American Colleges for giving instruction by lectures upon high and important subjects, — a capacity which apparently had not occurred to the founders and friends of the colleges.

The lectures of Mr. Ticknor were among the most efficient of the causes which have led to a more general and more thorough study of the modern languages. The lectures of these two distinguished scholars were an auspicious beginning of what is now becoming a most important part of University



education. And their authors were safe architects to lay the foundation; for both, from their own education and their delicate and cultivated taste, would have the study of modern languages and investigation built upon a pretty thorough knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages and literature.

Mr. Ticknor's first love was the Greek language; and, if he had not early been turned away from that, we might now be speaking of the author of the best History of Greek Literature that had ever been written. That early study was not lost to us. He would never have been able to write the Spanish History so nobly and thoroughly as he did, if he had not been familiar with the best Greek and Roman writers. He could not elsewhere have found the lofty standard to which he is always really, if not expressly, referring in his criticisms.

An old friend of mine, who calls himself a trembling old man, in a letter written immediately after receiving the news of the death of our friend, suggests the question, What has become of those pleasant lectures upon Spanish Literature to which we listened with such delight, half a century ago? The answer we can give is more satisfactory than has often been given to such a question. They have grown into the most perfect history of a language and literature that has ever been written. Those one or two lectures upon the Spanish Ballads have grown into those delightful chapters upon the ballads in the different dialects of Spain; and so of the rest.

Any one then listening to the lectures would have been inclined to say, How interesting, but how short! The same feeling probably took possession of the writer. How pleasant would it be to go thoroughly into this subject, to find out and to write down all that led to it and all that relates to it! This feeling, which must have arisen many times and demanded gratification, probably led to the expansion of those sketches into the noble history we have. The same now takes full possession of the reader. How satisfactory would it be to read

the original of these curious matters at large! No doubt this feeling has often attracted admiring readers to become Spanish scholars. And who shall say how far the very living spirit which first suggested these lectures may not have insensibly acted upon the present mover of things at Cambridge to bring out that array of courses which is every year giving more of a University aspect to old Harvard College?

"The History of Spanish Literature" has taken its place at the very head of the best histories of literature that have been written. For all those who read it without filling up, from other sources, what is wanting to make it a history of the country, it is perhaps to be regretted that the author did not give more of the civil history. He would certainly have made it as entertaining as his present work is; and, to the great mass of readers, still more so. Of this no one can for a moment doubt who remembers how the first chapter of this work, or the first Appendix, upon the history of the language, or, especially, how the charming little sketch of the History of La Fayette, which he wrote immediately after that man's return to Europe, were written. But Mr. Ticknor could not do this without doing it thoroughly, and so doing it would have expanded this work to vast dimensions.

But is not this work, as it is, a truer history of the nation than a mere civil history could be? These volumes give us the history of thoughts, feelings, life at home, character. And does not he who tells us what have been the superstitions, vagaries, delusions, beliefs, songs, sports, amusements, of a people, their proverbs, the character of their teachers, their thoughts and their capacity for thought, by showing us the very language they used, make us better acquainted with them than he who only tells us what they have done and suffered? And I venture to say that no three volumes of civil history can be found which will give a person so just an idea of the real condition of any nation, in the several stages of its history, as is given of the Spanish nation in the three charming

volumes of our lamented friend.\* For does not a history of the intelligence, the moral and the religious character of a people make us understand what they have been, and especially what they are capable of becoming, better than a mere history of events, of political changes, successes, and failures, could possibly do?

Soon after my first acquaintance with Mr. Ticknor, I came, on an invitation from the School Committee of the Town of Boston, to take charge of the English Classical School, since known as the English High School. I came an unknown school-master, and I have never been or aspired to be any thing else; and although I succeeded in banishing from the interior of the school the fear of the school-master, that fear lingered in almost every family. But there was always one house into which I dared to come uninvited, and where I always received a cordial welcome. I should have to use what would seem extravagant language, if I should declare what a difference that made in the happiness of my life. There I came also by invitation, and met many persons whom it was a privilege to know: richly freighted and exuberant souls, like Agassiz; and meditative, poetical minds, like the elder R. H. Dana. How many pleasant hours have I spent in that old house at the corner of Boylston Street and Boylston Place, where Mr. Ticknor's father dwelt! how many in that hospitable house in Colonnade Row on Tremont Street, when that street was almost as quiet as a road in the country! how many in that palatial library in Park Street where I saw him last!

Mr. Ticknor was always kind and hospitable to poor scholars

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\* A few days after writing this sentence I read, in a letter from Henry Thomas Buckle to Theodore Parker, in the *Life and Correspondence of T. Parker*, vol. i. p. 468, the following unexpected confirmation of my opinion:—

“In Mr. Ticknor's singularly valuable ‘History of Spanish Literature’ there is more real information than can be found in any of the many Spanish histories which I have had occasion to read.”



ambitious of excellence, and generously gave encouragement, good advice, the loan of books, and, when he could do it delicately, the offer of pecuniary aid.

He was always ready to do his part in any work that belonged to a good citizen. He was early a member of the Primary School Board, long before the care of the Primary Schools was given to the General School Committee; and when I became a member of that Board, I found that his visits had been not less frequent and his reports more fully and carefully made than those of any other member of the Board. This work may have been urged upon him by a feeling of filial piety, as his father, Elisha Ticknor, with James Savage and Mr. Wait, had been the first to recommend and to secure the establishment of this branch of the Public Schools, before which event no child under the age of seven or eight had been admitted to their privileges.

There was another thing which Mr. Ticknor did better than it had ever been done before; and, so far as my knowledge goes, better than it has been done since. On the 24th of August, 1832, he delivered, before the American Institute of Instruction, a lecture upon the best modes of teaching the living languages. He assures us that the views he presented were not new, but that they coincided with the systems pursued by Cardinal Wolsey, Roger Ascham, Milton, and Locke. They were undoubtedly the methods he had himself pursued in Europe, in mastering the languages with which he had become so familiar, and which he continued to speak readily and idiomatically, with perfect purity and correctness, to the last days of his life. They consisted essentially in teaching the facts of the language first, and putting off the philosophy, the laws of syntax and construction to the last, but teaching every thing in its proper place as thoroughly as possible. All the principles of that masterly discourse are really applicable, with slight modifications, to the teaching of the classical languages: was not every language once a living language?

Of the "Life of Prescott" I need say nothing. Every one who hears me has read that, and has felt it as I have myself.

We thus have the best history of a language that has ever been written, the most delightful and instructive Biography, and the best treatise upon the teaching of language, that have been written during our lives, — all from our departed friend. Can any thing higher in the line of authorship be said?

The Resolutions were unanimously adopted.







# MEMOIR

OF

HON. WILLIAM SULLIVAN,

PREPARED FOR EARLY DIARY OF

MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL PROCEEDINGS.

By THOMAS C. AMORY.



CAMBRIDGE:

UNIVERSITY PRESS, JOHN WILSON & SON.

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*Memoir of the Hon. William Sullivan.*

William Sullivan (1774–1839), second son of Governor James Sullivan (1744–1808) and Hetty, daughter of William Odiorne, and grand-daughter paternally of Judge Odiorne, and maternally of Dr. Hugh Adams, of New Hampshire, was born in Biddeford, in Maine, Nov. 30, 1774. His father, after his appointment to the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, in March, 1776, removed to Groton, and thence, in 1781, to a house on Bowdoin Square, in Boston, where, resigning his seat on the bench, he again resumed the practice of his profession.

William entered the Latin School in 1781, but fitted for college with Dr. Payson, of Chelsea, matriculating at Harvard in 1788. He graduated with its first honors in 1792. Judge Sullivan, then Attorney-General of the State, had lately erected a house on the corner of Hawley and Summer Streets, in Boston; and, in the office attached to it, William studied law. He was admitted to practice in 1795. Of an ardent temperament, sound sense, and indefatigable industry, he easily took a respectable position at the bar of Suffolk, then comparing favorably with any other in the land for ability, eloquence, and learning.

Soon after opening his office, Mr. Sullivan visited Philadelphia, then the Federal capital, where he made the acquaintance of distinguished personages in public life from all over the country, and also of many that were eminent, belonging to that city or who were leaders in its social circles. Six feet in height, of great constitutional vigor, fine proportions, and



graceful, his appearance was prepossessing; and, with fine eyes, engaging manners, quick wit, and ready sympathy, cheerful and gay, he was everywhere kindly received. The acquaintances he then made, and in 1797 when he revisited the place, ripened into relations of a more permanent nature, and, in some instances, the friendships contracted at this period lasted through life.

In his more immediate neighborhood he was equally a favorite, yielding with due moderation to his taste for social intercourse, for which he was favorably placed, and in which, as may be inferred from what has been said, he was well fitted to shine. But, however great his fondness for society, he never allowed its indulgence to divert his thoughts from study or from attention to the claims of his clients. His marriage early to Sarah, daughter of Colonel James Swan, a lovely and most estimable woman, made success an imperative duty; and his ability, good judgment, and integrity of character inspiring confidence, he gained many friends. He was constantly employed; and, taking great pride and pleasure in his profession, he became one of its leading practitioners, and this, too, among formidable rivals. There was work for all. Troubled times fomented litigation, and questions were constantly arising, novel and delicate. His cases, involving interests of great magnitude, demanded the exercise of all his powers, and for their development were the best possible school. As an advocate he was prudent and sensible in the management of his causes, eloquent and persuasive in presenting them to the jury. The reports show the fulness of his learning and soundness of his reasoning. His argument in the "*Jeune Eugénie*," in 1821, has been cited to illustrate his mastery of the more subtle and difficult points of jurisprudence. He was, perhaps, a little too far removed from ostentation for the highest success. He shrank from display, and this feeling often chilled his ardor and crippled his strength.

Thus happily constituted by nature and circumstance, equally popular with the legal brotherhood and his fellow-citizens, with numerous friends devotedly attached to him, a large practice of great emolument for every want, he accepted his blessings with a grateful sense of that Providence from which they flowed. His gay and witty correspondence in the intervals of toil, the recollections of intimates who still speak of him with affectionate admiration, his wise and philosophic views of life and duty, thoughtful consideration for others, and freedom from any sordid or selfish aims, compel the conclusion that few lots were happier than his. If his labors were engrossing and attended with responsibility, pleasant intercourse ever at hand alleviated his anxieties and eased for the moment his burdens, and he returned to his tasks with renewed vigor. Others around him might be more distinguished or more affluent; but, avoiding the fatal mistake, to use an expression he occasionally employed in parental counsel, of comparing his condition with theirs, he was contented with his own, and certainly no one was more highly respected or better beloved.

For the first twenty years of his manhood, momentous events crowding the history of Europe agitated the world. Our commerce alternating between extraordinary profits and reverses as extreme, our seaboard cities seethed with political excitement. Governor Sullivan led the Republicans, who, grateful to France for the aid that brought about our independence, favored her policy, whilst the excesses of the Jacobins and despotic tendencies of Napoleon gave strength to the Federalists. William, from his conservative oration on the 4th of July, 1803, stood well with the latter party; and with the affluent merchants and able statesmen who made it respectable, though they were bitter and not very just to their opponents, he was in daily intercourse and on the pleasantest terms. His father, naturally distressed at his defection from his own political faith, and at the terms in

which exceptions had been taken to some of its leading principles in the oration, at first manifested his displeasure by a silence sufficiently expressive. When, however, William sought an interview, and gave his reasons for his course, the previously existing friendly relations were re-established, not again to be disturbed, each generously respecting in the other the right of judging for himself. They both were frequently called upon to avow publicly their political convictions, but alike were too well regulated to indulge in personal asperities.

The ability displayed in the oration, and the confidence reposed in his character, singled him out for political honors. In the House, Senate, and Council Chamber, to which, from 1804 to 1830, he was repeatedly elected, he was influential, and more than once declined the solicitation of his friends to be their candidate for Congress. In 1815, he went with Mr. Otis and Colonel Perkins as a delegate to Washington from the Legislature of Massachusetts, to remonstrate against the war measures of Mr. Madison; but, when they reached their destination, peace was already concluded. In 1821, chosen Speaker with a view to his proposed elevation to the supreme executive, obligations of a private and professional nature compelled him to resign the chair at a moment when universally popular. He was swept thus from the path which might have led to opportunities of usefulness on a wider field. He took too lively an interest in the national welfare not to have been glad to improve such opportunities. He was for many years in command of the Boston Brigade; and, with Judge Shaw, in 1820, prepared the municipal charter.

He had purchased, out of his professional earnings, the estate on School Street on or near the passage from the present City Hall to the Court House, and this he occupied many years for his office. There Mr. Powell Mason, afterwards reporter of the United States Circuit Court, was



his partner. Col. Aspinwall, our late Vice-President and Richard Kidder Randolph, nephew of John, of Roanoke, afterwards of Newport, Rhode Island, were among his students. There and at his residence, 15 Chestnut Street, the central one of three houses given by Mrs. Swan to her daughters, no moment, not due to social or domestic claims, was idle. Mrs. Sullivan was happily constituted, like himself, for genial intercourse. Their brothers and sisters had intermarried with families affluent, social, and widely connected, with Knox, Sargent, and Howard, with Russell, Winthrop, and Amory. Boston had been peculiarly prospered, opulence abounded, its prominent circles were refined and cultivated, and festal entertainments of constant occurrence. He belonged to the principal clubs, among them the celebrated Saturday Fish Club, with Otis, Perkins, and many other choice spirits of the day, and to many learned societies, that likewise met at times socially. His talented associates, interesting strangers from Europe or other parts of the country, were frequent guests at his table. His house was widely famed, not only for its generous hospitality, but for its brilliant intellectual entertainments, in which he took the lead, and to which his children, many of them peculiarly gifted, contributed their part. Certainly there never was a pleasanter home, a more accomplished host, one more ready or able to assume the whole responsibility for the happiness of the hour, or to put his guests at their ease, and bring out what was most agreeable in each.

Naturally eloquent and ready on the rostrum, in debate, or in his forensic efforts, agreeable and brilliant in conversation, he also wrote easily and well. His pen, indeed, was constantly at work. Piles of correspondence, gay or profound, political or philosophical, to judge by what remains, law papers of many descriptions, communications to the press on a variety of topics, heaped up his morning's work, his hand passing rapidly over his paper, hour after hour, unless when,

as frequently, interrupted by the visits of friends or strangers, clients for advice, or brother lawyers in consultation. His publications were numerous. Orations and lectures, his address in 1824 to the bar of Suffolk, of whose association he was for many years President, to the Pilgrim Society at Plymouth in 1829, to the Massachusetts Society for the Suppression of Intemperance in 1832, to the Mercantile Library Association, various pamphlets under his own name or anonymous, among the last several numbers of the "Puritan," constitute but a portion of his contributions in print to our pamphlet collections. In 1824, he published at Keene, New Hampshire, where his nephew, Russell, was settled as a clergyman, a brief history of the United States and of other countries, for use in schools and families. The decease of Mrs. Swan, in 1829, devolved a large inheritance upon her three daughters. After her death, Mr. Sullivan for the most part withdrew from his professional occupations, except where, as counsel of a few corporations or individuals, his knowledge of their affairs, or special concerns of his own, demanded his continued care. During his remaining years, he spent more of his time in his library at home, and devoted himself almost exclusively to pursuits of a literary nature, at work early and late, with a zeal which seriously impaired his health, and probably shortened his days.

Of the works he gave to the press during these last ten years of his life were several volumes requiring a wide range of patient research, and to this he appropriated more than half his twenty-four hours. His "Political Class Book," in 1831, presenting a comparative view of all systems of government, and giving a full account of our own, was translated into French and Italian, and passed through several editions. His "Moral Class Book," in 1833, reprinted in England, was pronounced by one of its ablest reviews the best manual of Moral Philosophy ever prepared for young minds. That same year he published his "Historical Class Book," em-

bracing the history of the world down to 476, the end of the Roman Empire in Italy. He also delivered a series of lectures on the Public Men of the Revolution, published at the time in a volume, and reprinted in 1847, with a memoir of him by his son John, a widely known humorist of unsurpassed versatility of genius. This work, pronounced by a good judge, Mr. Horace Binney, "as a book of greater research and more important historical facts relating to the times than any other he knew," is still in much request. In 1837, appeared his "Historical Causes and Effects," from 476 A.D. down to 1517, when the Reformation first assumed form. That year he published another book, entitled "Sea Life," for the benefit of mariners, in whose welfare he always took a lively interest, and to whose eloquent preacher, Father Taylor, who pronounced him, when he died, the prince of gentlemen, he was an attached friend. He himself contributed to the erection of their Bethel, to the extent of his power, persuading his wealthier friends to larger donations, which they could better afford.

Such a variety of subjects, treated exhaustively within this limited period, bears witness to the extent of his acquirements, his patient industry, and judicious and widely extended research. His manuscript volumes, prepared for the press, but not completed, in a chirography peculiarly elegant and clear, by their numerous notes and emendations exhibit his methods of work. What remains of the third volume of his history, which was intended to cover the period from 1517 to modern days, causes regret that he should not have lived to complete it. Among his papers are found other treatises and such lectures as he occasionally gave the students in his office, of an interest not all of them simply professional. His expositions of the development and operation of feudal institutions will be well remembered by whoever has read them.

The value of his productions, and the reasonable promise of more, from the learning and wise philosophic views they



displayed, attracted attention at home and abroad. As early as 1800 he had been elected a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and later he was connected with those of New York, Pennsylvania, and Georgia as Honorary or Corresponding Member. He was a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, member of the American Philosophical Society, and of the Academy of Letters, Sciences and Arts of the Valle Tiberina Toscana. Harvard College conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws, and he was President of the Society for Promoting Theological Education and of numerous other societies and associations.

Whatever tended to develop trade and the public prosperity found in him a zealous advocate. If abuses demanded reform, with all due moderation he set himself to the task. In the cause of temperance he was among the most zealous, with more faith in persuasion than in legal restraints. His published works were principally designed to inculcate sound and sensible views of religion, morality, philosophy, and civil obligations. His efforts were untiring, as an early and leading member of the Bunker Hill Association, to rear an enduring monument of the principles it was designed to commemorate. Nor was he unmindful, when called upon to deliver the oration at Plymouth, of the steadfast faith and self-consecration which, transmitted to their descendants, rendered possible our political liberties. The influence exerted throughout a community by a few individuals familiar with its history, and thoroughly imbued with the genius of its institutions, cannot be too highly valued, as new generations rise up to be instructed, and strangers flood in for assimilation. His abundant opportunities thus to be of use rarely were passed unimproved.

Absorbed in these engrossing pursuits, his health gave way, and visits to Georgia to recover it in 1837, with his daughter to the Virginia Springs in 1838, and to Saratoga in 1839, proved of little avail. He bore his sufferings with

composure, entertained his friends with his ever cheerful conversation, and was about till within a fortnight of his death. He had come home from Saratoga early in August, when his strong frame finally yielded to maladies rooted in his system by his devoted assiduity to his work; and, on the 3d of September, 1839, he passed away. His remains were deposited in the tomb of his father, near the Athenæum windows, in the Granary Burial-Ground. His widow survived him until 1851. Of his ten children, the youngest died in childhood; the eldest, James, as he entered on professional life; William, Swan, and John are now dead. His daughters intermarried,—the eldest with Stuart Newton, the Royal Academician, and William F. Oakey, of New York; the second, with James Montfort Schley, of Georgia; the third with Hon. John Eliot Ward, our Minister to China under Buchanan; and the fourth with Dr. Crocker, of Providence, Rhode Island. Meredith, the only surviving son, resides in Philadelphia, and four sons of Swan and a daughter in Savannah, Georgia.

A fine portrait of William Sullivan, painted by Stuart Newton, R.A., his son-in-law, is in New York. In King's Chapel, which he attended, and where he was a constant communicant, is a marble tablet on the south wall, erected to his memory by his constant friend, George B. Emerson, jointly with his daughter, Mrs. Oakey, with a profile likeness taken from the portrait of Newton, and an inscription in Latin, part of which we translate. It conveys in concise and apt terms a delineation of his prominent traits. It describes him as "ingenuous, benignant, upright, well versed in affairs civil and military, an eminent lawyer and eloquent advocate, an intelligent and diligent observer of all that deserves to be remembered. Studious of whatever can make mankind more noble, more highly civilized, or truly happy. Amiable, dignified, and companionable, and never unmindful of the most humble of his friends or guests. This marble, that the con-

templation of his virtues may be lasting, was erected by his affectionate daughter and his attached friend, George B. Emerson," to whom so many of these eulogiums apply with equal truth.

Boston may well be proud of her children, when one, able, gifted, and useful as William Sullivan is almost forgotten in the crowd. Eloquent as an orator; vigorous and indefatigable with his pen; throughout his career untiring in his zeal for the best interests of the public around him, of his country and race; an honest politician, with no ambition for office; without pretension, and shrinking from display,—he may well be regarded as the model of what a good citizen should be under free institutions. Happily endowed by nature, many personal qualities which made him estimable were the result of self-culture and discipline, of well regulated principles and sense of religious responsibility.

Diffident of his own claims, he was too proud to covet honors or responsibilities which did not seek him, or when others were eager to assume them. He may have thus possibly lost chances of usefulness he would have on this account valued more than for any distinction they might have conferred. Independence of character often, however, commands that confidence apt to be withheld when sought, and he had abundant cause, throughout his career, to be grateful for the public and private trusts which fell to his lot. When called to any post of duty, he obeyed, where consistent with other obligations, without hesitation or regard to personal consequences, too glad to be permitted to be of service. Prudent in the management of his own affairs, and economical in his personal expenditures, he was generous to others. He paid large sums, and took upon himself heavy burdens to extricate them from embarrassments, even where the result of their own imprudence, and to his own great pecuniary disadvantage.

In all his private relations, as a devoted husband, affection-



ate parent, and steadfast friend, in fidelity to every claim and obligation, he was an eminent example of what human nature is susceptible in its highest development. His unaffected courtesy, unconscious dignity, and elegant simplicity of manners, are well remembered. His deference and consideration for others, and sacrifice of time and means, of his own advancement or enjoyment to promote theirs; his readiness to instruct or amuse, especially the young; his warmth of heart, generous judgment, and disposition to aid and befriend them in their need, — endeared him to all who came within his influence. That his charities had been without ostentation, was testified when he died by the numbers who had been relieved by him in their necessities who crowded to take their last view of his remains. We do not fear that we have said too much in his praise, but that our effort to recall him as he was may fall short of what justice to his memory demands.

T. C. A.















*From the author*

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MEMOIR  
OF  
DANIEL WEBSTER:

BY  
CHARLES H. BELL.

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MEMOIR  
OF  
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PREPARED AT THE REQUEST OF THE NEW-ENGLAND HISTORIC-  
GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY, AND PRIVATELY REPRINTED FROM  
THEIR FORTHCOMING VOLUME OF MEMOIRS.

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## DANIEL WEBSTER

TWO States divide the honor of being the home of DANIEL WEBSTER,—New Hampshire, where he was born and bred and resided until middle life, and Massachusetts, of which he was a citizen in his maturer years when his greatest triumphs were achieved, and where his remains lie buried.

The family of Webster is said to be of Scottish origin, but was introduced into this country from England. The first comer was Thomas Webster, who settled in Hampton, New Hampshire, before the middle of the seventeenth century; and from him Daniel Webster was the fifth in lineal descent. The father of Daniel was Ebenezer, a native of Kingston, New Hampshire, whose mother, Susannah, was a descendant of the Rev. Stephen Bachelder, a minister of Hampton, noted for his ability as well as for some eccentricities. From this grandmother Daniel Webster believed that he inherited whatever of superior ability he possessed.\*

Ebenezer Webster was in his youth a soldier in the old French war, under the celebrated partisan officer, Major Robert Rogers, and in later life rendered useful military service in the Revolution, as a captain of militia. His

\* In a letter to his son Fletcher, dated March 5, 1840, he said: "I believe we are all indebted to my father's mother for a large portion of the little sense which belongs to us. Her name was Susannah Bachelder; she was the daughter of a clergyman, and a woman of uncommon strength of understanding. If I had had many boys I should have called one of them Bachelder."

integrity and force of character gave him the confidence of the community, and he was chosen to various offices of honor and trust, one of which was that of judge of the Court of Common Pleas for his county. He married Abigail Eastman, and in 1763 or 1764 removed to Salisbury, New Hampshire, then an extreme frontier settlement, which was ever after his home. There Daniel Webster was born, on the eighteenth day of January, 1782, not in the log cabin which his father had first inhabited, but in a framed house which he had built about a year before.

There is every probability that Daniel Webster would have lived and died a farmer, with no more education than his inquiring mind would have drawn from his own reading and observation, had not his constitution in childhood been too delicate to fit him for hard manual labor. No doubt, too, the belief of his parents in the superiority of his intellectual endowments had its weight in determining his future destiny.

In his boyhood he dearly loved play and reading. His bodily powers were invigorated by outdoor sports, and his mind instructed and elevated by the study of the few books within his reach, some of which happily were English classics.

The schools he attended were of the poorest, but fortunately his father compassed the means to send him for nine months, at the age of fourteen, to the Phillips Academy in Exeter, New Hampshire. He was then a lad of rustic exterior, totally unused to cultivated society; but his native capacity was soon discovered by his teachers, and recognized in the school. He boarded in the family of Mr. Ebenezer Clifford, a person of more than ordinary breeding; and the tradition yet lives in Exeter that the good man, wishing to correct young Webster for some awkwardness of behavior at table, but unwilling to mortify him by doing it openly, administered



in his presence a rebuke to his apprentice-boy for the same fault. The event proved, as he anticipated, that the quick apprehension of the young student applied the lesson and profited by it.

After leaving Exeter, young Webster continued his classical studies with the Rev. Samuel Wood of Boscawen, New Hampshire, so that he was enabled in the autumn of 1797 to enter the Freshman class of Dartmouth College. Though imperfectly fitted for admission, he speedily repaired all deficiencies, and took high rank in scholarship, graduating among the very first in his class. But his standing as a speaker and writer was perhaps higher than as a scholar. While in college he furnished numerous articles, in prose and verse, for the *Dartmouth Gazette*, a weekly newspaper published in Hanover; and also, at the desire of the citizens of the town, delivered a Fourth of July oration there, and by appointment of his fellow-students pronounced a eulogy over Simonds, a deceased classmate. Both these latter productions were printed, and gave fair promise of their author's future fame.

In 1801 he took his bachelor's degree with high honor, and at once entered the office of the Hon. Thomas W. Thompson, an eminent counsellor in his native town, as a student at law. But soon his assistance was needed to enable his father to provide for the college expenses of his brother Ezekiel; and for that purpose he took charge of the academy at Fryeburg, Maine, for a year, paying for his board by copying for the Register of Deeds in the evenings. This duty cheerfully done, he returned to his law studies in Salisbury until the spring of 1804, when his brother was enabled, by teaching a school in Boston, to supply him in turn with the means of going thither to pursue his legal studies in the office of the Hon. Christopher Gore, — a master who greatly admired and encouraged his pupil, and gloried in after years in his successes.

It was while here, in the succeeding fall, that Daniel Webster received the offer of the clerkship of the Court of Common Pleas in Hillsborough County, New Hampshire, — a permanent position, the emoluments of which were sufficient to place him above want, and enable him to provide for his parents in their declining years. His father and most of his friends, no doubt, considered the offer one that he would thankfully accept, and he himself was at first of the same mind; but Mr. Gore saw better things in store for his *protégé*, and induced him to decline a position that might have extinguished the future orator, jurist, and statesman in the routine of a mere mechanical drudge.

In March, 1805, Mr. Webster was admitted to the bar by the Court of Common Pleas in Boston, and at once began practice in the little town of Boscawen, New Hampshire, in the immediate vicinity of his father's home. His business must have been extremely limited there; but he found some occupation for his pen upon political topics. In February, 1805, he published anonymously a pamphlet of sixteen pages, entitled "An Appeal to the Old Whigs of New Hampshire," in which he advocated the re-election of his father's friend, Governor Gilman, and on the fourth day of July, 1806, he pronounced "before the federal gentlemen of Concord and its vicinity" an Anniversary Address, which was also printed.

But the desire for a wider field of action led Mr. Webster to remove in September, 1807, to Portsmouth, New Hampshire. There he encountered that emulation which challenged the exertion of his best powers. The bar of Rockingham County was then, and for a long time after, noted for its able members. Of these, Jeremiah Mason was confessedly the head, and Mr. Webster had been in Portsmouth but a little time before he was brought into competition with him. Mr. Mason was struck with surprise and admiration at the talents of the new-comer; and

a friendship sprang up between them, highly creditable to both, which continued through life. In a short time Mr. Webster was engaged in the best practice of the county, and took his way rapidly upward to the very head of his profession.

The period of his stay in Portsmouth was one of warm political feeling. He had been educated in the federal opinions of his father, and in their advocacy continued from time to time to employ his pen. In 1808 he published anonymously a tract entitled "Considerations on the Embargo Laws," and in 1812 delivered an address before the Washington Benevolent Society of Portsmouth, which went through two editions. The declaration of war against Great Britain created a terrible excitement in the vicinity of Mr. Webster's new home. A convention of the "Friends of Peace" was holden on the fifth of August, 1812, at Brentwood, a central town of Rockingham County, for the purpose of procuring an expression of the popular feeling on that subject. The convention was well attended and by many prominent citizens. Mr. Webster was appointed at the head of a committee to prepare an address to the President of the United States, in deprecation of the war. The Rockingham Memorial, as the address was termed, was a very able paper, of which Mr. Webster in after life was not ashamed.

Thus fairly embarked on the sea of politics, his progress was rapid. At the succeeding election he was chosen a representative in Congress from New Hampshire, and took his seat at the extra session in May, 1813. In that body he soon was noted for his ability and readiness, and for his matured views upon important questions. He opposed the war, but took no factious ground to impair the credit or cripple the resources of the country. During his service of four years in Congress at this time, questions of a tariff and a national bank were considered; and in regard to both he distinguished himself by his broad, statesman-



like views, and his thorough acquaintance with the subjects.

In August, 1816, Mr. Webster removed with his family to Boston. He had already acquired a practice in the Supreme Court of the United States, and his reputation as a lawyer eminent in every branch of his profession was widespread. The well-known Goodridge case, in which he successfully defended two young men of the name of Keniston from a false charge of highway robbery, gave him added reputation in Massachusetts.

In 1818 he argued in the Supreme Court at Washington the Dartmouth College case, which turned upon the question of the power of the Legislature of New Hampshire to alter the charter of an educational institution incorporated under the Crown of Great Britain. The case attracted much attention, and was argued with pre-eminent ability and eloquence, and has been a leading authority from that day to this. In Boston, Mr. Webster devoted himself for several years almost exclusively to his profession. In November, 1820, however, he served in the Massachusetts Convention to revise the State Constitution, and took a leading part in its deliberations. During its session, in December of the same year, he delivered his oration to commemorate the two hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth. This was the first of that series of historical memorial discourses, delivered by Mr. Webster, which have no equals in the annals of modern eloquence.

In 1823 Mr. Webster was called on by several of the leading citizens of Boston to re-enter Congress, and after some hesitation assented. His first speech there was in the spring of 1824 upon the Greek Revolution, — a carefully prepared protest against the alliance of the European military powers, and exhibiting a complete mastery of the subject. About the same time he argued in the Supreme Court the great case of *Gibbons v. Ogden*, in-

volving the question of the power of a State to grant exclusive rights in the navigable waters within its territory.

In the following autumn he first made acquaintance with the beautiful farm in Marshfield, Massachusetts, which afterwards became his property, and where he spent so many happy hours of repose from his later laborious and responsible duties.

At the laying of the corner-stone of the monument on Bunker Hill, June 17, 1825, — the fiftieth anniversary of the battle which demonstrated the ability of American militia to withstand the trained troops of Great Britain, — Mr. Webster was selected to deliver the oration. He did it in the presence of General Lafayette and a number of his fellow-soldiers of the Revolution, and of a vast concourse of spectators. This oration, the second of Mr. Webster's famous memorial discourses, was no less original, appropriate, and effective than that on the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, and will never lose its hold on the affections of his countrymen as a noble specimen of patriotic eloquence.

A year later Mr. Webster was appointed to pronounce a eulogy on John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, the two ex-Presidents of the United States, who, by an impressive coincidence, breathed their last on the same day which marked the expiration of a half-century from the Declaration of Independence attested by both their names, and in the construction of which both served on the committee of the Continental Congress. The eulogy has passed into a classic.

In 1827 Mr. Webster was chosen to the Senate of the United States from Massachusetts, and held his seat in that body by successive elections until his resignation, in 1841, to accept a position in the cabinet of President Harrison. He entered the senate at an exciting period. The pestilent doctrine of nullification had the support

of strong men there, and was drawing towards its first culmination. Mr. Webster had not been long in his new position before his great powers were brought in requisition to meet and overcome the advocates of the fatal heresy. The Southern extremists put forward as their champion Mr. Hayne, of South Carolina,—a gentleman who was well entitled to the distinction by his convictions, his ability, and his eloquence. Mr. Hayne supported the South Carolina doctrine in a speech of much power,—plausible, persuasive, and eloquent. By common consent, the opponents of his doctrine looked to Mr. Webster to vindicate their opinions. It has been said that some of the Northern men had apprehensions lest he might not be equal to the task assigned him; but I have the authority of one of his fellow-senators for denying the assertion.\* Those whose views he represented felt complete assurance of his ability to refute every pretension of the advocates of paramount State rights. In the morning before his great speech in reply to Hayne, he called a senator from New Hampshire,† in whose judgment he had confidence, into a private room, and, submitting to him his proposed course of argument, asked him if it fairly represented the sentiments of their party. Upon being assured that it did, he is said to have replied, “Then, by the blessing of God, the country shall know my ideas of the Constitution before the day is over.”

The speech was magnificent. It combined every element of power. In its logic, it swept away every vestige of the specious reasoning of his opponent; in its style, it varied with the topics discussed,—terse and cogent in argument, lucid in statement, withering in sarcasm. The

\* Hon. Samuel Bell, of New Hampshire.

† It has been erroneously stated that this was Hon. John Bell, of Tennessee, who was not, however, a senator at that time, but a comparatively new member of the House of Representatives. It was, in fact, Hon. Samuel Bell, of New Hampshire.



peroration was a burst of patriotic eloquence without a parallel in any language.

The complement of this speech was made by Mr. Webster in reply to Mr. Calhoun, three years later. This latter effort, being a compact train of reasoning, with scarcely a feature to appeal to the popular taste, is little known or appreciated, in comparison with the reply to Hayne; but it deserves the careful study of every one who would understand the true theory of our Government. The two speeches grandly support the platform of principles occupied by the Union party in the great struggle in arms in which the South involved the country a generation later.

In 1831 occurred the famous trial of the brothers Knapp, for the murder of Joseph White, in Salem, Massachusetts. Mr. Webster appeared for the government. His powerful arguments in this case have been preserved, and are perhaps more familiar to the American mind than any other specimen of forensic oratory.

This brief sketch admits of the mention of only the greater efforts of Mr. Webster: it would be impossible to notice particularly each of the various matters of interest and importance which occupied his attention in the forum, the rostrum, and the senate. The question of the expediency and constitutionality of a United States bank, — a subject of long-continued and acrimonious discussion; the ordinance of secession adopted by the State of South Carolina, which might, under a chief magistrate of less firmness than Jackson, have precipitated the war that was fated to come later; the tariff; the removal of the deposits of public moneys from the Bank of the United States to State banks; the financial revulsion of 1837, and the sub-Treasury scheme, — these important subjects all passed in review in the Senate of the United States, and provoked debates, earnest and protracted, in which Mr. Webster took a leading part.

In 1839 Mr. Webster gratified the desire he had long felt to pay a visit to the Old World. He sailed in May, and passed the summer and autumn in Great Britain and France, returning at the close of the year. He was received with the highest demonstrations of respect by all classes of society abroad. Among the many things which attracted his notice in those populous and productive countries, their agriculture was not the least interesting, as the notes preserved by him for future reference indicate.

In January, 1840, he resumed his seat in the Senate. The election in the following November placed General Harrison in the Presidential chair, who offered to Mr. Webster his choice of positions in the Cabinet, indicating his own impression that the department of the Treasury might be preferred; but Mr. Webster was of the opinion that the questions of foreign policy, especially those pending with England, were of paramount importance, and accepted the position of Secretary of State. The settlement of the disputed boundary-line between Maine and New Brunswick; the affair of McLeod and the steamer "Caroline" on the Niagara frontier; and the claim of right exercised by the naval cruisers of England to search our vessels on the high seas, — these were the great questions which demanded the attention of Mr. Webster while he held the secretaryship. The treaty of Washington, which was negotiated with Lord Ashburton, was the result of his labors, in which these various questions were substantially settled. Of this treaty, it may be said that it was probably an eminently just one, as it was complained of as a surrender of rights by the dissatisfied portions of both the nations which were parties to it.

General Harrison lived to enjoy the honors of the presidency but a single month; and Mr. Tyler, who succeeded him, soon found himself deprived of the con-

fidence of the party by which he was elected. Though the remainder of the cabinet went out of office, yet Mr. Webster, by the desire of friends in whom he had confidence, on account of the magnitude of the interests pending before his department, as well as because the new President coincided with him in his views of foreign policy, retained his position till May, 1843, when he resigned it. During the next year he was re-elected from Massachusetts to the United States Senate. The admission of Texas to the Union by joint resolution was soon accomplished; and war with Mexico followed, as had been foretold. To this Mr. Webster was opposed; but, as in the case of the war of 1812, he made no factious resistance, but voted for the supplies which were needed to sustain the honor of the flag.

A broad accession of territory was the result of the war. California and New Mexico had to be provided for by legislation; and this at a time when the agitation on the subject of slavery was at its height. The gold mines of the former attracted a throng of the young and adventurous thither from all sections of the country; so that it was but a few years before her population enabled her to claim admission to the Union as a State, with a constitution already adopted, prohibiting slavery. New Mexico was but sparsely settled; and the South demanded that her territory should be left open to the admission of slavery, and that a more stringent fugitive-slave law should be enacted by Congress. A very great excitement prevailed throughout the country. Mr. Webster honestly believed that there existed such danger to the permanence of the Union that every sacrifice short of principle should be made for the preservation of peace and tranquillity. With this view, he devised with much care a series of measures of compromise, which he advocated by an elaborate speech on the 7th of March, 1850. The main features of his plan were to admit California,



with her antislavery constitution; to organize the Territory of New Mexico, without applying the Wilmot proviso, in the belief (which experience has justified) that Nature would forbid the introduction of slavery there; and to pass a new fugitive-slave act, which should secure the alleged fugitive the right of trial by jury.

This speech created a profound sensation throughout the land. While it would have satisfied the more conservative of both political parties, it failed to meet the views of the extreme portions of either. There is no doubt that its immediate effect was to alienate many Northern men who would naturally have been Mr. Webster's supporters. Time, however, has demonstrated that Mr. Webster's apprehensions for the integrity of the Union had serious foundation in fact, and that his judgment in regard to the future destiny of the newly-acquired Territory was correct; but we know now that no liberality of compromise could have done more than postpone the evil day of civil strife.

When Mr. Fillmore succeeded to the presidential chair, on the death of President Taylor, he reorganized the Cabinet, and appointed Mr. Webster again to the Department of State, over which he continued to preside to the day of his death. Though the questions which came before him were of less moment than those which signalized his occupancy of the office before, yet they were not without interest. Prominent among them was the imbroglio with Austria, growing out of the recognition by the United States of Louis Kossuth, the exiled governor of Hungary. Mr. Hülsemann, the Austrian *chargé d'affaires*, was a person not well adapted to perform the delicate duties of his post in a judicious and conciliatory way, and gave needless umbrage to our Government. The difference culminated in an official communication addressed by Mr. Webster to Mr. Hülsemann, which, while departing in no sense from the dignity of diplomatic intercourse, so

unanswerably disposed of the pretensions of the Austrian envoy, and administered so merited a lesson to him, that by common consent the controversy was considered closed. The Hülsemann letter was an assertion of the rights and power of our country which stirred the patriotic feeling of the community like a bugle-blast, and may be said to have given a new tone to the diplomatic utterances of this nation.

On the occasion of laying the corner-stone of the extension of the Capitol at Washington, July 4, 1851, Mr. Webster was selected to deliver the address. It was in every way worthy of his powers, — a noble culmination to the sequence of his discourses on occasions memorable in the history of the country. It was marked by a changed but an appropriate tone. With the maturity of the orator had come the maturity of the nation; and while his orations at Plymouth and at Bunker Hill had contained presages of the future greatness of his country, this was the expression of its realization. Though prepared upon short notice, the address bears no marks of haste, and embodies the results of long observation and reflection, in a setting of manly and dignified eloquence.\*

The last forensic effort of Mr. Webster occurred in January, 1852, in the important suit involving the right of using Goodyear's patent vulcanized india-rubber. It was with some reluctance that he engaged in the cause. He had a growing indisposition for the conflicts of the forum, and especially so while he held a position in the national

\* As an indication of the ease and facility with which Mr. Webster could arrange his matured thoughts and clothe them in language, we subjoin an extract from a letter of his to his son Fletcher, written in the early summer of 1851, and in regard to this discourse. Mr. Webster was just about making a little excursion into Virginia; and the allusion to the well-known anecdote of his composition of the famous apostrophe in his first Bunker Hill oration is highly characteristic: "This morning, after breakfast and before church, — that is, between half past seven and eleven o'clock, — I struck out the whole frame and substance of my address for the Fourth of July. I propose to write it all out, which I can do in three hours, and to read it, and to give correct copies at once to the printers. So, if I find a trout-stream in Virginia, I shall not have to be thinking out, 'Venerable Men!'"

cabinet. But the motives which induced him to accept the engagement were most creditable to his feelings. He argued the cause in opposition to Mr. Choate, with all his wonted power and animation; and the result proved favorable to his clients.

In the succeeding spring came on the nomination of the candidate of the Whig party for the presidency. The friends of Mr. Webster, who had already seen his claims more than once set aside, were extremely earnest that he should receive the nomination. There is no question that he himself thought it his due; and when it was accorded to General Scott, on the ground of availability, he refused to endorse the nomination. More than this: he predicted that it would lead to the dissolution of the party. In fact, the Whig party died with Daniel Webster.

About this time, Mr. Webster sustained a severe injury by being accidentally thrown from his carriage, which undoubtedly contributed to the failure of his bodily power that soon manifested itself. He passed most of the summer at his home in Marshfield, holding frequent correspondence with the President in regard to public affairs, but his health all the while sinking. At length, feeling that he had not long to live, he made his preparations for death with calmness and in the Christian faith that he had professed from early manhood.

On the 24th of October, 1852, at his home in Marshfield, surrounded by his family and intimate friends, his worldly affairs all adjusted, and in the full possession of his mental faculties, Daniel Webster passed from earth. The country was in mourning. Every demonstration of grief and respect for his memory, public and private, was paid. His funeral was attended by a numerous assemblage of friends and admirers; and the press and pulpit of the country paid universal tribute to his eminence and patriotism.



Mr. Webster was twice married. His first wife was Grace, daughter of the Rev. Elijah Fletcher, of Hopkinton, New Hampshire. They were married June 24, 1808, and she bore him five children, viz.:—

Grace, born April 29, 1810; died January 23, 1817.

Daniel Fletcher, commonly called Fletcher, born July 23, 1813; graduated at Harvard College in 1833; studied law; was Secretary of Legation to China from 1843 to 1845; Assistant Secretary of State to his father; surveyor of the port of Boston, from 1850 to 1861; colonel of the Twelfth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers in the war of the Rebellion, and fell in battle August 3, 1862, near Bull Run, in Virginia.

Julia, born January 16, 1818, married Samuel A. Appleton, Esq., September 24, 1839, and died April 28, 1848.

Edward, born July 20, 1820; graduated at Dartmouth College in 1841; secretary of the Maine Boundary Commission, and major of the Massachusetts Regiment in the Mexican war; died at San Angel, Mexico, January 23, 1848.

Charles, born December 31, 1822; died December 18, 1824.

Mrs. Grace Webster died January 21, 1828. Mr. Webster was again married, December 12, 1829, to Caroline Bayard, daughter of Herman LeRoy, Esq., an eminent merchant of the city of New York. She survived her husband, and is still living, at an advanced age.

Mr. Webster was an affectionate husband and father. He preserved throughout his life the letters written him by his children, including those traced in printed characters before the little ones had learned to write. He was fond of social intercourse, and loved to entertain friends and visitors at his home with liberal hospitality.

From a child, he was always partial to field sports. An excellent shot, he was no less skilful with the rod. He knew every trout-stream in his neighborhood, and was

almost equally familiar with the best sea-fishing stations off the coast of Marshfield.

His taste for agriculture engrossed no small share of his time and his means. He gloried in his great oxen and his handsome crops. He studied the improvements in the art of husbandry, and applied them in the cultivation of his lands. His written directions to the overseers of his farms were frequent and minute, showing that he had practical acquaintance with the subject.

He was an early riser. Many of his letters bore date in the morning hours. He enjoyed the beauty and freshness of the dawn, and often accomplished a large share of the work of the day before the rest of the world were stirring.

Mr. Webster's physique was worthy of his powerful and commanding intellect. Tall and strongly proportioned, with a massive head, dark complexion, and deep, intensely black, luminous eyes, he was a man to attract notice anywhere. His voice was sonorous and well modulated, his manner and action agreeable and impressive.

It is unnecessary to descant upon his intellectual greatness: wherever his name is known his transcendent powers of mind are recognized. In the sturdy grasp of his logic, the questions which divide senates and embroil nations lost their difficulty. He reduced the most abstruse and complicated problems to their original elements, so that they came forth simple and intelligible to the commonest apprehension. No technicalities obscured his perception, no sophistries misled his judgment. His reasoning was exact, convincing, unanswerable.

The shaft of his logic was sent home by the force of a vigorous diction. He was the master of a chaste and idiomatic style, and his matured taste abhorred inflated and ambitious phraseology. He delighted in the curt, expressive Saxon element in our speech, which prince and

peasant alike may understand. Even when his subject and occasion roused him to intenser feeling and prompted a higher flight, his tongue never forgot its Attic simplicity and grace. His eloquence consisted not in "affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation." It was genuine, elevated sentiment, clothed in appropriate simple language. As long as cogent argument, unaffected feeling, and pure English shall be appreciated, his fame as an orator will endure.

From early manhood he was attached to the ordinances of religion, and was a member and communicant of the church. He had contemplated writing a volume on the evidences of Christianity, though the active duties of his life did not permit him to carry out the design. But he bore testimony to his belief in the doctrines of the Christian religion while on his death-bed, and in an inscription which he wrote, to be carved on his monument.

Mr. Webster was admitted an honorary member of the New England Historic Genealogical Society March 31, 1847. He had diligently studied and was thoroughly versed in the history of our country, and particularly of the national government. In his later life he formed the plan of preparing a history of the Constitution of the United States and of Washington's administration. The subject, he said, had long occupied his mind, and was so well matured that he could dictate the work as fast as it could be written down, at the rate of a volume a month. He went so far as to sketch the outlines of the work, and the proposed contents of each volume and chapter. It was to be comprised in three volumes, and to contain fifty chapters of about fifty pages each. It would open with the proceedings which led to the adoption of the Articles of Confederation. The second and third volumes would treat of Washington's administration, terminating with a comparison of his character with those of the most distinguished men of ancient and modern



times. A history of the formation and design of the Constitution was to be included, together with notices of Hamilton, Jefferson, and the principal public men of that time.

It is matter of serious regret that Mr. Webster's life was not prolonged, that he might complete this great national work, for which his experience, his studies, and his reach of mind pre-eminently fitted him. No man of his day could have weighed and portrayed the character and conduct of the Father of his Country and his distinguished contemporaries so justly and so accurately as he. And the history of the Constitution, written by "the expounder of the Constitution," would surely have possessed an authority above all others. The outline of the work will go down to posterity, like the unfinished sketches of the great masters of art, which no successor is found worthy to complete.\*

\* The contents of the several chapters of the projected History, as dictated by Mr. Webster to his secretary and friend, Mr. G. J. Abbott, may be found among the Webster MSS. presented by Hon. Peter Harvey to the New Hampshire Historical Society.









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